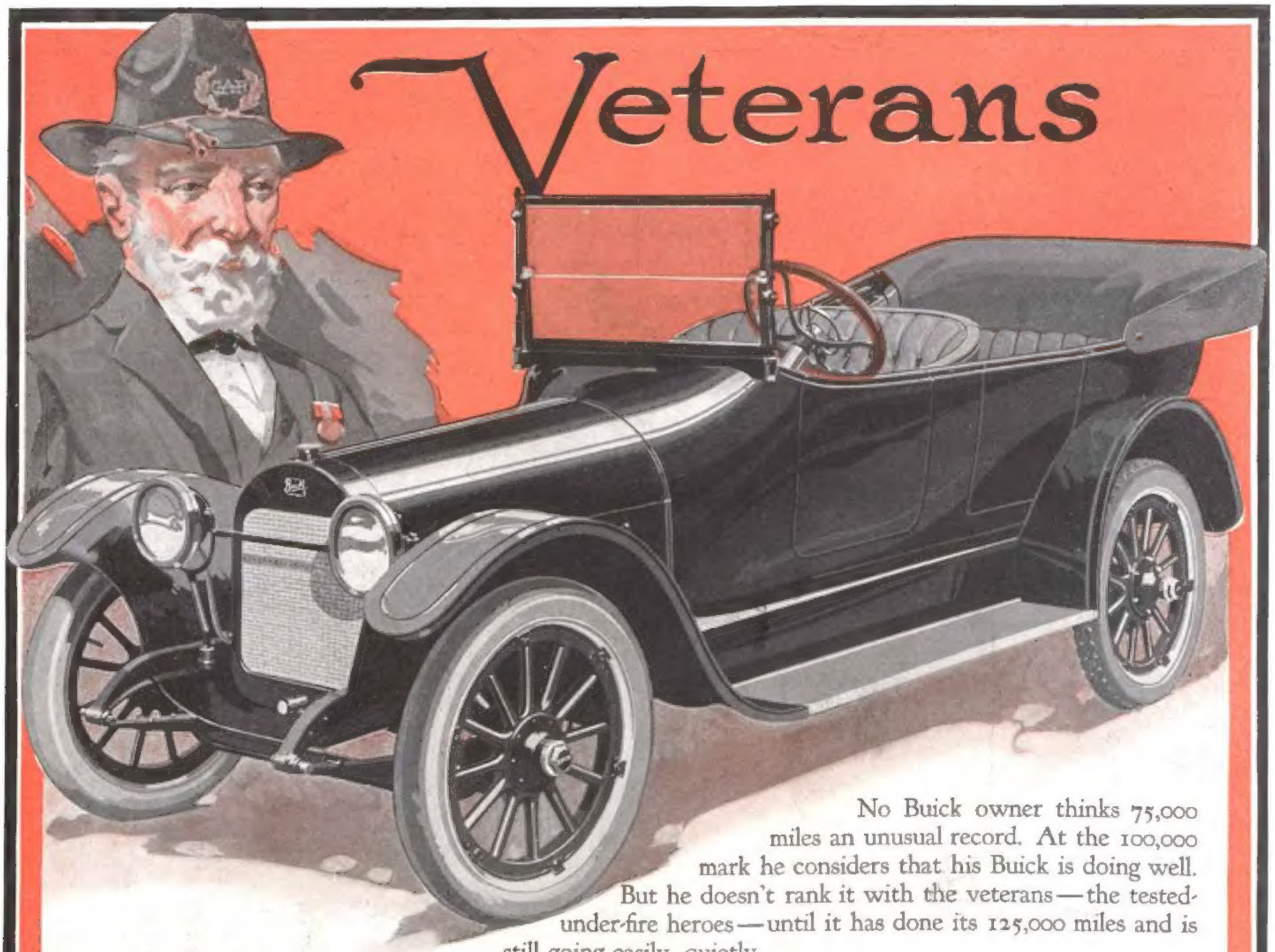
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

OCTOBER 16, 1915 — 5cts. THE COPY

The Simple Tourist—By Irvin S. Cobb

Veterans



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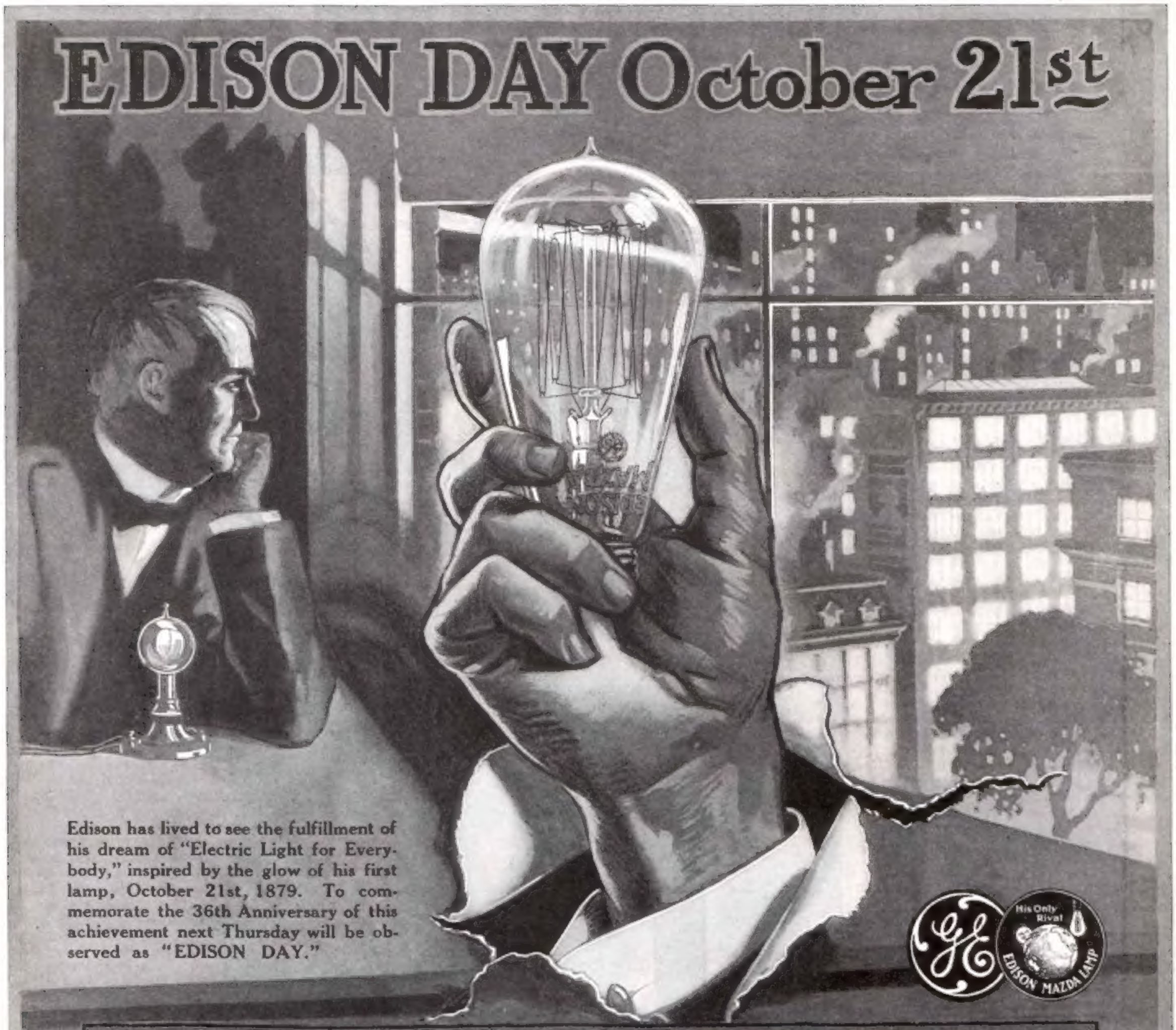
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Here's the style hit of the season with young men who want all the right fashion without the extreme.

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THE SIMPLE TOURIST—YES, ISN'T HE?—By IRVIN S. COBB

ALONG about the date when these lines see print—that is, if I have luck in my traveling plans and the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does his full duty to his readers—along about that date, which should befall in the fag-end of the fall, I shall be Out Yonder for the second time this current year. Last spring I was Out Yonder, and even as I pen these words I am figuring on going again. I have the habit. I believe in seeing America first, last, and most of the rest of the time.

Some fine evening I shall come cantering into camp on horseback, with a magnificent buck swung on the pommel of my trusty saddle. The sun will be sinking to rest beyond a butte not more than a quarter of a mile distant. When you get that far out West the sunsets take place much closer than in the East. The smoke of the camp fire will be ascending in a long spindle shape. The peaked tent roofs will stand out against the sky line like so many proof-readers' carets directing the attention of the great punctuator, Nature, to the omission of such things as trees.

The heaven, as blue and as pure as unflawed turquoise, will be repeating its familiar Arizona trick of bending ever nearer and nearer, cupping in, folding in, as though to encompass us within the protecting hollow of an everlasting hand; and just overhead the little stars will be flecking out, like golden spangles sewed on a silken bed canopy. About the edges of the mesa the last of the diffident little desert flowers will be tucking their timorous heads to hide from the frost that comes with the nighttime. And all will be peace and fried middling meat for supper.

So, then, I come cantering up. I always canter when I ride a horse. The horse may be walking or trotting or loping, or even galloping—occasionally my horse persists in galloping, no matter what I may say or do to the contrary—but I invariably canter. It is a trifle wearing on the horse sometimes when he is, say, ambling to have me cantering to and fro along his chassis from his mudguards clear back to his rumble; but I prefer it above all other gaits. I am a natural-born decanter.

I canter up, therefore, with the spoils of the chase made fast to my pommel. With a graceful movement of the body I fling myself from the saddle, and Shorty and Red and a couple of the other boys catch me and ease me down to the earth, and introduce me to my own legs again.

"You got a fine buck to-day," one of the boys says admiringly.

One of the Daily Parties Down Bright Angel Trail

"Yes, I did," I reply as I reach up and unloose the thongs that fasten the trophy of my prowess and lift the game down, and show them the shot hole through its brain. "That is undoubtedly one of the finest buck sparrows I ever killed. There was a doe sparrow too—mate to this one; but I spared her. Besides, she up and flew away."

"Do you aim to be going buck shooting again to-morrow?" I picture Shorty as asking.

"Well," I respond, "that depends. Did anybody bring the mail up to-day? And was there an article by me in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST touching on the subject of tourists?"

"Yes," Shorty says, answering both questions at once. "Me and Red just matched to see which one of us would read that there article of yours first. And I lost—so I have to read it to-night. Red, he don't have to read it till to-morrow. Some people have all the luck!"

"Very well, then," I state; "such being the case I shall not go buck shooting to-morrow. Instead, I shall trail the simple tourist. He has had his warning; so let him beware. I shall follow him wheresoever his tender and straying feet may take him, and I shall note down his quaint peculiarities and maybe write another piece about him. And if perchance I fail to find him I shall take a few notes touching on myself."

For when I go forth with intent to waylay the simple tourist I am preying on my own kind. It takes more than two or three trips West to cure one who is Eastern-reared of the habit of being a tourist, and to make a regular human being of him. Merely because he has learned the difference between spinach and mesquite does not qualify him to pass judgment on the rest of his breed. Myself, I still suffer from a tenderness of the feet.

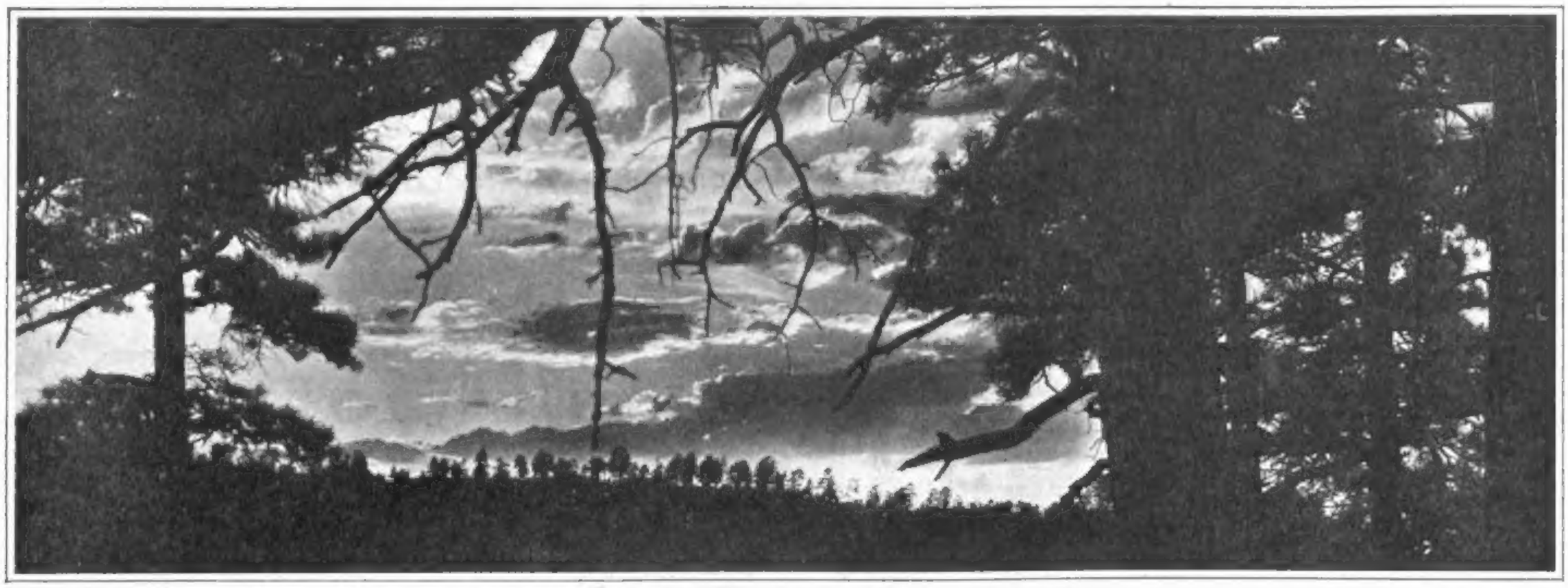
This has been a great year—this year of 1915—for Eastern America and Western America too; the best year, in some regards, these two great major divisions of our common country ever had. Because of the war that has been proceeding on the other hemisphere, those who ordinarily would have gone off to Europe, Asia and Africa have had to stick round. There was nothing else for them to do; so they did it. The excessively wealthy classes have traveled about over their own land and viewed the peasantry through their lorgnettes. The moderately well-to-do, who other years would have been saving up to give their money to the custodians of art galleries in foreign parts, have followed suit, doing the same thing, without the lorgnette effect. The celebration of Old Home Continent has been a success in every particular. To date the management has yet to hear a single complaint.

You know the system of living formerly pursued by uncomfortably rich persons resident on and closely adjacent to the Atlantic seaboard: At the beginning, as a necessary requisite, they acquired their money, either by slow and painful processes or by sudden and suspicious processes. Then they started in to build themselves a few stopover places for transient and temporary use when moving back and forth.

First, in order to be eligible for social affiliation with the truly élite, they put up a lodge in the Adirondack wilderness; and when they got it done it was more than a lodge—it was a supreme, exalted grand lodge, with twenty or thirty rooms in it, and a private forest and an exclusive mountain and a highly restricted lake in connection, and garages and stables and kennels and bluestone walks scattered round regardless—altogether a charming little nook in which to spend ten days or two weeks every alternate August.

Then there was a stone cottage at Newport or at Bar Harbor, which was called a cottage because it was about the size and general aspect of a county courthouse anywhere else; that, also, was highly essential. After which came a camp on Island Number 999 of the Thousand Islands; for the higher up you go in that neighborhood the more expensive the island, and they owned next-to-the-last island—would have owned that one, too, only a syndicate composed of Carnegie, Rockefeller, the National City Bank and the Rothschild Estate clubbed in and beat them to it.

In due season a hunting preserve in North Carolina, and a chalet in Quebec, and a villa in Florida, and a model farm up Westchester way, and a polo conservatory over on Long Island, and a private yacht landing at New London followed. They just naturally



As a Scenic Production the West Has Been Going on for Some Time Now

had to provide these supplementary details or the family did not belong and could not hope to qualify.

Anyway, of recent years this has been the popular conception. And in a case such as this, where one does not know the actual facts at first-hand through personal association with the outfit, but is only giving hearsay evidence picked up in the Sunday papers and from gossip heard round the drug store, I have found it best and safest to steer by the popular conception.

However, these scattered possessions were merely incidental. The principal establishment was the town house; and that, as the French would say, was certainly *beaucoup maison*. It was located on upper Fifth Avenue and was built out of lapis lazuli and moss agate and other semi-precious stones, and contained every kind of room there is except a room that a person could sit down in for a spell and be comfortable. The reception hall was almost as cozy and homelike as the main waiting room at the Grand Central, needing only a person in uniform coming out on the mezzanine gallery with a megaphone to announce the Stamford local will be leaving pretty soon on Track Number Seven, to complete the illusion; and the music room would put you in mind of the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, except, of course, that it was handsomer and rather more commodious.

And so, having seen this architectural triumph put through to completion and stocked with treasures ravished, by consent of the ravishees, from the palaces of the Old World, they would carefully lock it up and go entirely away from it, because in New York it is only the middle classes who make a habit of residing in their own homes. By wintering at Palm Beach and springing at Pineville, and flitting about hither and yon meantime, they managed to make the time pass until summer had arrived.

Then they would drift in from elsewhere; and, observing that no more than eighty or ninety thousand strangers were congested at Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, and that it only took ten or fifteen minutes to worm a path for the car across Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street, they would turn, one to another, and say:

"Well, positively there isn't a soul left in town—not a living soul! We simply can't stay here in this deserted wilderness. Let's see now—where shall it be?"

American Caravans Criss-Crossing Europe

NO SOONER said than done. Sometimes they went to Newport or Bar Harbor for a few minutes, but generally they went abroad. Europe was the one dependable stand-by for these persons. They would see to it that the windows and doors of the town domicile were properly boarded up with the latest designs in fancy planking, and engage an expensive caretaker at a fancy salary to live in it until they got back; and then they would charter one end of the Mauretania or the Vaterland and depart thence.

After that, if you wanted to find them you had to look for them in London or Paris, or down in Switzerland or up in Norway, or somewhere over there. I myself have seen them in their travels; you yourself must have seen them if you have visited Europe during the season. There would be Mother and the Girls, and the Only Son and the Youngest Child, cruising along, accompanied by a governess, a nurse and a couple of maids; a valet, a courier, a chauffeur and a car; and about twice as many trunks as the Queen of Sheba brought with her the time she came to call on King Solomon and put his imperial Israelitish eye out. Under her arm Mother would be carrying something that had a close call from being a dog. I do not know this species by its proper title; but if you can imagine a cockroach which has become extensively addicted to the use of hair oil, you get the general idea.

In the evening, when Mother dressed for dinner, she left off Fifi and put on all her diamonds; and then, as she swept into the dining room, she made you think of the January thaw in the Hudson River, when the ice comes by in chunks. Frequently Daughter—that was the older of the Girls—was being tagged about by a young scion of an old English family answering to the name of Lancelot, but called Lance for short—which he was. If he had not been short he would not have been there. In every properly organized family of the British aristocracy there is one named Lancelot; without him the set is not regarded as complete.

And nearly always the Only Son would be deporting himself in such a way as to keep the coryphées happy and the police authorities nervous. You wondered why he traveled four or five thousand miles to make a star-spangled ass of himself, when his own native land provided such superior facilities in that direction; but there he was, cutting up like a trick mule, and there were all the rest of the troupe jointly engaged with him in giving to the Europeans the conception of wealthy traveling Americans that Europeans have ever entertained.

Father alone was occasionally missing from the group, he having stayed behind to work on the bank roll. But if he was present you might make reasonably sure he wore the chest well pushed out in front, and from time to time was seized with an uncontrollable desire to speak well of himself in public places, in a loud, resonant tone of voice. In Ballyhoo's Who in America he was the author of his own page; it was, in fact, autobiographical in character. He was compiling it as he went along. It was fair to assume that the only time Father and the rest of the family would betray any pronounced diffidence regarding the value and extent of their personal possessions was when, on the way back, they sat them down to compile their little schedules for the revenue collector.

You may recall that, until this war came along and shut off the traffic, these severe attacks of customhouse modesty were constantly occurring; and in nearly every noticeable instance the victim was a person who had "nothing but ——" It would seem that those who had acquired wealth by wholesale through the operations of our tariff laws nursed an incurable ambition to beat their own game in a small jobbing way.

Partly because 'tis ever the rich who lead the way in the luxuries of life, and partly because there abides in the average human bosom a belief that there is never anything interesting to be seen close to home—that to observe the things which are really worth while one must travel long distances and spend large sums—the remainder of the people of this country, generally speaking, looked eastward across the salted seas whenever an extensive excursion was in contemplation. Young lady graduates of finishing schools, who could not remember offhand whether it was Eliza or George Washington who crossed on the ice at Trenton, and who rather thought the Fall of the Alamo was caused by an earthquake, but would not be absolutely sure—it might have been one of those tidal waves—were sent off to Europe in order that their education might be properly rounded out.

School-teachers saved up for years in order to do England and the Continent in thirty days, and for months and months and months after they got back did nothing except talk of what they had seen, and rest their poor feet. And show me the clergyman—just show me one!—who did not live in the hope that his congregation was going to send him to Egypt and the Holy Land on the occasion of his next vacation; so that, Columbus-like, he might return, filled with discoveries, and tell them surprising facts, which were absolutely new and novel aside from their having attained slight circulation some time ago through publication in a work called the Old Testament. Among a large and avowedly intelligent group there was a belief that no sane persons voluntarily ventured west of Niagara Falls except commercial travelers and fugitives from justice.

Then this war broke out and, for sight-seeing and pleasure purposes, Europe at the beginning of 1915 was cut off from us. Mexico was having troubles of its own; so was the Orient. Alaska was too far north and Terra del Fuego was too far south. Dearie me, what was one to do? Here was a whole summer to be spent, not to mention a fall following, and naturally no one of social consequence in New York could dream of spending it at home!

North American Explorations in 1915

THEN came the inspiration: Why not devote a few months to viewing the habits and the modes of living pursued by that strange race known as the North Americans? Indeed, a most curious breed of beings! Addicted to wearing garments designed in their own country and made up by their own countrymen—only fancy! Actually taking an interest in politics, and all that sort of thing! Eating domestic foodstuffs prepared after a domestic fashion—hardly an imported chef to be found anywhere in the interior! Organizing and supporting curious institutions known as Chautauquas, where speakers get up on their feet before large audiences and talk—not about bridge scores or puppy breeding or polo matches! You'd never guess what they do talk about, so we must tell you—they talk about government and science and books and great men, and the problems of the day! Really? Yes, really and truly they do! It is hard to believe; but they do.

And out in California—you know about California? It is the state that produces those ripping fine tennis players—out there they have two expositions going on at the same time; and very creditable affairs they are, too, I am told, as expositions go. Expositions are sure to be a bore; still, we might drop in on them for a lark. Some of them even own automobiles—the natives, I mean. There are said to be several millions of them—natives, not automobiles.

Why, Cyril, you surprise me! These persons will bear inspection in their haunts and habitats. From what you say they seem worthy of study and criticism. One might take notes on them and do a club paper afterward. When can we start for there?

They started early—the ultra-ultras. And, the example having been set by the very rich, the not-quite-so-rich trailed after; and then, in turn, the not-rich-at-all tagged in. The band wagon might be a long way ahead, but they were in the procession, and that counted for a good deal, believe me! Over the question of whether our lady leaders of fashion will wear ankle watches this winter or leave their insteps practically unprotected from the cold there is more excitement in the back-street boarding houses than in the front-street mansions. The palace remains outwardly calm when the scandal breaks, but the twenty-dollar-a-month flat is all agog, going right out of one severe gog into another.

So there was presently inaugurated a pilgrimage from the Eastern seaboard to the Western, which to date has not abated, but, on the contrary, has grown with each passing month. And for all concerned it has been a mighty good thing. The transcontinental trunk lines never carried

so many passengers back and forth within the same space of time. The resort hotels of the West have had the most prosperous season they have ever had. Millions of dollars have been spent at home that otherwise would have gone into the bottomless pockets of European shopkeepers. From a sentimental standpoint, the value of the intercourse has been even greater than its material value has been.

All joking aside, the East has become better acquainted with the West—the West, being more progressive, already knew the East pretty well; and a great many thousands of persons have got acquainted with their own country, with its natural wonders—and with its man-made wonders, too, which in their way are just as wonderful. With their own eyes they have seen that there is still a part of North America which has no trespass signs on it; which is not even fenced in. They have taken occasion to observe that between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Slope is a fairly considerable acreage.

They are as one now with that Tammany leader, a born-and-reared product of the East Side of the city of New York, who, being on his way to a Democratic National Convention at Denver, gazed from the window of his parlor car as the train was scooting through a most fertile and most populous corner of Iowa, and remarked, in tones of profound surprise, to his traveling companion: "No matter where you go, there's always human life!"

They feel themselves to be Balboas and Ponce de Leóns. They have discovered the other side of North America and the new Chinese Passage. Little Jack Horner has come out of his corner and is gratified with the results.

Scene-Painting With Sunsets for Colors

TO BE sure, the West, geographically considered, is not exactly brand-new. As a scenic production the West has been going on for some time now. Our tourist brother might have seen it last year, or last century, either, if he had been round then.

All this long while it has been waiting for him to come along and give it his approval—the Painted Desert, where the Almighty took the tail of a rainbow for a paintbrush and dipped it in the sunset and limned an illimitable canvas in colors which never yet glowed on the palette of any human artist; that other and greater desert, where, since time began, the cracked and naked pelt of the earth had been pegged out, drying in the suns of all eternity; and, adventurous man, invading a blistered desolation that might have daunted the soul of a salamander, has, with a spade in his hand and a vision before his eyes, wrought it into the fairest and the greenest and the richest of garden spots on this hemisphere; the mountains—not one mighty range, but a dozen, and each of them seeming mightier than the last; the big trees; Yellowstone Park and Glacier National Park, filled with the unfinished jobs of creation; Yosemite and Lake Tahoe; Monterey Bay and the Golden Gate; the Indian country of the Northwest, where Sitting

Many People Feel Themselves to be Balboas. They Have Discovered the Other Side of North America

Bull refused to be seated and the restless Spotted Tail so frequently changed his spots; the Indian country of the Southwest, where the cliff dwellers founded a civilization as old as Egypt's, and where to-day the Navajo tends his flocks—or would do so if he were not so busy selling blankets; the Lava Beds and the Staked Plains; the Black Hills and the Bad Lands; and—greater than any of these and greatest of all the cataclysmic convulsions of Nature—the Grand Cañon, which no one ever yet has properly described, though nearly everyone has had a try at it.

I violate no confidence in stating that these things have been continuing without interruption for a considerable period; but a good many of us are just finding out about them.

The human side of the West has proved scarcely less astounding than the scenic aspect. To those who have for years been accustomed to European travel and European habits it is a constant revelation. Think of being in a land where a stranger has to pay no more for what he buys than a resident pays—not a blessed cent more!

Why, Clarence, it is incredible! When you cross the boundaries from one state to another state you do not have to bribe the train hands to take your trunks off the train and pile them in a customhouse, and then bribe a lot of frowsy, whiskered bandits in crummy uniforms to pass your baggage, and then bribe a couple of porters to reload your baggage back upon the train; and then, in order to be on the safe side and to avoid complications, bribe everyone else in sight. Nothing of the sort occurs! It is very disappointing. The train crosses the state line without any excitement whatsoever. Unless there happens to be a station there it does not stop at all.

About once in so often, as you tour about, you come to a mountain or a lake or a desert, or a geyser or a glacier or a chasm, or something—and there it is, just as the good Lord made it. No bad restaurants are scattered about; no booths for the sale of souvenirs and postcards; no clamoring mendicants; no importuning guides; no vociferous cab drivers; no greedy custodians; no insatiable caretakers waiting to be tipped. There is nothing of this sort; absolutely nothing except majesty and solitude, and a great soothing peacefulness of the soul and restfulness of the spirit. You do not have to carry a ton or so of hand baggage with you. You check your baggage at your starting point and stick the checks in your pocket, and then forget all about the transaction until you reach your destination.

When you buy reservations aboard a train you know the said reservations will be there waiting for you when you climb aboard. You do not need to corrupt some functionary in order to insure having sufficient space in which to sit down during your journey. It is astonishing—indeed, it borders on the revolutionary—but, with American railroads, when you pay for a thing you get it, and no one has more money or more influence who can take it away from you. If you go into a shop, and come forth again without making a purchase, no one feels insulted and no one feels called upon to insult you. If you make a small purchase the proprietor and all his hired help do not tear your clothes off your back in an effort to induce you to buy out the entire stock.

At the hotels a visitor is charged according to what he orders and what he gets, not according to what he will stand for in the line of extortion and robbery. Some of the hotels have exceedingly steep tariffs it is true, and especially is this true with regard to sundry caravansaries in coast towns; but the transients, by inquiry, may learn in advance what they must pay; and if the prices seem too steep they are at perfect liberty to go elsewhere, without embarrassment to themselves or grief to the manager. The proprietor will not lure them under false pretenses to stay on and then pluck them at his leisure. He would not dream of trying such a thing—you see, the poor ignorant wretch has not enjoyed the advantage of a Continental experience at hotel running.

When you break a bill at a cigar stand, say, you get back the proper amount of change—and none of the change is counterfeit either. If you, who mayhap have never traveled extensively except in foreign parts, find this statement hard to believe you need not take my word for it—just go and see for yourself. Among these strange white tribesmen, who inhabit the interior and the outlying Western provinces of North America, the serving classes uniformly will accept tips for services rendered; but they are not addicted to thinking of the tip and nothing else.

Nothing Like Paris or London or Rome

ONCE in a while you actually happen upon one—a chambermaid or a porter or a bell boy—who performs some small kindly service for you without demanding, or even expecting, to be paid for it. It is done because the doer is a human being and regards you as a human being also, and not as a perambulating grab bag.

And finally, no smirking degenerate undertakes to sell you nasty photographs or escort you to nasty places, as in Paris; no beggars spring out of the ground or materialize out of the air, as in London; no military man crowds you off the sidewalk, as in Berlin of yore; no pickpocket trails you about, awaiting his chance to pilfer your purse and filch your watch, as in Rome; no baggageman rifles your baggage, as in Switzerland; no guide steers you into shops with a view to collecting private commissions on your purchases, as everywhere on the Continent.

Why, you may go for days and days without being pestered or mulcted, or cheated or mistreated, or called hard names in foreign languages. In their quaint, crude unsophistication these people expect payment only for what they deliver, and no more than a fair payment for that. It certainly is not in the least like Europe.

When I was out at the cañon last spring all the types I had seen the year before were on hand, and some new

(Concluded on Page 30)

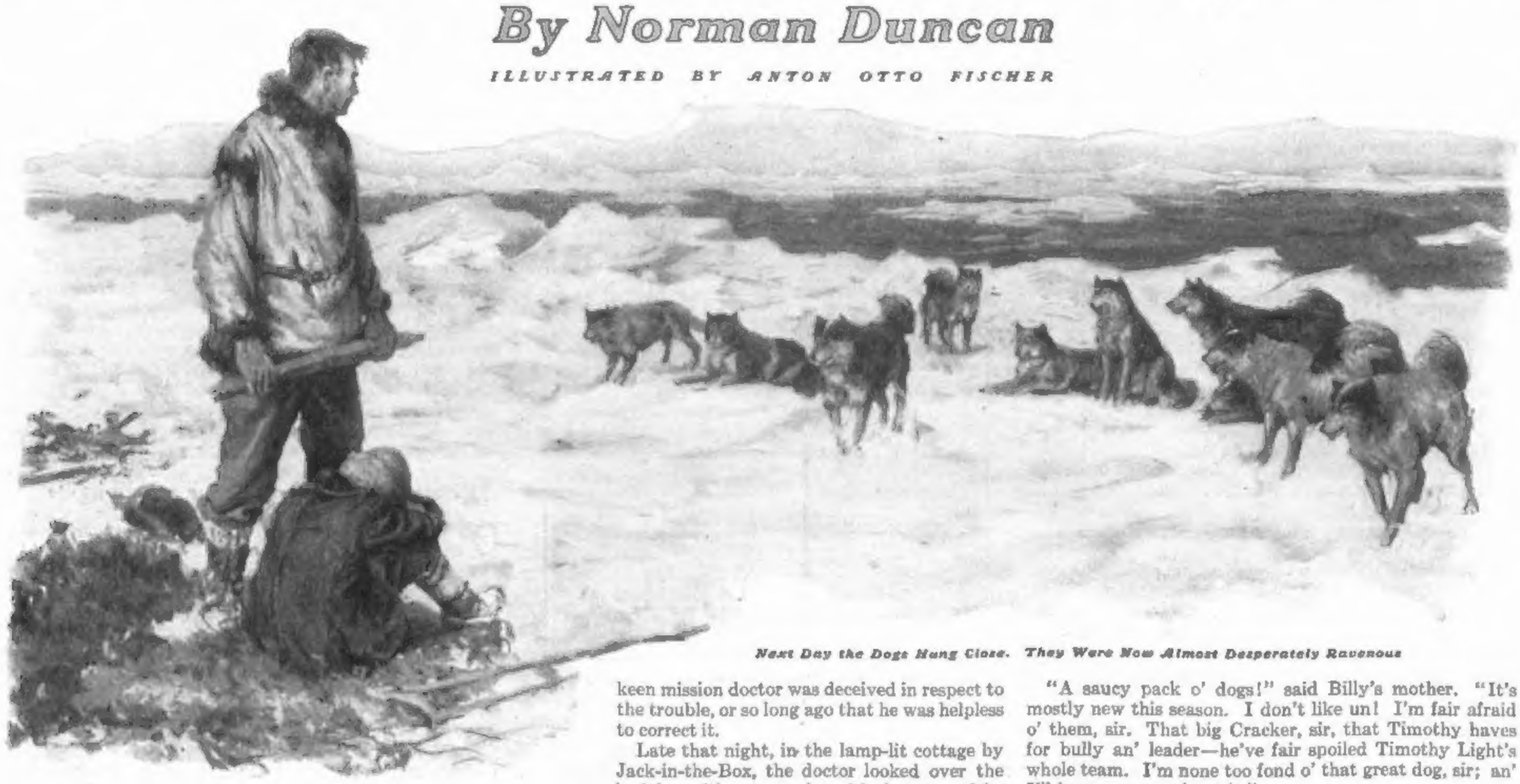
There is Still a Part of North America That Has No Trespass Signs on It

These Strange White Tribesmen Who Inhabit the Outlying Western Provinces

A Nice Little Morsel o' Dog Meat

By Norman Duncan

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



Next Day the Dogs Hung Close. They Were Now Almost Desperately Ravenous

WHEN the mission doctor made Tight Cove, of the Labrador, in the course of his return to the little hospital at Ginger Tickle, it was dusk. His dogs were famished; he was himself worn lean with near five hundred miles of winter travel, which measured his northern round, and his komatik—sled—was occupied by an old dame of Run-by-Guess Harbor and a young man of Anxious Bight. The destitute old dame of Run-by-Guess Harbor was to die of her malady in a cleanly peace; the young man of Anxious Bight was to be relieved of those remnants of a shoulder and good right arm that an accidental gunshot wound had left to endanger his life.

It was not fit weather for any man to be abroad—a biting wind, a frost as cold as death, and a black threat of snow; but the mission doctor, on this desperate business of healing, was in haste, and the patients on the komatik, said he, were in need too urgent for any dawdling for rest by the way. Schooner Bay ice was to cross; he would put up for the night—that was all; he must be off at dawn, said he in his quick, high way.

From this news little Billy Brisk's mother returned to the lamp-lit cottage by Jack-in-the-Box.

"Is I t' go, mum?" said Billy.

Billy Brisk's mother trimmed the lamp.

"He've a ol' woman, dear," she replied, "from Run-by-Guess."

Billy Brisk's inference was decided.

"Then he've room for me," he declared; "an' I'm not sorry t' learn it."

"Ah, well, dear, he've also a poor young feller from Anxious Bight."

Billy Brisk nodded.

"That's all about that," said he positively. "He've no room for me!"

Obviously there was no room for little Billy Brisk in the mission doctor's komatik. Little Billy Brisk, small as he was, and however ingenious an arrangement might be devised, and whatever degree of compression might be attempted, and no matter what generous measure of patience might be exercised by everybody concerned, including the dogs—little Billy Brisk, of Tight Cove, could not be stowed away with the old dame from Run-by-Guess Harbor and the young man of Anxious Bight.

There were twenty miles of bay ice ahead; the dogs were footsore and lean; the komatik was overflowing—it was out of the question. Nor could Billy Brisk, going afoot, keep pace with the doctor's hearty strides and the speed of the doctor's team—not though he had the soundest little legs on the Labrador, and the longest on the Labrador, of his years, and the sturdiest, anywhere, of his growth.

As a matter of fact, one of Billy Brisk's legs was as stout and willing as any ten-year-old leg ever you saw; but the other had gone bad—not so recently, however, that the keen mission doctor was deceived in respect to the trouble, or so long ago that he was helpless to correct it.

Late that night, in the lamp-lit cottage by Jack-in-the-Box, the doctor looked over the bad leg with a severely critical eye; and he popped more questions at Billy Brisk, as Billy Brisk maintained, than had ever before been exploded on anybody in the same length of time.

"Huh!" said he at last. "I can fix it."

"You can patch un up, sir?" cried Skipper Tom.

This was Thomas Brisk. The father of Billy Brisk had been cast away, with the Seventh Son, on the reef by Tickle-My-Ribs, in the Year of the Big Shore Catch. This old Thomas was his grandfather.

"No, no, no!" the doctor complained. "I tell you I can fix it!"

"Will he be as good as new, sir?" said Billy.

"Will he?" the doctor replied. "Aha!" he laughed. "You leave that to the carpenter."

"As good as Jock Luff's off shank?"

"I'll scrape that bad bone in there," said the doctor, rubbing his hands in a flush of professional expectation; "and if it isn't as good as new when the job's finished I'll—I'll—why, I'll blush, my son; I'll blush all red and crimson and scarlet."

Billy Brisk's mother was uneasy.

"Will you be usin' the knife, sir?"

"The knife? Certainly!"

"I'm not knowin'," said the mother, "what little Billy will say t' that."

"What say, son?" the doctor inquired.

"Will it be you that's t' use the knife?" asked Billy.

"Mm-m!" said the doctor. He grinned and twinkled. "I'm the butcher, sir."

Billy Brisk laughed. "That suits me!" said he.

"That's hearty!" the doctor exclaimed. He was delighted. The trust was recompense. God knows it was welcome! "I'll fix you, Billy boy," said he, rising. And to Skipper Thomas: "Send the lad over to the hospital as soon as you can, Skipper Thomas. When the ice goes out we'll be crowded to the roof at Ginger Tickle. It's the same way every spring. Egad! they'll sweep in like the flakes of the first fall of snow! Now's the time. Make haste! We must have this done while I've a cot to spare. We're due for a break-up soon, I suppose—any day now; but this wind and frost will hold the ice in the bay for a while. You can slip the lad across any day. It must be pretty fair going out there. You can't bring him yourself, Skipper Thomas. Who can? Somebody here? Timothy Light? Old Sam's brother, isn't he? I know him. It's all arranged, then. I'll be looking for the lad in a day or two. You've plenty of dogs in Tight Cove, haven't you?"

"Oh, aye, sir," Skipper Thomas replied; "we've dogs, sir—never you mind about that!"

"Whose dogs?"

"Timothy Light's dogs.

The doctor grinned again.

"That pack!" said he.

"A saucy pack o' dogs!" said Billy's mother. "It's mostly new this season. I don't like un! I'm fair afraid o' them, sir. That big Cracker, sir, that Timothy haves for bully an' leader—he've fair spoiled Timothy Light's whole team. I'm none too fond o' that great dog, sir; an' I'll have my say about it."

Skipper Thomas laughed—as a man will at a woman's fears.

"No sheep's manners t' that pack," he drawled. "The team's all dawg."

"What isn't wolf!" the woman retorted.

"She've been afraid o' that Cracker," Skipper Thomas explained, "ever since he fetched a brace o' wolves out o' the timber. 'Twas as queer a sight, now, as ever you seed, sir. They hung round the harbor for a day an' a night. You might think, sir, that Cracker was showin' off his new quarters t' some friends from the back country. They two wolves seemed t' have knowed Cracker all their lives. I 'low that they had knowed ——"

"He's half wolf hisself."

"I 'low he's all wolf," Skipper Thomas admitted. This was not true. Cracker was not all wolf. "I never heard o' nobody that knowed where Cracker was born. That dog come in from the timber."

"A wicked crew—the pack o' them!"

"We've had a lean winter at Tight Cove, sir," said Skipper Thomas. "The dogs have gone marvelous hungry this past month, sir. They're just a wee bit savage."

"Spare your dog meat if you lack it," the doctor advised. "I'll feed that team at Ginger Tickle."

Billy Brisk put in:

"Timothy Light haves command o' that pack."

"I'm not so sure that he've command," Billy Brisk's mother protested. "I'm not so sure that any man could command a shockin' pack like that. In case o' accident, now ——"

Skipper Thomas chucked his ample, glowing daughter-in-law under the chin.

"You loves that lad o' yourn!" he bantered.

"I does!"

"You're thinkin' he'd make a nice little morsel o' dog meat?"

"As for me," she laughed, "I could eat him!"

She caught little Billy Brisk in her arms and kissed him all over his eager little face. And then the mission doctor, with a laugh and a boyish "So long, Billy Brisk! See you soon, old soldier!" vanished to his lodgings for the night.

There was but one team of dogs in Tight Cove. It was a happy circumstance. No dogs could have existed as a separate pack in the neighborhood of Timothy Light's mob of potential outlaws. It was all very well for Timothy Light to pleasure his hobby and pride in the unsavory collection. Timothy Light had command of his own team. It was quite another matter for the timid mothers of Tight Cove. Timothy Light's dogs had a bad name. As neighbors they deserved it, whatever their quality on the trail—a thieving, snarling crew.

To catch Timothy Light in the act of feeding his team was enough to establish an antipathy in the beholder—to

see the old man beat off the rush of the pack with a biting walrus whip while he spread the bucket of frozen fish; to watch him, then, leap away from the ferocious onset; and to be witness of the ravenous anarchy of the scramble—a free fight, dwindling, at last, to melancholy yelps and subsiding in the licking of the small wounds of the encounter. Timothy Light was a fancier of dog flesh, as a man may be devoted to horseflesh; and the object of his selective taste was what he called go-an'-gumption.

"The nearer the wolf," said he, "the better the dog."

It was to accord with this theory—which is a fallacy as a generalization—that he had evolved the team of ten that he had.

"I'm free t' say," he admitted, "that this here Cracker o' mine is none too tame. He've the wolf in him—that's so; an' I 'low that there may be a wee drop or more o' devil's blood mixed with the strain o' wolf's blood that he has. As a wolf, with the pack in the timber, he'd be a bad wolf; as a dog in harbor he's a marvelous little rogue o' hell. He've a eye as bitter as frost. Did you mark it? He leaves it fool all over a person in a laughin' sort o' fashion an' never stop on the spot he really wants t' look at—except jus' once in a while; an' then it darts t' the throat an' away again, an' Cracker thinks, jus' as plain as speech: 'Oh, Lord, wouldn't I like t' fix my teeth in there!'

"Still an' all," the old man concluded, "he yields t' command. A tap on the snout goes a long way with Cracker. He've a deal o' wolf's blood—that one has; but he's as big a coward, too, as a wolf, an' there's no danger in him when he's overmastered. Still an' all"—with a shrug—"I'd not care t' lose my whip an' stumble an' fall on the trail in the dusk when he haven't been fed for a while."

Cracker had come to Tight Cove in a dog trade of questionable propriety. Cracker had not at once taken to the customs and dogs of Tight Cove; he had stood off, sullen, alert, still—head low, king-hairs lifted, eyes flaring. It was an attitude of distrust, dashed with melancholy, rather than of challenge. Curiosity alone maintained it through the interval required for decision. Cracker was deliberating.

There was Tight Cove and a condition of servitude to Timothy Light; there were the free, wild, famishing spaces of the timber beyond.

All at once, then, having brooded himself to a conclusion, Cracker began to wag and laugh in a fashion the most ingratiating to be imagined; and thereupon he fought himself to an established leadership of Timothy Light's pack, as though to dispose, without delay, of that necessary little preliminary to distinction and subsequently accepted the mastery of Timothy Light and fawned his way into security from the alarmed abuse of the harbor folk—and eventually settled himself comfortably into the routine of Tight Cove life.

There were absences. These were invariably foreshadowed, at first, by yawning and a wretched depth of boredom. Cracker was ashamed of his intentions. He would even attempt to conceal his increasing distaste for the commonplaces of an existence in town by a suspiciously subservient obedience to all the commands of Timothy Light.

It was apparent that he was preparing for an excursion to the timber; and after a day or two of whimpering restlessness he would vanish.

It was understood, then, that Cracker was off a-visiting of his cronies. Sometimes these absences would be prolonged; Cracker had been gone a month—had been caught, once, in a distant glance, with a pack of timber wolves, from whom he had fled to hiding, like a boy detected in bad company. Cracker had never failed, however, to return from his abandoned course, in reasonable season, as lean and ragged as a prodigal son, and in a chastened mood, to the respectability and plenty of civilization, even though it implied an acquiescence in the exigency of hard labor.

Timothy Light excused the dog.

"He've got t' have his run abroad," said he. "I 'low that blood is thicker than water."

Cracker had a past. Timothy Light knew something of Cracker's past. What was respectable he had been told, with a good deal of elaboration—concerning Cracker's feats of endurance on the long trail, for example, accomplished with broken shoes, or no shoes at all, and bloody, frosted feet; and relating, with warm, wide-eyed detail of a persuasively conscientious description, to Cracker's cheerful resistance of the incredible pangs of hunger on a certain celebrated occasion.

Moreover, Cracker was a bully of parts. Cracker could bully a discouraged team into a forlorn endeavor of an amazing degree of power and courage. "As clever a dog as ever you seed, sir! No shirkin'—ecod!—with Cracker t' keep watch on the dogs an' snap at the heels an' haunches o' the loafers." It was all true: Cracker was a powerful, clever, masterful, enduring beast in or out of harness, and a merciless driver of the dogs he led and had mastered.

"Give the devil his due!" Timothy Light insisted.

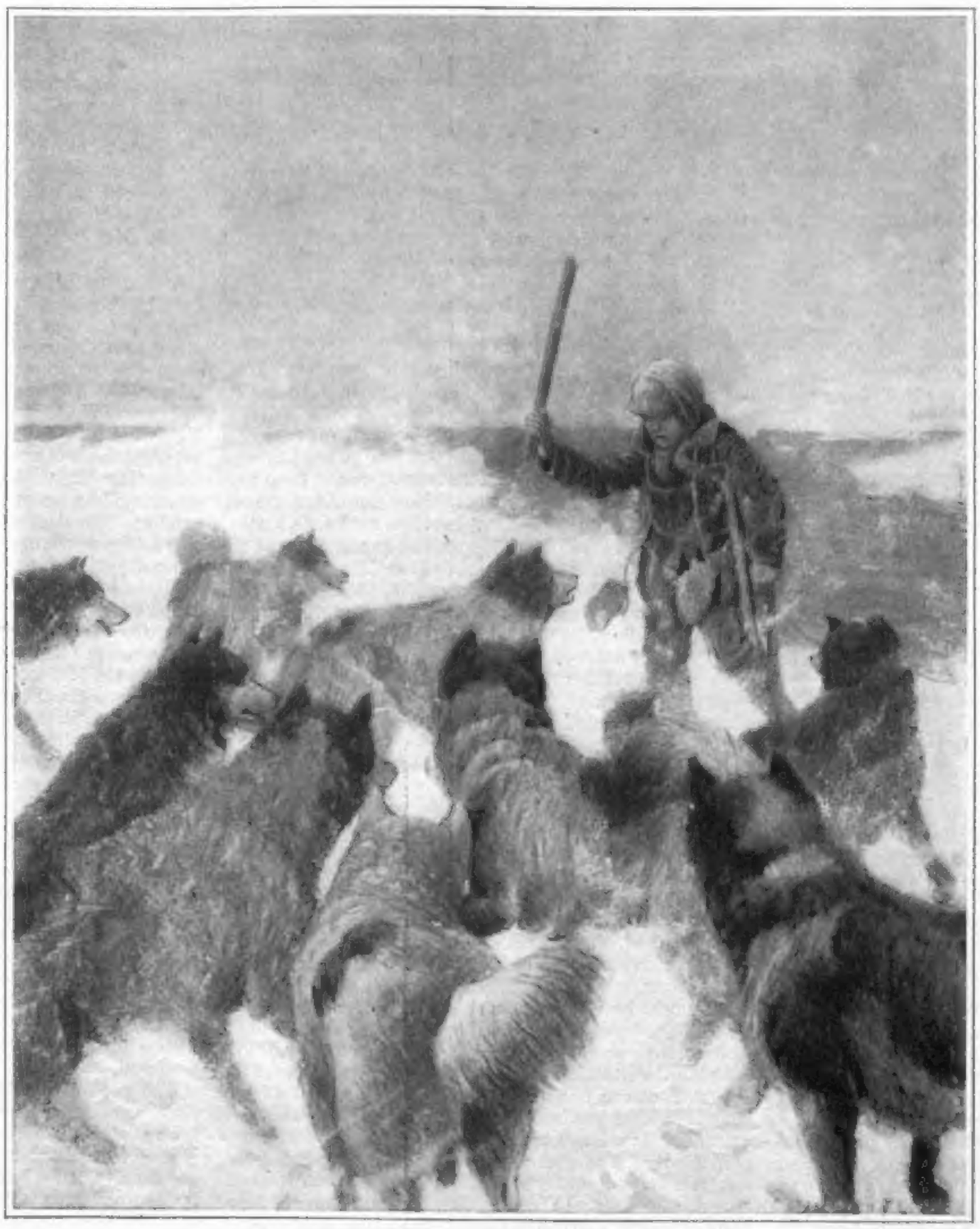
What was disreputable in Cracker's past—in the course of the dog trade of questionable propriety referred to—Timothy Light had been left to exercise his wit in finding out for himself. Cracker was from the north—from Jolly Cove, by the Hen-an'-Chickens. And what Timothy Light did not know was this: Cracker had there been concerned in an affair so doubtful, and of a significance so shocking, that, had the news of it got abroad in Tight Cove, the folk would have taken the customary precaution as a defensive measure, in behalf of the children on the roads after dark, and as a public warning to all the dogs of Tight Cove, of hanging Cracker by the neck until he was dead.

Long John Wall, of Jolly Cove, on the way to the Post at Little Inlet, by dog team, in January weather, had been caught by the snow between Grief Head and the Tall Old Man; and Long John Wall had perished on the ice—they found his komatik and clean bones in the spring of the year; but when the gale blew out, Long John Wall's dogs had returned to Jolly Cove in a fawning humor and a suspiciously well-fed condition.

The Jolly Cove youngster, the other party to the dog trade, neglected to inform Timothy Light—whose eyes had fallen enviously on the smoky, taut, splendid brute—that this selfsame Cracker which he coveted had bullied and led Long John Wall's team on that tragic and indubitably bloody occasion. His philosophy was ample to his need.

"In a dog trade," thought he with his teeth bare, when the bargain was struck, "'tis every man for hisself."

And so this bloodguilty, ruined young dog had come unsuspected to Tight Cove.



The Boy Brandished His Club and Reviled Them in Shrill Screams

There came a mild spell—the wind went to the south and west in the night; a splashing fall of tepid southern rain swept the dry white coasts in gusts and a melting drizzle; and, following on these untimely showers, a day or two of sunshine and soft breezes set the roofs smoking, the icicles dissolving, the eaves running little streams of water, the cliffs dripping a promise of shy spring flowers, and packed the snow and turned the harbor roads to slush, and gathered pools and shallow lakes of water on the rotting ice of the bay.

Schooner Bay was impassable; the trail was deep and sticky and treacherous—a broken, rotten, imminently vanishing course. And seaward, in the lift of the waves, vast fragments of the field were shaking themselves free and floating off; and the whole wide body of ice, from Rattle Brook, at the bottom of the bay, to the great heads of Thimble and the Scotchman's Breakfast, was striving to break away to the open under the urge of the wind.

Billy Brisk's adventure to Ginger Tickle must wait for frost and still weather; and wait it did—until in a shift of the weather there came a day when all that was water was frozen stiff overnight and the wind fell away to a doubtful calm, and the cliffs of Ginger Head were a loom in the frosty distance across the bay.

"Pack that lad, mum," said Skipper Thomas then: "'Tis now or never."

"I don't like the look of it," the mother complained.

"I warns you, mum—you're too fond o' that lad."

"I'm anxious. The bay's rotten. You knows that, sir—a man as old as you. Another southerly wind would shatter ——"

"Ecod! You'll coddle that wee lad t' death."

Billy Brisk's mother laughed.

"Not me!" said she.

A cunning idea occurred to Skipper Thomas.

"Or cowardice!" Skipper Thomas grumbled.

Billy Brisk's mother started. She stared in doubt at old Skipper Thomas. Her face clouded. She was grim.

"I'd do nothin' so wicked as that, sir," said she. "I'll pack un up."

It chanced that Timothy Light was sunk in a melancholy regard of his physical health. He was discovered hugging a red-hot bogie in his bachelor cottage of turf and rough-hewn timber by the turn to Sunday-School Hill. And a woe-begone old fellow he was; a sight to stir pity and laughter—with his bottles and plasters, his patent-medicine pamphlets, his drawn, gloomy countenance, and his determination to "draw off" the indisposition by way of his lower extremities with a plaster of renowned power.

"Nothin' stronger, Skipper Thomas, knowed t' the science o' medicine an' the"—Skipper Timothy did not hesitate over the obstacle—"the prac-t'-tie-on-ers thereof," he groaned; "an' she've begun t' pull too. Ecod! but she's drawin'! Mm-m-m! There's power for you! An' if she don't pull the pain out o' the toes o' my two feet"—Skipper Timothy's feet were

swathed in plaster; his pain was elsewhere; the course of its exit was long—"I'm free t' say that nothin' will budge my complaint. Mm-m! Ecod! b'y, but she've sure begun t' draw!"

Skipper Timothy bade Skipper Thomas sit himself down, an' brew himself a cup o' tea, an' make himself t' home, an' feel free o' the place, the while he should entertain and profit himself with observing the operation of the plaster of infallible efficacy in the extraction of pain.

"What's gone wrong along o' you?" Skipper Thomas inquired.

"I been singin' pretty hearty o' late," Skipper Timothy moaned—he was of a musical turn and given frequently to a vigorous recital of the Psalms and Paraphrases—"an' I 'low I've strained my stummick."

Possibly Skipper Timothy could not distinguish, with any degree of scientific accuracy, between the region of his stomach and the region of his lungs—a lay confusion, perhaps, in the matter of terms and definite boundaries; he had been known to mistake his liver for his heart in the indulgence of a habit of pessimistic diagnosis. And whether he was right in this instance or not, and whatever the strain involved in his vocal effort, which must have tried all the muscles concerned, he was now coughing himself purple in the face—a symptom that held its mortal implication of the approach of what is called the lung trouble and the decline.

The old man was not fit for the trail—no cruise to Ginger Tickle for him next day; he was on the stocks and out of commission. Ah, well, then, would he trust his dogs? Oh, aye; he would trust his team free an' willin'. An' might Jock Luff drive the team? Oh, aye; young Jock Luff might drive the team an he had the spirit for the adventure. Let Jock Luff keep un down—*keep* the brutes down, ecod!—and no trouble would come of it.

"A tap on the snout t' mend their manners," Skipper Timothy advised. "A child can overcome an' manage a team like that team o' ten."

Jock Luff set out with Billy Brisk for Ginger Tickle next day.

A dawn of obscure and disquieting significance; a hint of milder weather in the growing day; a drear, gray sky thickening to drab and black, past noon; a puff of southerly wind and a slosh of rain; a brisk gale, lightly touched with frost, running westerly, with snow, in a close, encompassing cloud of great wet flakes; lost landmarks; dusk falling, and a black night imminent, with high wind—and Jock Luff's team of ten went scrambling over an unexpected ridge and foundered the komatik. It was a halt—no grave damage done; it was nothing to worry a man—not then.

Young Jock Luff laughed; little Billy Brisk chuckled from the tumbled depths of his dogskin robes; and the dogs, on their haunches now, a panting, restless half-circle—the Labrador dogs run in individual traces—viewed the spill with shame-faced amusement. Yet Jock Luff was confused and lost; snow and dusk were impenetrable; the barricades and cliffs of Ginger Head lay somewhere in the snow beyond—a mere general direction. It is nothing, however, to be lost. Daylight and clearing weather infallibly disclose the lay of the land.

A general direction is good enough; a man proceeds confidently on the meager advantage.

It was interesting for the dogs—this rowdy pack from Tight Cove. They were presently curious. It was a break in the routine of the road. The thing concerned them nearly. What the devil was the matter? Something was up! Here was no mere pause for rest. The man was making no arrangements to move along. And what now? Amusement gave place to an alert observation of the course of the unusual incident.

The dogs came a little closer. It was not an attitude of menace. They followed Luff's least movement with jerks of concern and starts of surprise; and they reflected—inquiring, amazed. Day's work done? Camp for the night? Food? What next, anyhow? It was snowing. Damned thick weather, this! Thick's bags—this palpable dusk! No man could see his way in a gale like this. A man had his limitations and customs. This man would camp. There would be food in reward of the day's work. Damn it! Was there never to be any food? There must be food! Now—at last! Oh, sure—why, sure—sure—sure there'd be something to eat when the man went into camp!

Mm-m? No? Was the new man going to starve 'em all to death!

Big Cracker, of this profane, rowdy crew, sidled to the sled. This was in small advances—a sly encroachment at a time. His object was plain to the pack. It was theft. They watched him in a trance of expectant interest. What would happen to Cracker? Wait and see! Follow Cracker? Oh, wait and see, first, what happened to Cracker.

Cracker sniffed at the tumbled robes. The pack lifted its noses and sniffed, too, and opened its eyes wide, and exchanged opinions, and kept watch, in swift, scared glances, on Jock Luff; and came squirming nearer, as though with some intention altogether remote from the one precisely in mind.

"This Here Cracker o' Mine is None Too Tame"

From this intrusion—appearing to be merely an impudent investigation—Cracker was driven off with a quick, light clip of the butt of the walrus whip on the snout. "Keep the brutes down! Keep un down—ecod!—an' no trouble would come of it." And down went Cracker. He leaped away and bristled, and snarled, and crawled, whimpering then, to his distance; whereupon the pack took warning. Damn the man!—he was too quick with the whip; Cracker had intended no mischief, had he? Damn the new man!

After that the big Cracker curled up and sulked himself to sleep.

"I 'low we're close t' Ginger Head," said Luff.

"Ah, no, b'y."

"I seed the nose o' the Scotchman's Breakfast a while back."

"We're t' the south o' that by three mile."

"We isn't."

"We is."

"Ah, well, anyhow we'll stop the night where we is. The snow blinds a man."

"That's grievous," Billy Brisk complained. "I wisht we was over the barricades an' safe ashore. The bay's all rotten. My mother says ——"

"You isn't timid, is you?"

"Me? No. My mother says ——"

"Ah, you is a bit timid, Billy."

"Who? Me? I is not. But my mother says the wind would just ——"

"Just a wee bit timid!"

"Ah, well, Jock, I isn't never been out overnight afore. An' my mother says if the wind blows a gale from the west, south or sou'west ——"

"Never you mind about that, Skipper Bill. We've something better t' think about than the way the wind blows. The wind's full o' notions. I've no patience t' keep my humor waitin' on what she does. Now you listen t' me: I got bread, an' I got 'lasses, an' I got tea, an' I got a kettle. I got birch all split t' hand, t' save the weight of an ax on the komatik; an' I got birch rind, an' I got matches. 'Twill be a scoff"—feast—"Skipper Bill. Mm-m! Ecod! My belly's in a clamor o' greed. The only thing I isn't got is dog meat. Save for that, Skipper Billy, we're complete."

Billy Brisk renewed his complaint.

"I wisht," said he, "the wind would switch t' sea. Once on a time my grand——"

"Never you mind about that."

"Once on a time my grandfather was cotched by the snow in a gale o' wind off ——"

"Ah, you watch how clever I is at makin' a fire on the ice! Never you mind about the will o' the wind. 'Tis a foolish habit t' fall into."

Jock Luff made the fire. The dogs squatted in the offing. Every eye was on the operation. It was interesting, of course. Nothing escaped notice. Attention was keen and inclusive. It would flare high—a thrill run through the wide-mouthed, staring circle—and expire in disappointment. Interesting, to be sure; yet going into camp on the ice was nothing out of the way. The man would spend the night where he was—that was all. It portended no extraordinary departure from the customs—no opportunity. And the man was alert and capable. No; nothing stimulating in the situation—nothing to be taken advantage of.

Jock Luff was laughing; Billy Brisk chattered all the while. Neither was in difficulty. Nor was either afraid of anything. It was not an emergency. There was no release of authority. And when the circumstances of the affair, at last, had turned out to be usual in every respect, interest lapsed, as a matter of course; and the pack, having presently exhausted the distraction of backbiting, turned in to sleep, helped to this good conduct by a crack of the whip.

"Not another word out o' you!" Luff scolded. "You'll be fed full the morrow."

Almost at once it fell very dark. The frost increased; the snow turned to dry powder and the wind jumped to half a gale, veering to the sou'west. Billy Brisk, with the bread and tea and molasses stowed away where bread and tea and molasses best serve such little lads as he, was propped against the komatik, wrapped up in his dogskin robes as snug as you like. The fire was roaring, and the circle of the night was safe and light and all revealed, in its flickering blaze and radiant, warm red glow; and Jock Luff fed the fire hot; and Jock Luff gave Billy Brisk riddles to rede; and Jock Luff piped Billy Brisk a song or two—such a familiar song of the coast as this:

'Way down on Pigeon Pond Island,
When daddy comes home from swilin'
Maggoty fish hung up in the air,
Fried in maggoty butter;
Cakes an' tea for breakfast,
Pork an' duff for dinner,
Cakes an' tea for supper—
'Way down on Pigeon Pond Island,
When daddy comes home from swilin'.

So that whatever was bitter and inimical in the wind and dark and driving mist of snow was chased out of mind by the warm fire and companionable behavior.

It was comfortable on the ice: it was a picnic—a bright adventure; and Billy Brisk was as cozy and dry and content as ——

"I likes it, Jock," said he. "I jus' fair loves it here!"

"You does, b'y? I'm proud o' you!"

"'Way out here on the ice. Mm-m! Yes, sirree! I'm havin' a wonderful happy time, Jock."

"I'm glad o' that now!"

"An' I feels safe ——"

"Aye, b'y!"

"An' I'm's warm ——"

"Sure, you is!"

"An' I'm's sleepy ——"

"You go t' sleep, lad."

"My mother says, if the wind ——"

"Never you mind about that. I'll take care o' you—never fear!"

"You would, in a tight place, wouldn't you, Jock, b'y?"

"Well, I 'low I would!"

"Yes, sirree! You'd take care o' me!"

"You go t' sleep, lad, an' show yourself an old hand at stoppin' out overnight."

"Aye, Jock; but my mother says ——"

"Never you mind about that."

"Ah, well, my mother ——"

And Billy Brisk fell asleep.

Well, now, Billy Brisk fell asleep, and presently, too, Jock Luff, in his wolfskin bag, got the better of his anxious watch on the wind and toppled off. The dogs were already asleep, each covered with a slow-fashioning blanket of snow—ten round mounds, with neither snout nor hair to show.

The fire failed; it was dark; and the wind blew up—and higher. A bleak place, this, on Schooner Bay, somewhere between the Thimble and the Scotchman's Breakfast of Ginger Head; yet there was no hardship in the night—no shivering, blue agony of cold, but full measure of healthful comfort. The dogs were warm in their coverings of snow, and Luff was warm in his wolfskin bag; and Billy Brisk, in his dogskin robes, was in a flush and soft sweat of sound sleep, as in his cot in the cottage by Jack-in-the-Box, at Tight Cove.

It was a gale of wind by this time; the wind came running down the bay from Rattle Brook; and it tore persistently at the ice, urging it out. It was a matter of twenty miles from the Thimble, across Schooner Bay, to the Scotchman's Breakfast of Ginger Head, and a matter of thirty miles inland to Rattle Brook—wherefrom you may compute the area of the triangle for yourself and bestir your own imagination, if you can, to apply the pressure of a forty-mile gale to the vast rough surface of the bay.

Past midnight the ice yielded to the irresistible urge of the wind.

Crack! The noise of the break zigzagged in the distance and approached, and shot past near by, and rumbled away like a crash of brittle thunder. Jock Luff started awake. There was a crackling confusion—in the dark, all roundabout, near and far—like the crumpling of an infinitely gigantic sheet of crisp paper; and then nothing but the sweep and whimper of the wind—those familiar, unportentous sounds, in their mild monotony, like dead silence in contrast with the first splitting roar of the break-up.

Luff got out of his wolfskin bag. The dogs were up; they were terrified—growling and bristling; and they fawned close to Luff, as dogs will to a master in a crisis of ghostly fear. Luff drove them off; he whipped them into the dark. The ice had broken from the cliffs and was split in fields and fragments. It would move out and go abroad with the high southwest wind. That was bad enough, yet not, perhaps, a mortal predicament—the wind would not

run out from the southwest forever; an escape ashore from a stranded floe would be no new thing in the experience of the coast. To be marooned on a pan of ice, however, with ten famishing dogs of unsavory reputation, and for God only knew how long—it taxed a man's courage to contemplate the inevitable adventure!

A man could not corner and kill a dog at a time; a man could not even catch a dog—not on a roomy pan of ice, with spaces for retreat. Nor could a man escape from a dog if he could not escape from the pan; nor could a man endure, in strength and wakefulness, as long as a dog. Luff saw himself attempt the death of one of the pack—the pursuit of Cracker, for example, with a club torn from the komatik. Cracker would easily keep his distance and paw the ice, head down, eyes alert and burning; and Cracker would withdraw and dart out of reach, and swerve away. And Smoke and Tucker and Scrap, and the rest of the pack, would all the while be creeping close behind, on the lookout for a fair opportunity.

No; a man could not corner and kill a dog at a time. A man could not beat a wolf in the open; and these dogs, which roamed the timber and sprang from it, would maneuver like wolves—a patient waiting for some lapse from caution or the ultimate moment of weakness—and then an overwhelming rush.

Luff knew the dogs of his own coast. He knew his own dogs; all he did not know about his own dogs was that Cracker had been concerned in a dubious affair on the ice off the Tall Old Man. These dogs had gone on short rations for a month. When the worst came to the worst—the pan at sea—they would attack.

Billy Brisk, too, was wide awake. A thin little plaint broke in on Luff's reflections.

"Is you there, Jock?"

"Aye, I'm here. You lie still, Billy."

"What's the matter with the dogs, Jock?"

"They're jus' a bit restless. Never you mind about the dogs. I'll manage the dogs."

"You didn't fetch your ax, did you, Jock?"

"Well, no, Skipper Bill—no; I didn't."

"That's what I thought. Is the ice broke loose?"

"Ah, now, Billy, never you mind about the ice."

"Is she broke loose?"

"Ah, well—maybe she have broke loose."

"She'll move t' sea in this wind, won't she?"

"Never you mind ——"

"Won't she?"

"Ah, well, she may take a bit of a cruise t' sea."

Billy Brisk said nothing to this. An interval of silence fell. And then Billy plaintively again:

"My mother said ——"

Luff's rebuke was gentle:

"You isn't goin' t' cry for your mother, is you?"

"Oh, I isn't goin' t' cry for my mother!"

"Ah, no! You isn't. No growed man would."

"All I want t' say," said Billy Brisk in a saucy flash of pride, "is that my mother was right!"

Past twelve o'clock and the night as black as a wolf's throat, with the wind blowing a forty-mile gale, thick and stifling with snow, and the ice broken up in ragged pans of varying, secret area—it was no time for any man to stir abroad from the safe place he occupied. There were patches of open water forming near by, and lanes of open water widening and shifting with the drift and spreading of the ice; and somewhere between the cliffs and the moving pack, which had broken away from them, there was a long pitfall of water in the dark. The error of putting the dogs in the traces and attempting to win the shore in a forlorn dash did not even present itself to Luff's experienced wisdom. Luff would wait for dawn, to be sure of his path and direction; and meantime—there being no occasion for action—he got back into his wolfskin bag and settled himself for sleep.

It was not hard to go to sleep. Peril of this sort was familiar to Luff—precarious situations, with life at stake, created by wind, ice, reefs, fog and the sea. There on the ice the situation was completely disclosed and beyond control. Nothing was to be manipulated. Nothing threatened, at any rate, for the moment. Consequently Luff was not afraid. Had he discovered himself all at once alone in a city; had he been required to confront a garter snake—he had never clapped eyes on a snake ——

Placidly reflecting on the factors of danger to be dealt with subsequently, Luff caught ear, he thought, of a sob and whimper from the midst of Billy Brisk's dogskin robes. This was the little fellow's first full-fledged adventure. He had been in scrapes before—the little dangers of the harbor and the adjacent rocks and waters and wilderness; gusts of wind; the lop of the sea; the confusion of the near-by back country; and the like of that; but he had never been cast away like the grown men of Tight Cove. And these

(Continued on Page 53)

A Drear, Gray Sky Thickening to Drab and Black, a Puff of Southerly Wind and a Slosh of Rain

THE EXPERT HUSBAND

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

REMINGTON was an efficiency engineer, which means that his business consisted in diagnosing other men's businesses, in curing their financial aches and pains, and in leaving them sound and healthy. Before he was thirty-five he knew the glory of both success and reputation; but his family privately considered him hardly more than an itinerant bookkeeper, and they were fully convinced that he was overpaid.

Of course they listened with some interest to his narratives; and they were pleased when he discovered the flaws of organization in some struggling company and set it back on the path to riches. But they always smiled at his ideas of orderly method, and alleged that the cost of installing and maintaining any one of Horace's pet systems was probably more than the saving it was supposed to effect.

"Oh, I suppose they're good enough for these big corporations that don't care how they spend their money," commented his father, "but I don't care if he does get fifty dollars a day and expenses—when he works—I wouldn't have that bunch of loose leaves and five by seven cards in my office if he made me a present of 'em! Save time? Sure—clerks' time. Twelve dollars a week. Well, the way I save their time is to keep 'em busy; and if they haven't anything else to do, I have 'em check up each other. Nobody wastes any time in my shop, I can tell you!"

There was some justice, therefore, in the statement of certain people that, when Remington began to think of marrying, he carefully eliminated all prospects that shared the views of his family. No man likes to go home at night to a household that regards his earnings as so many contributions from the feeble-minded; and Remington was both sincere and sensitive. At any rate, whatever the manner of his selection, he married a girl who could appreciate him.

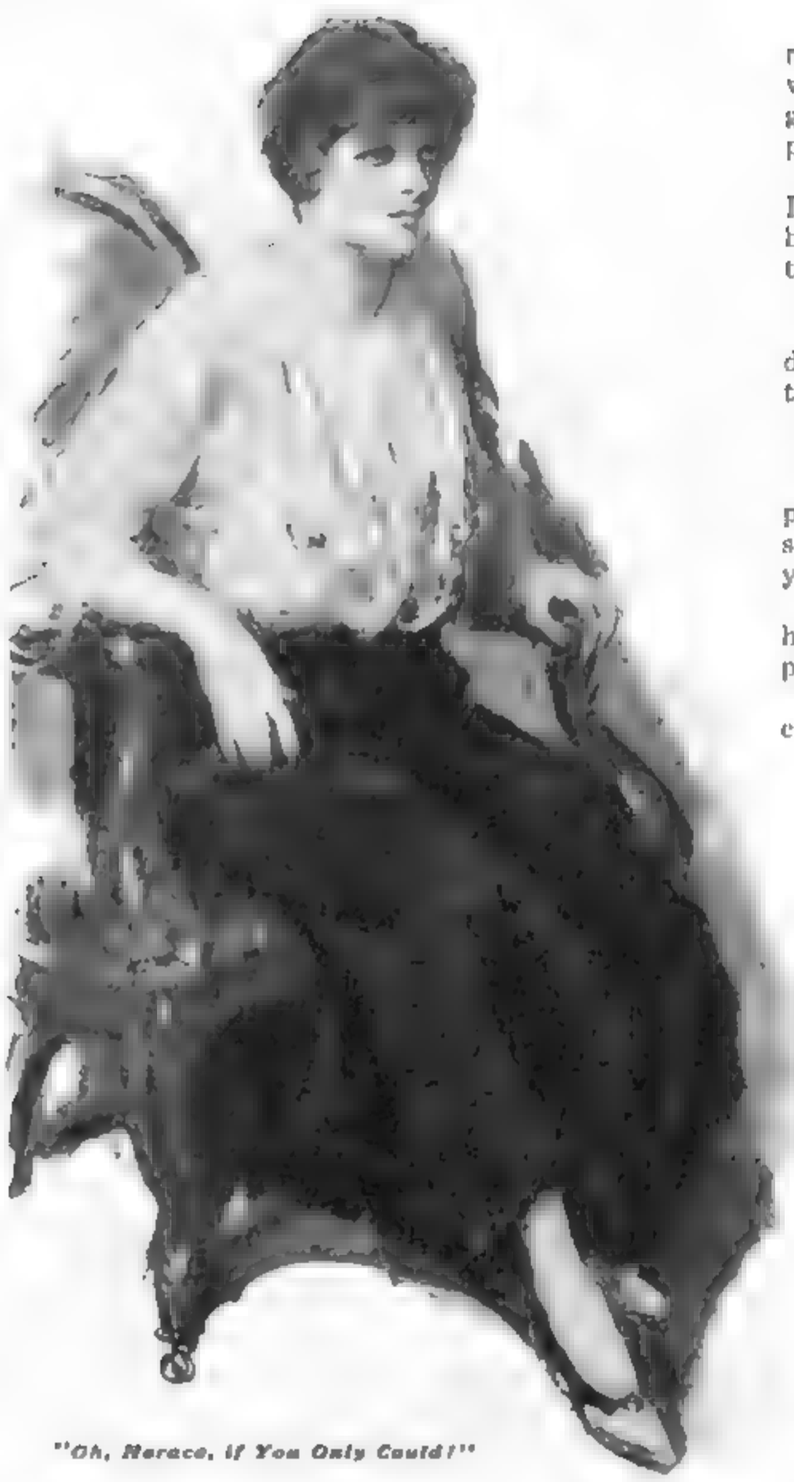
Not that she had ever been in business—Remington didn't like business women—but in the field of domestic and charitable activity she was one of the shrewdest of executives, one of the most clear-sighted and intuitive. She kept all her recipes in a card-index, and the books of the church fair on patent ledger paper. It looked like an admirable match; and all the societies of which Edna was a member promptly elected her treasurer, in the natural assumption that her husband would audit her accounts and perhaps underwrite a few of the liabilities.

She was an exquisitely careful young person. She conducted her life along rigidly scientific lines, and so she owned a perfect complexion, an enviable temper, and the faculty of wearing her last year's clothes with such distinction that other women, in order to retain their full measure of pride, were forced to explain to each other that they were indeed the clothes of a bygone season. She managed Remington's house excellently; and when the Red Cross melting pot threatened to prove a losing venture she was able to assume control and to bring about a triumphant climax, where fifty-cent marmalade jars sold for three dollars and all the discarded plate of the neighborhood exchanged hands on a rising market. So brisk was the market that Edna satisfied the demand only by ordering on consignment a few dozens of standard patterns from a wholesaler, and auctioning them at two hundred per cent.

Although Remington adored her, and was inordinately proud of her local fame as an executive, he sometimes felt that her abilities were just the least bit overrated. Managing a home, or a spontaneous charity, he said, and conducting a competitive business are entirely different things; and the local reporters suffered from confusion of terms. Edna was unquestionably a splendid power for good in the community; she was a model housekeeper; and in the name of benevolence she could wring dollars from the inmates of an old ladies' home; but when the reporters paragraphed her as a genius at business they weren't entirely accurate.

Business, he said, is the art of selling commodities to the public, before the public and in spite of the public; and Edna had succeeded only in cornering a large number of neighbors, who at the outset were perfectly willing to contribute to the cause of philanthropy and then to increase their contributions, for the chief reasons that the other neighbors were looking on. She mustn't think that such accomplishments signified anything more than a magnetic personality and a host of friends. Subsequently he kissed her, told her that she was a woman in a million, and proceeded to explain exactly how he had felt when he saw her competently directing the energies of a score of satellites—she, the most adequate, the most womanly, the most lovable of them all. And Edna, who before she was married had devised a hundred plans for earning her own living, if the necessity ever arose, was slightly chagrined.

Some of these plans occurred to her as she reflected upon his deprecation. Of course she knew that in his ordinary routine he studied not merely one phase of commerce but all phases, and she knew that his judgment was worth fifty dollars a day and expenses—when he had a client. But she still harbored a quiet confidence that her own originality had more than a casual social value.



"Oh, Horace, if You Only Could!"

For the very reason that she loved Remington so dearly, she was all the more anxious for him to appraise her at the highest; and because his greatest praise was given to those who succeeded in the tortuous lanes of business, she was all the more eager to win that praise at the expense of his prejudice. She almost wished that Remington might sprain something, or offer lodging to a transient germ, so that, without facing real danger, he would be invalided for a few months. In this case she would enforcedly rely upon herself to preserve their normal income intact. She was certain that she could astonish him.

Or there was the possibility of adopting the fad of those titled Englishwomen who refresh themselves from social duties by managing millinery establishments or by designing gowns. She wished that somehow she might stumble upon one of those opportunities, and demonstrate to Remington that her genius was not limited to pruning the grocer's bill and to selling plated teaspoons for the benefit of the Red Cross. The opportunity came to hand sooner than she had expected.

Remington, going to the living-room table one evening in search of cigars, found a sheet of foolscap, which he perused with much amusement.

"What's this, dear?" he inquired. "Another church rinktum? Don't you think you're crowding the mourners pretty hard?"

"Oh, that?" she faltered. "Why—I wasn't ready to show that to you yet. I forgot it was there."

"That's all right. What is it—a series of charity teas?"

"Why, no." She hesitated; and finally, perceiving that he was really curious, she added: "It's a regular tearoom downtown."

Remington replaced the sheet, got his cigar and lighted it.

"A tearoom—downtown? What's the idea?"

"Why, part of it's to make money. You know yourself—the poor people can go to quick-lunch places, and men like you go to hotels and clubs, but there isn't anything for the people in between. They don't like one place and they can't afford the other. So three of us thought we'd start a sort of average restaurant, a tearoom, and we'd supply a real deficiency and maybe make some money."

"Do you know," said Remington, "that next to the retail grocer the proprietor of a lunch room is the worst commercial risk?"

"But this won't be an ordinary room," she protested. "The—the part I've told you about is for nice lunches for people with moderate means—at night it's to be very, very fashionable!"

"Ah!"

"You see it'll be pretty and dainty, and there's lots of room, and after ten o'clock at night we won't admit anyone without evening dress, and there'll be simple but awfully good suppers and a little dancing. It'll be the most refined place you ever dreamed of."

"In New York," said Remington, "that experiment I mean of evening dress as a requirement for entrance—has been tried four times. How many times do you suppose the promoters have gone into bankruptcy?"

"Why—I don't know."

"Four," he said. "And do you think a town of a hundred thousand population will support a scheme that was too classy for New York?"

"We think so—yes."

"Who are the others?"

She told him. They were women of wealth and unimpeachable standing. "We each put in a thousand dollars," she explained. "It's going to be a corporation. Didn't you like the prospectus?"

"I don't like it at all. In the first place, I don't care to have you involved in things like this; and in the second place, it isn't feasible."

"But, Horace, you can't object to what's partly a charity. I mean those people really do need a place that isn't so expensive as a hotel but better than the dairy restaurants, and we really don't care whether we make money or not. We want to come out even. And I didn't invent it. I was asked to come in, because they thought I could help out in the management."

"I might waive the objection to the scheme as a scheme, but I still say that it isn't feasible for you."

"Why not?"

"You haven't had experience. Oh, I know the affairs you've been mixed up in, but they don't count. You haven't any reserve fund of practical knowledge of these matters. And I'm sorry, but I haven't the time to help you."

"You honestly don't think it's any good?"

"I honestly don't—not for you three women. You haven't a third of the capital you need. Your overhead will eat that up in a couple of weeks if you haven't the patronage you expect. You have no credit ——"

"Credit!" she echoed. "Why, we have loads!"

"But that's personal credit. Commercial credit is another matter. If you don't believe me go down to any one of the banks and find out how much they'll lend you for your enterprise."

"All three of us think it can be done," she persisted stubbornly; "and we've all been together in hundreds of things. We think there's a positive demand for a place like ours."

"Your whole organization is wrong," he said patiently. "Your appropriations are very wrong. Your estimates, except for the fixed charges, are—well, rather funny, dear. Your plan isn't good either for the noon hour or at night. You've conceived a place that's too feminine for men to eat in; and you can't get the dancing crowd without a lively entertainment. Still, if you won't take my advice—and most men are willing to pay a good deal for it—perhaps the best course is for you to go ahead and lose your thousand dollars. It'll be worth while if it shows you the uselessness of a clever woman—clever at home—trying to break into a strange work. I can't tell you how much I hope I'm wrong—only I know I'm not."

"We hoped," she said, "that you'd like it—and make up some forms for us—and maybe invest a little ——"

"I'm sorry, dear ——"

"You mean you won't?"

Remington was seriously distressed, because his love for his wife and his love for consistency were at odds.

"You can see, dear, how it is—it wouldn't be logical for me to put any of my money or any of my time, which is worth money, into a venture for which I can't see one chance of success. I hate to tell you so, but it's a question of a few months or weeks—probably weeks—before the end. We're oversupplied with eating places now. There are half a dozen established places where nice people can dance. And you ought to have at least ten thousand dollars in cash and a good line of credit. And three men instead of three women. That's all."

Mrs. Remington flushed.

"Well, at least you'll buy one share of stock, won't you? Just so it'll be known that we have your good will?"

"I can't have my name connected with it, dear, but I'll take one share—for the moral effect, if that's what you want."

"Very well." She took the foolscap and put it neatly away in a drawer of her desk. "And you won't mind my being in it?"

"Not if the others are—their position is strong enough to make it all right socially. And as long as you're determined to try something of this sort, I'm glad it's a small proposition—the experience may come cheap at a thousand."

For the first time since their marriage Mrs. Remington was slightly uncertain of her husband's status as a qualified expert. The plan of the tearoom seemed to her so thoughtful, so well-rounded and so thoroughly adapted to the needs of the moment, that she couldn't understand how he failed to become as enthusiastic as she was. Eventually she decided that it was the thought of her connection with actual business enterprise that offended him—that appealed to him either as a reflection upon his own earning capacity or as an admission that she wasn't happy in the kind of life she had been leading.

"I'm Going to Make More Money Than You Do if I Have to Break My Silly Neck Trying!"

She went to some effort to assure him that the venture was partly sociological, and she failed utterly. She tried to convert him to the principles of the thing, and she couldn't. So, despite her firm belief in herself and her friends, she proceeded to the task of incorporation with a noticeable loss of joyousness.

On the morning before the papers were signed Remington made his final plea.

"Look here, kitten," he said, "I wish you wouldn't go ahead with this. Call it off and start something else. This looks as though you need the money. I don't care what you do—take your thousand and buy hats—but don't get tangled up in a restaurant. I don't like the idea."

Edna shook her head.

"We've gone too far now and everybody knows we don't need the money. Why, in New York the very richest women do things like this. They have roof gardens and import lace—everything! And we haven't changed our minds. We don't expect to do much more than come out even; but we do want to give the nice men who haven't much money a splendid lunch for a low price, and we do want to have a perfectly quiet place for supper and a dance after the theater. And you needn't be afraid of the publicity—none of us is going to be in evidence. We've hired a manager. All I do is to think up new ideas and be the treasurer."

"You're going to put it through?" he asked wretchedly.

"Yes, dear."

Remington bowed. No matter what his professional objections, he never even thought of forbidding Edna the privilege of losing her own money as she saw fit. They both knew that she would instantly have yielded had he forbidden her; and that knowledge, though at first it had made for constraint, was now responsible for largely increased respect between them. Each knew that the other wasn't taking advantage of sex.

In due course of time the tearoom was opened. It was on the second floor of a building somewhat removed from the stir and bustle of heavy traffic; and it was decorated with the purpose of suggesting rest rather than restaurant. The incorporators had decided on a menu only after many conferences, and they had engaged waitresses only after interviewing every eligible candidate in the county. The net result was that the young man whose tastes were superior to his salary could, by walking three or four blocks from the business center, enjoy a carefully selected lunch, served by an obviously proper maid, in an environment unusually refreshing, for half a dollar. And the young men came.

Although he felt that his judgment was confirmed, Remington was deeply sorry for his wife when the first month showed a net loss of eight hundred dollars in operating expense alone.

"The worst of it," he told her, "is that the first month in any new place generally brings in more money than any of the months following."

"It's the women," mourned Edna. "We thought the women would come too. That was another idea—a place where women could come to lunch, without getting just salad and tea, and still without getting into a noisy restaurant. And they haven't been in hardly at all—oh, the women in our own crowd have come, but those aren't the ones we want! If we could only advertise ——"

"Why don't you?"

She spread her hands expressively.

"Nobody wants to put in any more money. Of course if you want to ——"

Remington shook his head.

"You know that my own business has been a little slow, dear, and you know what I still think about the whole plan. Wait another month! You can't tell much of anything in four weeks' trial. Give it a chance!"

Accordingly she waited. While she waited, she sat up too late at night and worried far too much in the daytime. Eight weeks from the magnificent opening of the most distinctive rooms in town the corporation found itself one Saturday night with liabilities of approximately eleven dollars more than its assets. It was also five weeks in a row since Remington had earned fifty dollars a day—and expenses.

"Well," he said, "that's over!"

Edna, much paler than usual, looked up quickly.

"Mrs. Birchill and Mrs. Lane say they don't want to play any more," she admitted; "but that doesn't mean we've failed by any means."

"It doesn't!"

"No. They're both satisfied that it won't work, and they say they'll make me a present outright of their stock, if I'll take it."

"Which of course you won't."

"But I have," she said quietly. "I'm just as certain as I was two months ago. The trouble has been that they wouldn't see my point of view. I wanted this to be cosmopolitan. I wanted it to be fashionable too. It's perfectly possible, only they wouldn't understand it. They tried to make it so fashionable that they scared out all the nice common people who'd have made it pay. Now I'm going to do it."

"Edna, take my advice and don't do it!"

"I've already taken their stock," she said, "and I've begun to think. If you'll come to lunch Monday you'll see some of the results."

"I'll sell you my share for two cents on the dollar," he laughed. "And is that an invitation?"

"If you come," she stated, "it'll cost you—well, I don't know what it will cost you, but that's exactly the point. It's going to be a bargain restaurant."

"What?"

She nodded.

"We haven't got the women coming yet—the shoppers. We thought we'd have at least a hundred a day, and we haven't had ten. So I figured out what women like. I'm going to have special bargains every day. Monday, for instance, I think it'll be chicken salad and chocolate ice cream—sell 'em at actual cost and have an *d-la-carte* bill for the other things. Tuesday we'll have, say, tea and some kind of bisque for almost nothing. We'll arrange so that nobody could possibly make a luncheon out of the specialties. We'll use them just as a department store uses bargains—to get the customers coming in, and then try to sell 'em something else at a profit."

"That," said Remington shortly, "is against every canon of success in your business. If a woman had to pay only ten cents for *café parfait* Monday, she certainly won't pay thirty cents for it on Tuesday!"

"She might—that is, if she got a reduction on salad or soup on Tuesday. And I might even make odd prices—roast beef could be regularly forty cents, and on bargain day twenty-nine. And then, of course, we can change the prices very often, so that they'll be awfully interested to know what's going to happen."

"You can't do it—the department stores can, because they have thousands and thousands of items at reasonable prices and just a few bargains for leaders. You'll cut all your profit out, Edna. You'll find that women can make out a menu, including whatever the bargains may be that day, which'll leave you nothing, or less than nothing, for the food—and the overhead will be just the same. Why couldn't they eat the rest of their lunch somewhere else, and then drop into your place for dessert, if it happened to be the special that day?"

"They could, but they won't."

"Why won't they?"

"Because everything else is good too."

Remington shrugged his shoulders and held silence. Since Edna had kept her promise not to appear publicly as a *restaurateur*, and merely kept office hours in the little room devoted to finance, he was less disturbed than he had anticipated. Also he knew that another month must inevitably bring the end of her folly. The corporation would slip gently into the hands of a receiver, and Edna wouldn't be personally liable.

All things considered, it seemed as though his best course would be to devote all his own attention to the capture of another client who would pay him his customary fifty dollars a day—and expenses.

On Monday the bargain lunch room opened without advertisement, and the twelve women who patronized it were highly astonished to find that a peculiarly appetizing *mousse* was available at twenty-nine cents, marked down from forty. The young business men, who ordinarily ate a fifty-cent *table d'hôte*, also noticed that *mousse*, and partook of it as an extra. On Tuesday there were twenty-eight women to indulge in lobster salad. On Wednesday the bargain feature was tomato bisque at seven cents, and three men out of four added it to their regular lunch, and so caused a shortage in the supply before the forty-one women were fed.

At this juncture Edna made a contract with a morning newspaper and the leading theater.

"The public won't stand for that," said Remington. "It isn't sound. You're simply giving the privilege of the rooms at night as a premium, and people never appreciate anything that's free. It's more cheapening than anything else you could possibly do. I've seen it work out a dozen times."

"I don't care," said Edna stoutly. "I want the common people. The other ones can dance at home to a phonograph. And whether you believe it or not, the wives of those people love to be dressed up and go somewhere. So they go to the theater, and when they get their tickets—if the ticket costs a dollar or more—they just get a check that entitles them, if they have on evening clothes, to twenty-five cents rebate on supper!"

"Has it occurred to you that nine out of ten will probably hand those checks to a newsboy?"

"Well, if a newsboy can get some evening clothes he can come right in," she said hospitably. "And, besides, the theater pays me ten cents apiece for those checks."

"Then you lose fifteen at the start on every customer you get!"

"Oh, no, dear! There are two hundred and fifty seats that cost a dollar or more—that's the limit. And the checks are good only for the night they're issued. In the first place, a lot of them aren't ever redeemed; and in the second place, the theater makes money if as many as fifty or sixty people, who would ordinarily have bought seventy-five-cent seats, pay a quarter more for the sake of the check."

"Hopeless!" said Remington. "Then the people don't save anything! They're paying a dollar for a seat plus a supper rebate. If they took cheaper seats and paid you their full price, they'd be exactly as well off!"

"Yes, dear, but they wouldn't have such good seats! Don't you see? It costs them exactly the same, but they get ten rows nearer the stage. The theater is satisfied, because it's good advertising and costs practically nothing. I'm satisfied because even with the rebate I'll get loads of people who never came before."

"I wish I thought it would work," said Remington moodily.

He was often moody during these days. Efficiency engineer as he was, he began to see that in establishing himself in a city of a hundred thousand population he had deliberately restricted his activity. Already he had been called into consultation by many of the manufacturers; already he had exhausted the greater part of his field, and he was just beginning to see it. His income had dropped to half the previous record, and suddenly the future looked none too rosy.

Now and then he spoke of New York, and wondered if the competition there were too keen.

In the meantime the lunch room prospered amazingly. The two women who had presented their stock to Edna suggested that they might change their minds and take it back. The local newspapers published flattering notices of the gradual rise to affluence; and a special writer for a metropolitan magazine found material for an interesting story in Mrs. Remington's record.

She was far too busy now to direct church fairs or to devise entertainments for the Red Cross. When the representatives called upon her she said that she would be glad to send a check, but that she simply couldn't spare the time for constructive work of any sort. Between the management of her home, which she still kept beautifully, and of the lunch room, she was permanently engaged.

"If you still think you want it," said Remington with elaborate carelessness, "I might be able to systematize your plant, Edna. Things are pretty slow just now. I notice you have a rotten plan of daily balances; and that stunt of expecting a waitress to remember an order, instead of having the customer write it out on a form, is a thousand years old and in the discard."

(Continued on Page 48)

On Monday the Bargain Lunch Room Opened Without Advertisement

BEATING THE BARRIER

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"He Has a Bunch of Papers in th' Inside Pocket of His Coat an' I Must Have 'Em Inside of Half an Hour"

WHEN the Singin' Kid landed in Buffalo he was master of many of those attributes which are usually entered on the credit side of Nature's account with Success. He had health, youth, presentable wearing apparel and a fair *quantum* of good looks. All that he lacked was the wherewithal which assists so materially in making the wheels of commerce revolve.

Briefly stated, the Singin' Kid was broke. Moreover, he was custodian of a thirst which, to use his own language, would if alleviated in liquid form have floated an armored cruiser.

But in dire situations like the present it was not the Kid's practice to stand upon ethics, custom, law or precedent. Consequently he made a dignified entrance into the Climax saloon and ordered a mint julep with an elaboration of those trimmings which so notably distinguish this mixological masterpiece from the common-or-garden variety of exhilarating refreshments.

With swift appreciation of human nature in its manifold peregrinations the Kid added to and subtracted from the mentality and make-up of the bartender.

"You ain't seen Colonel Paragon round, have you?" he interrogated as he leisurely sipped the nectar. "No, eh? Say, Bo, this is some drink. I've annihilated juleps from Maine t' California and from Montreal t' Moose Jaw, but they ain't got nothin' on th' stuff you can throw together. It's a pillow to a pitchfork that you never got hep t' this bird of paradise north of New Orleans."

Danny O'Brien, the bartender, grinned his appreciation. He smiled back at the Kid because, be it said, the latter possessed divine youth, and when he laughed it seemed that the whole world was laughing with him.

"It's so good," resumed the new customer, "that it reminds me of th' trained salmon I had oncet—I mean th' one that used to wear a plug hat. He was in a class by hisself."

Danny leaned over the bar.

"What's that ye said?" he queried good-naturedly. "A trained salmon? G'wan away! You've got th' slow dope mixed with th' hurry-up stuff!"

"Yep, indeed," chirped the Kid. "Of course you don't see none of them round here, but out on th' coast where I come from it's th' reg'lar thing. If you happen to be folks with any kind of a finish, you've got ter have a trained salmon trailin' round. I caught this one my own self up on the Columbia River. When I got him into th' boat I was goin' to land him over th' head with th' hook, but he looked up at me so appealin' that I says to myself, says I: 'I'll save you,' says I, 'an' there won't nobody have nothin' on me; an' then,' says I, 'I'll educate you so as you'll be odds-on any place you start.'

"Well, sir, you'd oughter seen that salmon dressed up. He uster wear a graveyard coat an' a plug hat just as natural as an undertaker, an' he foller'd me round like a dog. Funniest thing about him, he was a bug on billiards. Whenever I was playin' an' makin' one of them round-th'-table miracles, he'd raise up an' lean over an' flop his fins so loud you could hear him a block away. What d'ye know about that?"

"You should of brought him along," hazarded the bartender laughingly, now thoroughly interested in the Kid's airy persiflage. "You should of brought him along. He'd be quite a curiosity in this burg."

"I did aim to," responded the Kid earnestly—"I did aim to; but he met with a accident th' day before we left. I was walking acrossa bridge an' he stumbled an' went overboard."

"Broke his neck, I reckon," suggested the bartender warily.

"Not exactly! Not exactly, Bo," drawled the Kid as he lifted his glass and drained its contents to the very last drop. "He fell over th' side like I told you an' into th' water. He—he—got drownded, Bo."

Through Danny O'Brien's personality coursed a certain grim sense of humor bequeathed to him by a long line of Irish forbears.

"You'll do," he attested admiringly—"you'll do in any country where folks hold to th' get-happy idea. Th' next is on me—what'll y' have?"

The Singin' Kid duplicated his first order, drank what was set before him with every manifestation of appreciation, and then commenced to pave the way for a graceful getaway.

"An' so you didn't see Colonel Paragon this mornin'?" he reiterated after sundry and divers matters of moment regarding local sporting events had been thoroughly thrashed out. "It's funny old Paragon ain't showed up. He promised to meet me here at ten sharp, an' it's half-past now. You don't know him, eh? He's a gallus-appearin' guy with a game leg."

The bartender shook his head.

"I can't place him," he vouchsafed. "There's many a lame *hombre* come in here. If they ain't lame in th' underpinnin' they're lame in th' bank roll."

The Kid laughed heartily at this sally.

"I don't wonder they all fall in to this nest," he chortled back. "You're th' boy can manufacture a crutch for a lame pocketbook ev'ry day in th' week an' twice on Sunday. If you was to use your think tank for a minute you might make me friend. He's a lame guy like I told you, an' he walks like this."

Suiting action to word, the Singin' Kid limped toward the entrance. When he reached the portals he wheeled about and faced the bartender, who was still regarding him smilingly. "Yep," he concluded, "he walks just like this."

The swinging doors parted and the Kid was gone.

II

ONCE outside the door, the Singin' Kid made speedy movement to round the adjacent corner and bumped into a frame bulkier than his own. He lifted his head, intent upon making hasty apology, and found himself looking into the rubicund countenance of his erstwhile partner, Paragon Pete. The latter backed away and eyed the Kid critically.

"Gee, kid," he exclaimed, "th' dead has came to life. Did you think you was th' circus parade with th' right of way an' four cops a-horseback leadin' th' band wagon? What's th' matter with you? Are you glued to th' ground? I ain't no ghost!"

"Pete," gasped the Kid mournfully—"Pete, listen to me, old pal: A elephant has stepped on me chest. You ain't human if you string me at this stage of th' game."

"Who's stringin' y'?" retorted his partner; "but I ain't seen you since spring. You know, Kid, anythin' I got goes fifty-fifty with you; but tell me somethin'—did I call th' turn on th' blowoff? What do you need, Kid? Ain't it got a monniker?"

"Two trained nurses an' a specialist," lamented the Kid. "That's all I need, Pete, plenty of cotton battin' an' bandages. I've been dynamited, Pete, just earthquaked, that's all."

"Some of Laura Jean's first aid to th' broken-hearted, eh?" quoth Paragon Pete in his usual pessimistic tones. "But you showed so much speed when you landed on my solar plexus that I thought you had lifted th' Golden Gate an' was lookin' for a hock shop an' ——"

"Cut it out, Pete, cut it out and get down to cases," interrupted the Singin' Kid prayerfully. "If I thought you had a five-spot on you I'd fight you in that alley for it. You're exceedin' th' speed limit. Will it do you any good to state here and now that you win th' 'I told you so' stakes? Ain't that enough?"

Paragon Pete shot a startled look at his companion.

"So bad as that?" he droned. "Weddin' bells all out of tune, eh? Gosh, Kid, I thought you'd get by with that dame. I mind how you uster always say: 'Nothin' succeeds like conversation.' Believe me, Kid, I figured you'd play on her like as if she was a harp of a thousand strings."

"Conversation?" echoed the Kid sadly. "There ain't conversation enough between th' covers of all th' dictionaries in th' world to sidetrack a female cannon ball once it gets goin'. Most anybody is liable to get left at th' post in th' matrimonial handicap, Pete. I was standin' flat-footed when they sprung th' barrier."

"Too bad, too bad, Kid," declared the stout one with no little show of genuine solicitude. "But tell me where was you goin' in such a hurry? Was you overdue at a directors' meetin'?"

"There you go agin," wailed the Singin' Kid. "I was makin' me getaway, because I was in Dutch with a Irish bartender an' I didn't have th' price to pay for a drink. I couldn't flag a peanut stand. I'm so close to Calamity Jane, Pete, that she's walkin' on me with hobnailed shoes. Come on back an' square me with this gink; he kin make a julep that'd coax a Thanksgivin' turkey off th' roof. Slip me some kale, Pete, an' walk lame when you get inside th' door."

With the air of a conquering hero the Singin' Kid re-entered the saloon from which he had so recently made a hasty exit.

"Here he is now," he explained triumphantly as he led the limping Paragon Pete forward. "I just seen him passin' when I was talkin' to you. I guess he got his tabs mixed. You was right, Bo, he wasn't never here before an' he thought th' drum was round th' corner. Besides which, I forgot to settle for th' drink, but here it is now." The Singin' Kid tossed a twenty-dollar bill onto the bar. "This is me side kick, Colonel Paragon, Mister—Mister—you didn't never tell me your name, Bo."

"Dan O'Brien," vouchsafed the bartender with the air of one who realizes he has made a serious error in snap judgment.

"Good name! Fine monniker!" hummed the Singin' Kid. "We're all Irish together. Lemme make you acquainted with Colonel Paragon, Mister O'Brien. Say, Pete"—this latter in an audible stage aside—"here's a *amigo* kin brew a julep that bids 'em all good-by. He commences where th' rest of 'em leave off. Take th' bridle off, Mister O'Brien, an' give me friend a manifestation."

Settled down in a comfortable alcove, and as soon as his equanimity reëstablished itself, the Singin' Kid recounted to Paragon Pete the story of his undoing.

"You mind, Pete," he began, "th' day I married Mademoiselle Maud Mazurka, th' strongest woman in th' world, th' female Hercules an' th' marvelous Junoesque Samson. Well, Pete, th' trouble started on our weddin' night, when you an' I got all lit up. She took me bank roll away an' bought a wagon show with it. Then when she got me in Iowa, where her folks lived, she framed a fake contest

pullin' against a team of horses, an' jobbed me out of th' whole thing. I'm six thousand dollars to th' bad, Pete, besides th' money th' show made after I bought it."

"Trimmed you like a drunken sailor, eh?" vouchsafed Paragon Pete. "Well, I did th' best I could to head you off, but I might as well have tried to dam up th' lake with a pitchfork."

"When we was in Dakota with th' show, Pete," resumed the Kid, apparently overlooking the former's reference to prenuptial prophecy—"when we was up in Dakota I run into a guy which had a cat an' rat ranch. He was a Swede, Pete, an' he had all them efficiency Wisingtons backed off th' boards when it come to playin' both ends against th' middle.

"First of all, he used to kill th' rats, feed the carcasses to th' cats an' sell th' hides; then he'd turn round an' kill a flock of cats, sell th' hides an' feed their carcasses to th' rats. But believe me, Pete, he had nothin' to th' way that woman juned me round with th' circus."

"Her work must of been hall-marked twenty carat an' above acid proof," hazarded his companion.

"Better than Barnum, Pete," retorted the Singin' Kid sourly. "She just gimme th' old footrace fake with a flossy finish. Just readied me up an' then cut loose with a haymaker that made me take th' count. Think of it, me fallin' fur that brand of burglary! She just kep' a sweetnin' me until I couldn't tell a piano from a pineapple."

Paragon Pete listened with close attention to the Kid's narrative of his drastic adventures in the circus world. When the latter had finished his recital Pete sat for several minutes with head bowed, beetled brows knit, and lost in reverie. Finally he arose, buttoned up his coat and stretched himself wearily, after the manner of one who has not only diagnosed a subject but, moreover, has arrived at absolute conclusion.

"Kid," he declared with supreme conviction, "that woman has got to have a little lesson in legitimate liftin'."

III

SHORTY Alliston, menagerie superintendent of the Mighty Consolidated Mazurka's Circus, Wild West and Hippodrome, stuck his head in the door of the ticket wagon where Mademoiselle Mazurka was engaged in her daily labor of computing the intake. Mademoiselle Mazurka frowned as she looked up, clearly resenting the intrusion at such a time.

"Well, what is it, Shorty?" she shrilled in feminine staccato; "has th' baby elephant climbed a tree? Don't you know it's against th' rules to come to th' wagon when I'm countin' up?"

The animal trainer nodded his head in acquiescence.

"Yes, yes," he replied, "sure I do, Miss Maud, but they's a fat towner out here askin' for Charley Carson. Says he must see him on a matter of th' utmost importance."

Mademoiselle Mazurka wheeled around on her swivel chair and in an instant was all attention.

"What did you tell him, Shorty?" she queried abruptly.

"Didn't tell him nothin'—I just stalled," replied the latter.

"Huh!" soliloquized the Mazurka. "I'll bet you he's a plain-clothes bull which is out to pick up the Kid for somethin' he has done; either that or he is snoopin' round lookin' for information. Well, he won't get fat on all he gets here. Lemme talk to him."

Mademoiselle Mazurka squeezed her stately form through the narrow doorway and moved across the lot to the front door, where a stout, well-dressed man was pacing restlessly up and down. As she approached, the stranger lifted his hat with becoming deference.

"You didn't happen to know where I could find Mister Charles Carson, madam?" he began. "I believe he's generally known as the Singin' Kid, an' I understand he's your husband My name," the stranger added, "is Colonel P. W. Paragon, of New York."

Mademoiselle Mazurka eyed the newcomer suspiciously.

"What d'ye want of him?" she exclaimed with considerable acidity in her tones. "How do I know where he is? I suppose you're some plain-clothes pussy-foot come after him. What has he been doin' now?"

"You're talkin' Dutch to me, madam, an' I don't understand that language," protested Colonel Paragon with no little warmth. "I just come here politely to ask you a polite question. I thought you might be able to tell me where I could find Mister Carson. Of course if you don't know it's all right with me, but bein' as you're his wife, I thought you'd be th' best one to come to in order to acquire th' desired information. I don't suppose it's my duty to disclose th' exact nature of my business with him any more than to say that if I can round him up he might hear somethin' to his advantage."

"Gee, Kid, What's th' Matter With You? I Ain't No Ghost!"

By neither word nor action did Mademoiselle Mazurka give evidence that the latter statement in any wise interested her, but her natural cupidity, not to mention feminine curiosity, was aroused and she sparred warily for further information.

"Where you goin' to find anyone closer to him than his wife?" she parried. "Ain't it all th' same an' ain't I just as good as him? I might know where he was, an' again I mightn't."

"I have no doubt you are," returned the stranger soothingly, "an' don't question but what you have his best interests at heart like any good wife, but in this matter I am ridin' to orders. I must not betray me trust, much as I would like to," Colonel Paragon concluded with considerable flourish. He spread his pudgy palms outward as if to indicate that to proceed farther would be absolutely out of the question. "I ain't lookin' fur him to square nothin'," he added.

"Well," hedged the lady, feigning intense relief, "of course I didn't know, so I had to stall. You see I wasn't sure but what th' Kid had got into some mix-up an' he was wanted. He's kind of reckless sometimes, but I kin see now that you're on th' level."

The stout man gravely bowed his acknowledgments, but did not, however, volunteer further information.

"Th' Kid don't always tell me where he goes," volunteered Mademoiselle Mazurka confidentially, and with the air of one who wished to be absolutely frank and aboveboard. "He left th' show over a week ago an' said he was goin' to take a vacation. He did talk some about goin' over to Chicago to sign up a new trap act, one which could double in comedy bars an' help out some with th' Joeys, an' then he said he might go down th' river a spell an' look over Ed Warner's Floatin' Sensation, but he ain't much when it comes to writin'. Th' fact is I ain't heard from him since last Friday."

"Couldn't say when he will be back then?" queried the stranger in disappointed tones.

"Not fur certain," returned Mademoiselle Mazurka, still maintaining an air of unqualified candor. "Not fur certain, but we're billed into Plattsburg a week from to-day, an' he's sure to be there because we're havin' a kind of clem over th' lot an' license. Can't I make a date fur you? I'll have him meet you anywhere you say within reasonable time, but I would like to be able to tell him somethin' about th' nature of the business."

Colonel Paragon studied profoundly for a moment or two. When he finally spoke his manner was eminently noncommittal and wholly mysterious.

"Absolutely impossible, madam," he averred. "You wouldn't want me to toss off th' people up above, would you? But I'll stretch a point, an' I don't know as I ought to do it either."

From his inner pocket he drew forth a long, plethoric envelope bulging with impressive-looking documents.

Mademoiselle Mazurka watched him like a hawk as he slowly selected one and held it out to her.

"You kin read that," he said. "I don't think I'm violatin' a confidence in showin' it to you, because there's nothin' in it about th' main drive, only touchin' on an' appertainin' to me instructions."

Mademoiselle Mazurka grasped the paper eagerly and glued her eyes to it. It was a typewritten document on the stationery of a metropolitan bank and was addressed to the Paragon Investigation and Information Bureau, of New York City. What she read follows:

Gentlemen:

As you will see by the inclosed documents, we are anxious to ascertain the whereabouts of and get in touch with Charles C. Carson. When last heard of he was traveling with a circus called the Mighty Consolidated Mazurka Shows, playing through the Middle Western States. We believe Mr. Carson is known to his intimates as the Singin' Kid, and are informed that he recently married the woman who directed the circus.

The papers inclosed you will hand to Mr. Carson personally. We lay special stress on this latter point, and it is of the utmost importance that you should regard this mission as of a strictly confidential nature, as we wish to avoid all complications which might arise were outsiders cognizant of the facts, and who might seek to advise Mr. Carson to his detriment.

Should Mr. Carson be in need of funds to make the journey to New York City, you will be kind enough to advance him the necessary amount and charge the same to us in your general account for services rendered, or, if you prefer, make a sight draft on us at your convenience.

We would suggest that Colonel Paragon handle this case personally, as the question of expense is, as you will readily understand, a matter of secondary importance.

We inclose our check for $500 on account of expenses, and trust we shall get a report from you at as early a date as possible.

Very truly yours,

ROUNDTREE & ROUNDTREE,
Per W. R.

Mademoiselle Mazurka's eyes widened as she read. Every syllable of that letter breathed mystery and, what was best of all, money. In a way, of course, and for a woman of her beginnings, it was hard to understand; but one fact stood out, which was that the Singin' Kid was about to reap tangible emolument from some source—and it could not be any small sum either, as witness the evident anxiety to locate him and the expenditure necessarily involved in that undertaking. Mademoiselle Mazurka could almost have assassinated the stout, stolid young man standing before her, possessing as he did the real key to the secret.

"This writin' don't tell nothin' much," she declared in decidedly disappointed tones as she returned the missive. "I'm as wise as I was before. Gee, but it's tough to keep a thing like that away from a man's own wife."

"Instructions," droned Colonel Paragon tersely. "We have to carry 'em out. That's our ace. I ain't got no choice in th' matter. You kin see that th' parties what hired me don't want no buttinskys, an' they're handlin' th' mazuma. If I was workin' for you I'd play th' hand th' same way."

"Surely, surely," acquiesced the circus queen; "but just th' same it don't sound natural. Here I am runnin' th' whole show while th' Kid is away off somewheres seein' th' sights, an' still I ain't thought fit to be trusted with nothin'."

"It ain't my fault, lady," the chief of the Information Bureau gravely assured her. "There wouldn't be no particular harm in it, so far as you're concerned, but these folks are th' best clients we've got an' I dassent turn 'em. It's only a matter of a few days anyway. I'll meet you at Plattsburg a week from today, an' then th' Kid will tell you all about it." Colonel Paragon lifted his hat again with elaborate grace. "Good-day to you, lady," he exclaimed heartily. "I'm more than obliged to you fur th' information; it'll save me many a mile. I'm goin' to try and make that two o'clock train, because I've a little matter to

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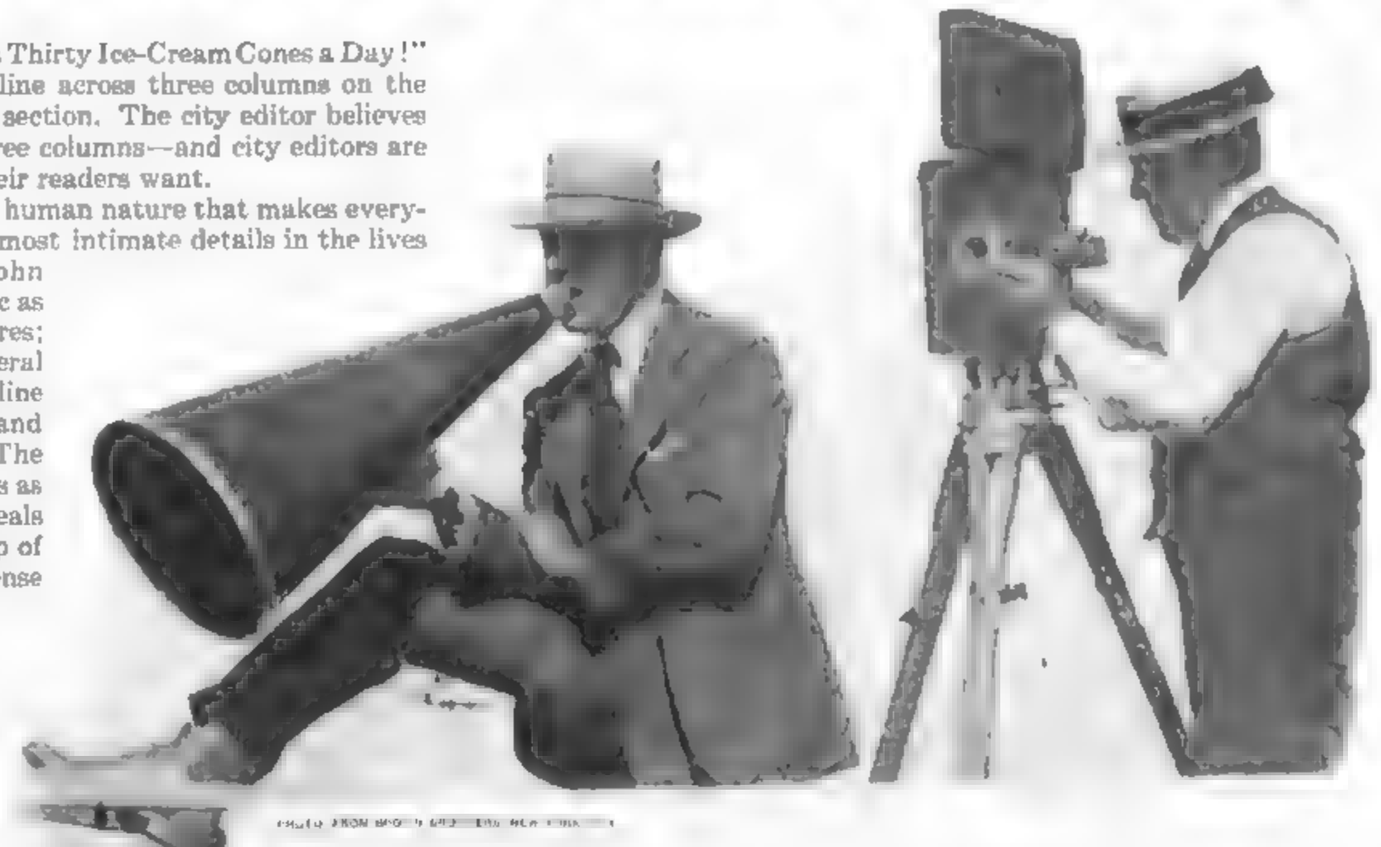
In Less Time Than It Takes to Tell It She Had Fluttered Down and Laid Her Hand Lovingly on the Kid's Shoulder

A FILM FAVORITE—By Rob Wagner

MOVIE Actress Eats Thirty Ice-Cream Cones a Day!" announces a headline across three columns on the first page, second section. The city editor believes the story to be worth three columns—and city editors are wise in knowing what their readers want.

It is a strange quirk in human nature that makes everybody want to know the most intimate details in the lives of public persons. John Smith may be as eccentric as he pleases and nobody cares; but be it learned that General von Hindenburg eats gasoline on his breakfast food, and the wholeworld is agog! The success of such magazines as London Answers, which deals largely in intimate gossip of royalty, and the immense circulation of some of our moving-picture monthlies, which play up portraits and the personal note, are based on this common human weakness—if weakness it be.



Gradually There Came Men Who Had Brains, Technic and Poesy

Actors especially have always been targets for the curious. Everything they say, do or think is regarded as worthy of large headlines. If the stage actor numbers his admirers by the thousand one can imagine what happens to the film favorite whose devotees are counted by the million. Our mail is positively overwhelming and comes from over all the civilized world. Australian girls seem quite as mad over our excessive beauty as their American sisters.

I have often asked myself why the public is so inordinately interested in our careers. I am sure many of us are much less exciting than bankers and wine merchants. In contrust with the legitimate actor we are as prosaic in our homes as plumbers or preachers. We have our bungalows, garages and gardens. One of my friends goes in for rabbits; another for roses; two have orange ranches; and several are buying desert lands.

If these disclosures disillusion our distant soulmates I doubt that they will affect in the least the aspirant who wishes to act, for probably he is positive that the light hid beneath his bushel will make other stars look like burned-out moons. Many of the letters we receive, with superlatively mushy appreciation of our excessive talents, are but bouquets to lure us into a mood of ecstatic receptivity. Often a thinly veiled hint suggests that the writer herself would not sidestep an invitation to grace the moving-picture state. These hints are usually accompanied by photographs of the aspirants; and I will say I never before knew there were so many charming young girls in the world. Sometimes the parents take a hand, to tell of Mamie's amazing mimicry, and not a few letters are accompanied by tempting financial offers to assist in placing Mamie before the world.

The Studio Mother's Job

NO ACTOR who is working has time to reply to all this epistolary junk, but in my case Mrs. Grandon answers whatever she believes worthy; she also signs all the albums and photographs. Most of us actors pretend to be bored with our mail; but, to be frank, I find it quite exciting, and, even though I see the joke, I am afraid I sometimes look very pleased with *myself* when I am flattered.

Mrs. Grandon says: "All actors are alike."

The writing of these letters by romantic schoolgirls has a tragic side, however. If the recipient happens to be a cad—and I regret to say that occasionally he is—his replies are not always a safe guide to the young girl. The relationship hinted at here has become a problem for some of the larger studios; but it has been solved, in a measure, by the employment of a studio mother. The duties of this newest recruit to the working force are manifold. No girls other than recognized actresses are engaged except through her; directors and actors can no longer employ any foolish young girl who happens to take their fancy. This mother becomes very alert in sorting out the frivolous, romantic youngsters from the girls of real talent and serious ambition. After they are employed they are chaperoned from morning until night, and must constantly report when off duty. If a director wants extra girls he sends to the studio mother and she assigns the best ones available. In the case of children under age she must look after their schooling, and truants and wards of the juvenile court are under constant supervision.

So many employees about a studio are engaged in capacities other than acting that the employment of all the members of a family is made very easy; and the more enlightened managers encourage it, since it tends to stability... I know of one manager who has none but married people in his employ. Thus, some of the companies—especially the older ones—become like one great family, happy and loyal, but with all the heartaches incident to such an arrangement. One of the leading women in a studio where I worked for a year was the wife of the laboratory superintendent; her daughter played second leads and her son was a camera kid. Very often a man and his wife, or a brother and sister, are working at the same studio.

At nine o'clock in the morning the lot presents a wonderful spectacle. It has all the movement, costume and color of a great carnival city. On the huge open-air stage the carpenters are at work putting together the various sets for interior stuff; perhaps as many as sixteen different scenes will be acted here simultaneously. A great winding staircase for a society play will stand next to a sordid attic for Maggie of the tenements. A Japanese tea house, a library, a harem, and a ship's cabin—set on rockers to give the pitch of the sea—will be placed so close together that there is apparently no line of demarcation.

This arrangement is possible because the moving-picture camera cuts a very small angle. The close-up stuff requires only about twelve feet of stage—an almost prohibitive embarrassment to the dancers—and a deep set rarely needs more than thirty feet. So it is possible to place seven or eight sets on a hundred-foot stage.

To the uninitiated the scene is one of utter bewilderment—like a great fête without the bands and confetti. Society people in ball gowns and evening dress move about in the fierce white light of day; a group of cowboys may be seen over in the clearing, practicing with their ropes; and 'way off yonder is a street in Cairo, already thronged with the bright-costumed figures of the Egyptians.

The yard is jammed with perhaps three hundred people, all hoping to be taken on as extras; while among them pass the various assistant directors, making their choices. One director wants the ten tallest men, another the five shortest; one wishes an old, gray-haired woman, another a man who can shoe a horse. Their demands range from the sublime to the ridiculous—from an infant in arms to an army of infantry.

Outside on the street a hundred automobiles are drawn up, waiting to take different casts out on location. Several great sight-seeing busses are filled with German soldiers, headed for an outside scene of Old Heidelberg; motor trucks are loading saddles and rifles, to be used by the thousand horsemen waiting in the Santa Monica foothills to perform in one of the great war dramas.

By ten o'clock the place is in full blast; the actors on location are gone, and most of the hopeful aspirants in the yard either have been taken on or have dispersed until the morrow. Always, however, there are at least a hundred who hang about hoping to be selected in some emergency.

On the big stage, where so many scenes are being enacted, bedlam reigns. The shouting of the actors and directors is punctuated by gunfire in some wild drama or rough comedy, and stage carpenters and scene shifters add to the din with the necessary noises of their craft. While waiting for the director to satisfy his æsthetic soul regarding draperies and props, or until the camera man has tuned up, actors are wandering from one set to another, smoking, chewing gum or fox trotting down the aisles. To see a savage pirate doing the lame duck with a society queen does not seem incongruous in this great human omelet.

Acting for the Five Millions

EFFICIENCY experts are horrified at the apparent waste of time in these enormous plants; hundreds of players seem to be always loafing. It may take a whole morning to produce a certain scene, yet the actual time before the camera may occupy but a brief ten minutes. Meantime the cast must be always within call. No plan has yet been devised by which this leisure can be utilized. All sorts of schemes, from splitting wood to splicing film, have been suggested; but none seems practicable.

The question arises: How can the actor do intelligent work in such an atmosphere? In addition to the awful confusion of noises and movement there is not even the stimulus of an audience. When I was elevated to the rank of leading man this latter condition worried me: it was like talking to oneself. I felt constrained and self-conscious. One day Bostock, one of our best men, passed by and, sensing my embarrassment, said: "Grandon, there are five million people looking at you through that camera." The psychological reaction on me was magical. I had an audience, but had never before realized it!

The noise and confusion, however, were still so disconcerting I finally demanded that all my scenes should be inclosed. This was easily accomplished by building a

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Some of the Companies Become Like One Great Family, Happy and Loyal

canvas wall, with six-foot flats, entirely round the set, running down to a V, where the director and camera man took their places. Most of the leading men now demand either a separate stage or an inclosed set.

An astonishing number of actors have absolutely no interest in other than their own performances, and turkey-trot or horseplay while the performer tries to concentrate on a serious bit of interpretative work. One would think that the second and third rate actors would be interested in the technic of a man like Bostock, for instance, since he is one of the most finished actors in America—a man of fine intelligence and deep understanding, who has brought, besides his brains, a fine artistry to his work. Do you think any of those poor, light-minded lads would condescend to watch his technic in order to learn something? Oh, dear, no! They wait until they see the picture on the screen and then tell how it should have been done.

Then, too, think of a man who hopes to make good in the movies sitting on his shoulder blades and reading a moving-picture magazine with the bunch in the yard while he might be watching one of Whitnall's biggest scenes! Harry Whitnall is not so versatile as Bostock, but we all regard him as the greatest actor in our profession—an artist to the tips of his eloquent fingers; one who says more by doing less than any other man alive. I saw him acting a short, one-reel story of Turgenieff's last week, while four would-be leading men played dominoes within twenty feet of the scene. Then people wonder why there are so few Whitnalls!

There is one type of actor who is sometimes employed, not at all because of his histrionic ability, but solely because he can do certain things that require great strength, agility or daring. Some of the best roughriders, who have learned to make spectacular falls from a horse going at full speed, are in constant demand. Occasionally one of those fellows develops real acting ability. One of the greatest impresarios in the motion-picture world to-day was a plain cow-puncher only a few years ago; and when a good actor can do dangerous work he is sure to land among the leaders.

Even the rank and file, however, are sometimes subjected to a certain amount of rough work. Two years ago three of our leading women were in the hospital at the same time—one broke her ankle in a fire scene; one had her leg fractured when a horse fell on her in a riding scene; and one was badly scratched while playing with the cats in an East India jungle story. Some of these girls and men are absolutely fearless and will do anything the director asks, from swimming a rapids in the high Sierras to jumping off an automobile going fifty miles an hour.

Trick Films Give Place to the Real Thing

IT WILL be observed that the producers are now reaping a harvest of incredulity on the part of their audiences which is of their own making. For years they fooled the fans with all sorts of ingenious mechanical tricks—as soon as one trick was discovered another was invented—until the spectators became inured to all devices and will not now believe a picture even when it is sincerely made. So sophisticated have they become they are positive that these feats of daring are the result of some film manipulation. If they only knew of some of the bumps and bruises the actors get they would have a higher respect for their courage.

In one picture, made a few years ago, Bostock, at that time our leading man, was playing opposite Tom Sentous, the villain, in a German dueling scene. Tom is a great, big, handsome god, as modest as he is courageous; and because of his willingness and ability to take punishment he was invariably cast for the villain. No fellow in all filmdom has been so hissed in the nickelodeons as has Tom; yet he is one of the finest men in the profession.

In this story it was necessary for Bostock to cut Sentous across the face with his sword. The scene was rehearsed time and again, but always the action looked faked because of the necessity of soft-pedaling such a blow. Even by using the flat side of the sword the blow was too gentle to convince. Finally the director lighted a cigarette and went out; when he came back he said:

"Tom, for the sake of the picture will you take a good wallop? I'll put three cameras on, and if we fail I promise you there will be no make-over."

"Certainly I'm willing," said Tom, briefly.

When everything was ready and the duelists had been fencing rather gingerly for perhaps half a minute, the director called out: "Now!" Bostock swung round with a full-arm blow with the flat of his sword that would have felled an ox. Tom had a gob of grease paint in his left hand to smear on his face in order to give the effect of an open wound; but there was little need of it, for the sword raised a welt on his neck and cheek that could be seen a block.

In one of the great feature films of last year Sentous appeared in a fight scene that stands among moving-picture men as the most realistic ever enacted. I happened to be present the day the picture was made; and, having heard the principals discussing it the previous evening and knowing that they had determined to strike no fake blows, I was eager to see the action. It was the finest exhibition of brute courage I have ever witnessed. For two men, both as powerful as Jeffries, to stand up and slam into each other with fists and chairs was a shocking thing, unless one knew that they were the best of friends and were doing it "for the sake of the picture." They both suffered excruciating pain during the scene and afterward, and Tom's arm, due to the strain of the hammer lock, was quite useless for days. It was a picture of the utmost brutality; and when it was shown, though it had the spectators sitting on the edge of their chairs, I have no doubt the greater number of them believed the violently cruel blows to be simply good acting.

The girls are not often asked to take punishment, but they must do many things that require a high degree of courage. As examples of this, I wish to pay my distinguished respects to two young ladies who have performed some feats of daring that surpass anything the men have done. Both were episodes in the animal stuff.

In one picture the director was anxious to show a girl pursued by a lion and beating it to the door of a log cabin by just a hairbreadth. To do this it was necessary to have the girl and the lion arrive almost simultaneously. Beatrice Hunter, one of the youngest members of the company, was chosen for the unenviable rôle. She is a wisp of a girl, but has no end of nerve; and because of her light weight and agility she has been in many scenes that required athletic skill. Only the week before she had allowed herself to be carried down scaling ladders from the top of a seven-story building that was actually on fire.

In this burning-building scene Beatrice was rescued from her bedroom in an unconscious condition, and was hung over the fireman's shoulder like a sack of meal while he brought her to the ground. She was dreadfully frightened, she said, when she first went over the edge, but gained courage during the perilous descent. No one doubted that the choice of Beatrice for the lion picture was a good one.

In order to film the scene correctly it was necessary to time the speed of Beatrice and the lion with deadly precision, so that the finish of the race would picture the lion almost on the girl as she entered the cabin. This split-second timing was accomplished by an ingenious arrangement of woven-wire fencing, which permitted many rehearsals of the actual race. High wire division, bisecting the corral and leading to the door of the cabin, was erected. On each side of this fence the lion and the girl were released at the same instant, but at different distances; and the time of each, running at top speed, was thus ascertained

For the actual picture the fence was removed. Every other possible precaution was taken against a misadventure. Spiked running shoes and a short skirt insured the girl's footing and the freedom of her legs. To further guard her life, in case the lion should seem to be overtaking her, four cowboys, who could shoot the cigarette out of one's mouth, were stationed outside the corral.

It is needless to say that the company did not wish to lose the girl; neither did it wish to lose a five-thousand-dollar lion. As the four cowboys might differ in their definition of danger, it was left to the director to give the signal to shoot—if shooting was necessary—for on him rested the responsibility for the picture, which responsibility included the lives of Beauty and the Beast.

PHOTO—NEW BROWN BROTHERS NEW YORK CITY

There Was a Demand for Romance, Plot and Real Acting

Beatrice Hunter's Race for Life

EVERYBODY thought that Beatrice would be equal to her task, for she had never failed; and if she was the least bit nervous she concealed it most amazingly. However, as a sporting proposition, it stirred up the whole studio. Every other company on the lot stopped to witness the race.

When everything was in readiness Beatrice stood like an athlete on her mark, while the big lion was restlessly pawing at the gate some twenty yards behind. The cameras were arranged to pick up only the last ten yards of the race. The director occupied a place just outside the corral, where he could direct the cowboys. The falling of his upraised hand was to be the signal to shoot.

At the call of "Action!" the cameras began, the lion was released, and Beatrice started. On she came like a deer, the lion gaining rapidly. She tripped a little bit, but did not lose her stride. The hesitation, slight as it was, frightened her, however, and her fear showed unmistakably in her eyes as she glanced back over her shoulder.

"Don't look back, Beatrice, but beat it now for all you are worth!" cried the director.

She fairly flew; but so did the lion, and it seemed for a moment as though he would overtake her. When she reached the cabin door she was not two feet ahead of him, and it was only with the greatest speed and skill that the door was closed after she plunged into the cabin. This detail had been rehearsed many times. The man who slammed the door and the other who threw the bolt both felt responsibility for the girl—and incidentally for their own safety.

(Continued on Page 44)

LORD OF MANY PEAKS

III

By Robert Welles Ritchie

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Just Ride Up to Where I Am, Slow, and With Your Hands H'isted Some"

RANSCH resumed his battle with the brush, all his attention centered on the achievement of each advancing step, his strength drawn upon to the last foot pound of muscle capacity. For the girl in his arms he could spare no thought save a protecting one how to lift her above the vicious whipping of branches; how to favor the exposed wounded arm. She drifted on the border waves between consciousness and oblivion. In moments of comprehension her eyes rested on the face above her, saw the throbbing of a driven heart under the brown skin of the temples, the starting sweat, the tensing and flexing of hard muscles about the jaw in sympathy with the laboring of other muscles. Once he fell, and before the stab of pain in her torn arm shot the girl off into near unconsciousness she saw him take the blow of a backward springing manzanita whip full in the face rather than ward it with the arm that protected hers. When she could look again a white mark was cut from his chin to the middle of his forehead.

Somehow Ransch gained the woods. The last ounce of his strength was spent in easing her to a bed of ferns in the crotch of a fallen tree trunk. She lay motionless; he sat beside her, head resting on clasped knees. Through the comfortable haze of semiconsciousness that enveloped her the man's attitude carried its story of a price paid. She saw the dim tips of the trees high above her head, remembered the distance between rock and forest, and so knew what had been his achievement.

"I reckon you had quite a spell of hard going, mister," she said in a voice that fluttered weakly.

"I reckon," he answered without looking up.

"That—there bresh makes tough traveling—double." Some subtle inflection of admiration—of a woman's admiration for strength in man—crept into her tone.

"Oh, tol'able."

Indifference instantly blunted the edge of her nascent impulse to admiration. She slapped back:

"Of course most anyone with fair-to-middlin' legs could make across a burn like you did."

"To be sure." Ransch rose and stood looking down into her face, where the color was slowly creeping back. Damp curls were gummed to her forehead by the sweat of pain. The whole aspect of her face and awkwardly propped body was ineffably helpless and childlike.

"I'm going to round up my hawse—the hawse you creased with a bullet"—this with a prickling sense of outrage—"and then we'll go away from here."

"You cal'late to find me here when you come back?" A spark of the old fire leaped to her eyes.

"Surest thing you know," Ransch answered shortly, and walked off into the aisles of the big pines. She heard him whistling a call, listened intently to the diminishing sound of his footfalls on the twigs and small brush. When the noise was stilled by distance the girl slowly began to hitch herself to her feet, laboring inch by inch with the crotch of the tree against which she leaned as a prop. Darkness shot in flashes before her eyes. Her body seemed another's over which she had no command. She bit her lip, shut tight her eyes and struggled. In an agony of dissolving weakness she found herself on her feet. A fresh warm stream began to push under the rude bandages on her injured arm.

By a supreme mental effort she pushed the night back from her brain and took a step forward—another—another. A little spruce bent under her frantic grip of support; she wavered, caught herself and stood swaying. Flight! Every resource of her being was summoned in support of that single purpose. Even the great trembling in her limbs was commanded by it to be still. Unconsciousness, hovering like a cloud, was warded away. Escape, to hide from this Smart Aleck, to cheat him of his joy of punishment, only to be free and ——

"Plucky little devil—regular stemwinder for nerve!" A voice came to her from far off. She felt something cool—maybe it was water—on her burning hot arm. Then after a long, long time: "Now I reckon you're coming round in shape."

She lay, faint and comfortable, and enjoyed the coolness of the water on her arm. Then she felt the touch of fresh pitch on the wound, the spiciness of the balsam was in her nostrils. A horse nickered softly somewhere near. She opened her eyes to the world again.

It was dusk. The face bending above her was so shadowed she could see only the whites of the eyes.

"Now I reckon we'll be moseying along," Ransch said, his teeth showing in a slow smile. "You've proved right enough you don't want to go with me, but looks like a case of have-to now."

He picked her up and carefully lifted himself into the saddle, easing her body into the hollow behind the horn. Her head lay weakly against his shoulder; she felt an arm tighten about her.

"Go 'long, Tham hawse, and be mighty easy how you make the bumps."

The easy motion of the sure-footed Sam was lulling to her. Strive against it as she would, a sense of security, of content with the present, stole over her. She tried to smother a sigh.

"Night's coming along purty *pronto*," the man began in the casual tone of a conversation renewed, "and I'm aiming to make Strawberry Road before it gets too dark to see. There's no trail hereabouts, you know."

"When you make Strawberry Road—then where?" Curiosity hardly registered.

"Well, we'll take up that proposition when it comes." His was the tolerant evasion spoken to a child. They rode along in silence for many minutes. She raised her eyes to see the sun lighting the highest candles of the firs and jack pines far, far up; cones glowed like bronze there, but below and about blue shadows thickened.

"What's your name, Miss Rain-in-the-Face?" Even with the by-name, given the day at the burn in a spirit of play, the question seemed wholly serious.

"Jobyna Totten. Dad calls me Skeezicks."

"Not much choice between those two sweet ones, is there, Jobyna?"

"'Pends on what you call sweet," she answered with a bit of the old fleering spirit.

Silence between them then for many minutes. Each sensed the bulking of questions which must be asked and answered. Neither cared to break the truce that had existed by mutual understanding. The ranger finally made the plunge: "Why did you shoot my Tham hawse back there?" She waited appreciably before replying.

"'Cause he was yours, I reckon."

"Do you mostly shoot men's hawses?" This in a level tone of inquiry.

"Don't suppose I do." A rallying of old hostility showed in her voice.

"Then you took a shot at my hawse just because he was mine?"

"I reckon so."

Sam picked his way carefully through a copse of tender firs and took a downhill pitch with stiffened legs. Ransch was busied picking a trail through the clotting dark.

"Do you mostly shoot at women?" Jobyna put the query with studied carelessness. Ransch felt the blood mount to his neck.

"Not when I know it."

"And you don't make it a point of ripping women's arms with a bullet?" She might have been talking to herself, so impersonal was her tone. The man clucked to his horse for answer.

"I take it you rate a hawse higher'n a woman," she challenged.

"Higher'n some," Ransch snapped back, and instantly regretted.

"So I figured," the girl retorted with a little sigh of finality. Ransch discovered himself all of a sudden trapped into a false position by this slip of womanhood whom he persisted in considering a child. Artlessly she had led him on and relentlessly barbed him when she had him snared. He angrily put in his disclaimer:

"I thought I was shooting at a man." She did not give him the satisfaction of an answer.

"Men mostly handle rifles like you handled yours this afternoon. I didn't look for a girl like you to be so good on the sights."

"You reckoned you were shooting at dad then?"

"Yes—or one of his herders."

Neither spoke again for a long time. Ransch found in his heart a curious regret that the truce had been broken; he would have preferred to ride on through the dusk with this helpless figure nestled against him, unquestioning. Jobyna, on her part, did some rapid thinking and arrived at unexpected results. Here was the man who had wounded her and was not sorry he had done so, even under accusation. But—and the thought suddenly struck home—never a complaint from him that she had done her best to murder him; not a word of that. His only protest had been against her shooting his horse. Appreciation of this restraint on his part, even under the provocation of her taunts, awakened sudden shame in her. The swift reaction from that was hotter anger against the one shaming.

"Want to know why I shot at you back there in the bresh? Why don't you ask me that 'stead of why I shot at your hawse?" Mockery in her tone invited contention, but the ranger refused to be drawn.

"I reckon I savvy right enough why you were taking pot shots at me," he answered quietly. "I don't have to be a wizard to savvy that."

"Because you—you're a low-down ——" Anger choked her as she drew away from him and tried to sit upright in the saddle. She wavered and fell back against Ransch's shoulder with a little sob of weakness and impotent rage. Even supported by him as she must needs be, her sound arm pushed against him in protest. A quiet chuckle sounded deep in the man's chest.

"So, deciding to kill me, you went about five miles off any trail and a matter of twelve or fifteen miles from my regular hang-out and just sat and waited for me to breeze along that way?"

"Oh, will you quit saying things to—to rile me!" Jobyna's surrender followed in a burst of hysterical sobbing. Weakness that was physical, and utter exhaustion of mind under the problem of her present plight, took sweet relief in this most certain sedative of the feminine pharmacopoeia.

Jay Ransch, ranger and man in the rough, was appalled.

He made the characteristic masculine mistake of believing that somehow he was solely responsible for the tears, and searched his heart in dire contrition for some amends to make. So does unknowing man shoulder as a burden woman's most tender comfort.

"There—there, little girl! I didn't go for to do it—sure I didn't," he crooned.

"You—you ain't done nothing, so—so there!" was the startling answer between sobs, which left Jay Ransch higher up in the air than before. Then with a stifled moan:

"Oh, it hurts—it hurts, and I don't care who knows it!"

"I just bet it does that!" came his sympathetic second, and all at once he recalled that the little saddle passenger he had been spitefully quarreling with was grievously wounded. At this belated recognition the man's heart went to water, his pride shriveled, and out of unknown depths welled a great tenderness. He let his fingers touch the girl's cheek and found it burning with fever. The fingers strayed upward and tucked away from the dry brow some tumbled wisps of hair. Ransch was dumfounded to feel new and strange emotion thrilling him with the touch of cheek and hair. It might have been the tenderness of fatherhood or the exaltation of a lover's caress; but Jay Ransch had never been father or lover, so how was he to know?

"My arm's getting all stiff and burny," Jobyna complained fretfully, "and I feel so spongy in the head."

"Which is perfectly natural when you get it in the arm that way," he reassured. "It's a good sign, that stiffness, and means there's no complications set in." The lie stumbled from his lips in simple charity.

At this minute Sam slid down a shallow bank and into the dim stretch of Strawberry Road. He turned upgrade toward the summit without his master's hand guiding. It was quite dark now. Jobyna roused herself to see that they were no longer under the dim tent of the pines.

"Where you going to take me?" she exclaimed a little wildly, straining against Ransch's encircling arm.

"We Got Your Friend Totten and Four of His Men"

"Ain't you taking me back to dad?"

"Not to-night, Jobyna," Ransch whispered, his lips suddenly tightening at the naming of that dad who had set his daughter with a rifle to the task of helping him break the law.

"Then where?" The fretfulness of a fevered child made the question a plaint.

"To a doc I know of who's stayin' at Myers Station just over the summit a little way. He'll fix up this arm of yours so you won't know it."

"But I want to go to dad," she complained drowsily. "He'll be wonderin' ——"

"Your dad's not the man to take care of you, my girl," Ransch soothed with an earnestness not at all affected. "The doc's the one you want."

She mumbled something unintelligible and settled herself more heavily against Ransch. Her sound arm stole lazily up to cling about his neck. The sleeve fell away from it and the bared flesh rested against the man's cheek.

"Poke along, Tham, fool hawse!" the ranger called in a sudden access of embarrassment. Drowsily came a murmur:

"Sing somethin'. I ain't been singed asleep in I don't know when."

"Well, say ——" Ransch looked down to the white blur against his jacket, his lips puckered in a smile.

"I—don't—hear—no—singin'."

"You listen right sharp and you will." Ransch threw up his chin and caroled:

Oh, I mucks in th' tunnel an' drills in th' mine.
Hey there; go blow your shot!
An' do a little gradin' when high gradin's fine.
But my gal, she up an' died on me;
They buried her 'neath a peachwood tree,
An' that shore has sprung this heart o' mine.
Hey there; go blow your shot!

The way to Myers Station was long; but The Miner's Lament was long too. Thirty-two verses, and Jay Ransch knew them all.

IV

RANSCH bivouacked on a pile of sweet alfalfa hay behind the little hotel at Myers Station. But sleep came tardily. For many hours he lay in his blankets, his head propped on crossed hands to bring his eyes on a single lighted window beneath the peak of the hotel's steep roof. Occasionally figures passed behind the yellow panes—shirt-sleeved young Morrison, the city doctor up on a fishing trip; the ample shape of old Mother Myers, good angel of all Tahoe. When Ransch delivered the wounded and delirious girl to their care it was with no lengthy explanations. "Found her over in Strawberry and she seemed in a bad way." This had been the whole of his report. Knowing the ranger as they did, neither doctor nor volunteer nurse asked for more details

Now, as he lay watching the lighted window, Ransch found his nerves all tightened in sympathy with the suffering in the room behind it. Many thoughts strange to his experience came crowding to his mind, and he was at a loss to sort them, to tabulate them among the commonplaces of life as he knew it. Most disturbing of the many was a recollection, almost an illusion, the feel of a yielding body in his arms, the touch of an arm lazily curved about his neck. Why should he, Jay Ransch, old hermit buck that he was, let the touch of a willful child—a regular little thorny wild blackberry—fuss him with fool notions? He asked himself the scornful question a dozen times, and the answer was—the warmth of a bare arm against his neck, the sound of a sigh.

Before sunrise the ranger was about. Impatiently he waited to get from Doc Morrison a report on the patient.

"Nothing serious. She'll be round as soon as she recovers from loss of blood," the city man reassured. To him Ransch then confided the story of the duel in the brush and what circumstances lay behind it.

"I got to go over and bring in her old man," the ranger said. "More'n likely I'm going to have a bit of trouble on my hands. Just sort of keep a close eye on the girl, because she's a wild one and like as not she'll suspicion what I'm up to. Might even try to get away and join her sweet dad."

"Not much danger," Morrison laughed. "Too weak to travel far."

Ransch breakfasted, then went out to give Sam a critical examination. The little horse was slightly stiffened by the bullet crease along one flank, but not out of the game by a good deal. He took the saddle and cinch with his customary playful squeal and nip at the ranger's jacket. Ransch was away from the barn and headed up Strawberry Road for the summit and trouble before the first of the summer boarders was out of bed.

He had no delusions about the nature of the task before him. The measure of Job Totten he already had by that first interview at the sheep camp—a man who knew not law and freely invited trouble if one cared to bring it to him. That the boss herder was living up to the reputation the supervisor in Placerville had given him, yesterday's event demonstrated. He relied on the rifle to prevent detection of his poaching and, unquestionably, would resist punishment similarly. Ransch, lone-handed, was riding to the sheep camp to arrest Totten for jumping the free range—lone-handed because his auxiliary watchers, whom he might have summoned to assist him did the law permit, were not invested with police power. The nearest fellow ranger was down in the Stanislaus district, thirty miles to the south. Butler, the supervisor, was a day's ride away in Placerville.

Over the Divide and down into Strawberry Valley rode Ransch. To see with his own eyes the evidence of poaching sheep, he left the road a little beyond the point where he

Men Fought the Fire at Arm's Length—Blackened Dervishes, Whirling and Prancing Between the Sword Stabs of Red Tongues

had struck into the woods the day before and made a detour through the heavy pines, bearing obliquely on to the boundary of the free range. Near the shore of Grass Lake, three miles deep in the heart of the forbidden forest, the ranger came upon the signs of sheep—green carpet of undergrowth stripped to bare twigs, needle floor of the woods pounded to dust by countless cloven hoofs. Evidence enough!

Ransch struck into a trail once dim through disuse, but now broadened into a slash through the pines by the passage of the sheep. It led to Echo Meadows and the free range. An hour's ride brought him out on to the broad flats, at the far end of which was the sheep camp. Ransch reined Sam in while he loosened his belt and gave the butt of his .45 an easy reach in the holster; then rode on to the clutter about the high chuck wagon. No one was stirring; not a sign of sheep or herder anywhere. The ranger rode up to the single tent in the camp circle and, one hand on the grip of his gun, lifted the flap. Empty! By a dying fire greasy skillets and a blackened coffee pot askew on a rough crane seemed to tell of a meal hastily eaten. Picket ropes of horses near at hand lay where they had been dropped from bridles. Everything pointed to the confusion of a hurried exodus.

Undecided as to his next move, Ransch was slowly covering the backward trail through the flats when he saw two horsemen push through the fringe of brush ahead and make toward him. Out from the shadow of the woods on the opposite edge of the meadows came three more mounted men, converging upon the first two. Ransch quickly reined in behind a convenient screen of alders and watched the meeting of the two parties. There was animated conversation and gesture between the five before they rode forward in a body, following the trail which led through his protecting alders. Ransch, doing some rapid thinking, moved Sam up to within a few yards of the edge of the thicket toward which the horsemen were advancing, and waited.

When the party was about twenty-five yards away from the first leafy outpost the ranger gave Sam a quick nudge with his knee and was out of the thicket, squarely blocking the trail. The group of mounted men swirled, came to a halt.

"Job Totten, you come on; I want to have a little talk with you. Rest of you stay where you are." Ransch hardly raised his voice, but there was a metallic, carrying quality in it as emphatic as the glint of blue steel in the hand which rested lightly against his right hip. A moment's hesitation and buzzing of low voices in the group ahead, then Totten rode forward alone. The huge bulk of the man sat his horse like some ungainly weight of machinery crated for the pack saddle. Above the checked hickory shirt, tightened across the drum-like chest, thicket of whisker and hair bristled pugnaciously. His little eyes were red like a bear's.

"That's far enough, Totten." Ransch gave the command briskly, and the boss herder checked his horse. "Now we'll say a couple of words."

"An' I'll talk fust!" Totten growled. "You shot my gal yistiddy over to the big bresh burn. Jist found blood on the rocks over thar whar she was—been ranging round all night thinking she might be lost. Whar's my gal Skeezicks, you low-down yaller hound?"

"Keep your hair on, Totten." The ranger's voice was deadly quiet. "Your daughter's where she won't be taking pot shots at Government officers on her dad's orders. And you're under arrest for jumping your sheep over the boundary of the free range. You, back yonder"—a quick eye had noted the stealthy forward advance of two of the horsemen behind Totten's broad back—"keep your distance!"

"What you mean by that, ranger—'whar she won't be taking pot shots at Guv'ment officers'?" A sharp note of fear had sapped the bluster from the boss herder's tone. "You ain't shot my gal dead?"

"Your daughter's all right, Totten. She's under arrest for shooting at me over on the burn yesterday, and she got a bit scratched up herself, which I didn't mean to do, not knowing it was a girl trying to get me.

"Now you and me'll just ride over to the other side of the summit, where I'll hold you until I get word to bring you down to Placerville."

The bushy eyebrows lowered craftily and a smile split the solid whisker belt about Totten's face.

"So you think you're going to take me in for jumping the range, huh? Whar's your proof what you'll produce before a court at law?"

"We won't thrash that out here, I reckon." The ranger grinned at Totten's clumsy bluster. "Just ride up to where I am, slow, and with your hands h'isted some."

Totten hesitated, but when his glance fell again upon the small, compelling eye of metal looking at him from the ranger's hand, he clucked his horse forward, his thick arms lifted and crooked at his ears. Ransch waited coolly to disarm him when he should come up. The herder was not more than ten feet away when the ranger saw the little eyes light with a swift gleam; the bearded mouth opened to a roar:

"Now h'ist your own paws, damn your soul! If I nod my head there's one of my men behind you to bore you plumb through!"

A Hand Stole Out, Groped and Found His

Unthinking impulse of protection sent Ransch's head twisting to the alders behind him. With a rush Totten was upon him; the jar of the colliding horses nearly unseated the ranger.

His right arm darted pain from a blow and the .45 dropped from his hand into the herder's paw. The trick was done in the wink of an eye.

"Ho, ranger, who's the ace in this cold hand now?" Totten's mouth was a cavern booming laughter. "Come on up, boys, and look this yere wood pussy over."

He was carelessly covering points on Ransch's body with the captured .45—first his eyes, then his forehead, next his breast. The ranger, shame burning his cheeks, kept his eyes on Totten's with a stiff effort. To have been caught by so simple a ruse was for him positive dishonor, and the price he knew would be ridicule. The other sheep herders drew close, grinning into his face from under their shabby hats.

"Now, my gay rooster, whar's that there gal of mine? Speak up lively, 'cause I can sort of encourage conversation with a bullet, like as not."

Totten flourished the blue barrel carelessly. Ransch's eyes did not waver from the little fiery ones opposite.

"She's fair-to-middlin' safe from you, Totten; that's all you'll know from me."

"You said she's arrested," the herder bullied.

"That's why you can't get her, I reckon," was Ransch's quiet answer.

"W'y look here, you dam'd tadpole, tell me whar my gal is or I'll bore you right here an' now!"

"That wouldn't go far toward finding her, Totten," the ranger answered steadily. "Besides, there's folks know where I went to-day and who I went to see; they'll be making inquiries if I don't come back."

"Looks like he holds the hole card, Boss," one of the herders ventured. "Better copper it."

Totten's head was wagging slowly like a grizzly's at bay. Bluff and bluster were his chief offensive weapons and, they failing, he was without resource. An idea slowly percolated through the confusion of his mind.

"You say you came here to arrest me, eh, ranger?"

"I'm bound to get you—if not this time," Ransch answered simply.

"And my gal, she's in the coop for shooting at you?"

Ransch let a nod of the head confirm the untruth.

"Well, look here—gimme my gal an' I'll give up. Bring Skeezicks down here to camp and I'll go to the booby hatch quiet and decent. How's that for a go?"

"I'll take you," was the ranger's instant response. "Come alone along Strawberry Road to the summit—alone, remember—at noon to-morrow. I'll be there with your girl."

"And she'll be free?" Quick suspicion flashed from the herder's eyes.

"Free," Ransch affirmed. Totten broke the ranger's revolver, spilled the shells into his pocket and passed the useless weapon over to Ransch.

"When you monkey with Job Totten leave this plaything to home. Now vamose!"

Ransch slipped the .45 into his holster and rode through the group of grinning herders. Their taunts burned his ears. Injured pride stung him like a mule-skinner's double snapper. The upshot of his mission to the sheep camp was so far wide of what he had resolved that the only gain he could count as his was, perhaps, possession of his life. To secure that he had been forced into a snap bargain—whose terms he had not the remotest intention of fulfilling, to be sure; but, nevertheless, a bargain with a man who had no shadow of right to dictate it. He had been tricked and beaten by an intelligence scarcely higher than a prowling grizzly's.

Jay Ransch sought not to find a reason for it, but in one determination he was rock-grounded—he would not give up Jobyna to her father.

He held the trail to his own cabin on Moraine rather than to the way of his inclination—Strawberry Road and Myers Station. Through a long afternoon under pines and over bald granite his mind was busy turning over the problem of Totten's capture and the expulsion of the poaching herds. It was dusk and the night wind over the white peaks was rising when he reached his station. Before he set about cooking a supper he got Myers Station and Doctor Morrison on the telephone.

"How's your wild girl?" the small voice echoed. "Say, Ransch, she's convalescing so fast it looks as if I'd have to lock her in to hold her. Wants to go to her precious dad, and I just had the hottest cussing out of my life because I wouldn't let her out of bed.

(Continued on Page 34)

An American Victory in Serbia

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

THE great typhus epidemic is over and there are only about four thousand cases left in all Serbia," was the information that greeted me on my arrival here. Only four thousand!

The state of Maine has been chosen as the favorite standard of comparison with Serbia for our clearer conception of Serbian area and population; so suppose we take Maine for an instant as a standard of comparison for our clearer conception of Serbian conditions.

If there were four thousand cases of typhus in Maine, and the good Maine people were covered with vermin almost to a man, the whole country would be so horrified and panic-stricken that serious consideration would be given to lopping off that noble state, as one lops a wormy branch off an otherwise healthy fruit tree.

With only four thousand cases left in all Serbia, however, Serbia proclaims her return to something like normal conditions. Different points of view—that's all—and with plentiful explanation, moreover, when you remember that through the months of April and May, when the epidemic was at its worst, the cases developed at the rate of more than eight thousand a day; and that only the arrival of the summer sun, which brought the people out of their tight-closed and vermin-infested houses, and made them strip from their forever unwashed bodies their filth-incrusted and crawling woolen garments, saved the country from all but depopulation.

The doctors make no claim to having checked the typhus epidemic in Serbia by their unaided efforts. They give due credit to the sun, and speculate with considerable solemnity on what might have happened had the disease gained full headway at the beginning of the winter months. Also, they speculate with considerable lack of confidence on what may happen when winter comes again; but there will never be a repetition of this year's horrors if they can help it. The Serbian people—especially at the hands of the American Red Cross Sanitary Commission—are being inoculated with a brand of valuable information which ought to take, and which, it is devoutly hoped, will take among a sufficient number of the more intelligent to guarantee the safeguarding of the whole.

Vermin, Vermin Everywhere

IN THE minds of most Americans the thought of Serbia has been for a long time connected with little else but danger from disease. Every American who comes over here even now—doctors and nurses and general workers—comes bathed in the tears of family and friends, and with all manner of hysterical warnings and lugubrious predictions rankling in his mind.

I remember, with considerable amusement, that before I boarded the ship which carried me out of New York I had begun fully to agree with two such widely divergent and freely expressed estimates of my character as gave me for the moment a decidedly cross-eyed view of myself, and some curiously mixed sensations. I was made to see the reasonableness of the opinion of the majority, who were sure I had taken leave of my senses and deserved nothing but to be forcibly restrained; but I saw, too, some excuse for the soothing adjectives of the kinder few who consoled me with sadly sweet predictions of an early but at least heroic demise.

You see, I did not know then that by the time I reached Serbia there would be only four thousand cases of typhus left, and that its almost complete eradication would soon be in sight; and I had not quite realized that lice, though they are thicker in spots than bees in a hive, may, with precautions, be avoided. When I left the United States to come to Serbia the cases had diminished to about five thousand a day, and I rather imagined, from all I had read and heard, that I should have to clean up a little spot for myself and stand in it, never moving at all, if I expected to escape the carriers. I have now been in Serbia a very long time, as time goes in Serbia; I have traveled nearly all over the country; I have come in close contact with all manner of things; I am an old hand, and can join in the laugh with which old hands greet newcomers' fears.

The Principal Square in Nish

A large party of young college men turned up here a few days ago and the questions they asked were most diverting. Every man among them had been convinced before he left the United States that he was taking his life in his own hands—and so he was, in a sense; but within two weeks every man among them will have forgotten the existence of typhus and typhoid, cholera and smallpox, and all the other fearsome things, and will be railing at his own hunger and bathless discomfort, which begin so soon in this awful land to overshadow all other personal considerations. Incidentally, like David Harum's dog, he will begin right away a variety of exercises which will "keep him from broodin' on bein' a dog." Nobody wanted any harrowing details from the young Columbia man who asked the other day, with blanched-face anxiety: "Do lice jump?"

The American Red Cross Sanitary Commission, financed by the Rockefeller Institute, is getting at the facts as regards disease in Serbia and the possibilities of lending brotherly aid toward the furtherance of some scheme of permanent improvement; and incidentally, along with these facts, they are collecting some impressions of things in general which, if they are frankly and accurately reported, will give the future volunteer workers in this field the status in the ranks of heroism they deserve. The American people need not stop gilding halos for their sons and daughters in Serbia just because the typhus epidemic is over.

The first big operations of the American commission that I saw were at Veles, in the wretched old Macedonian country, where Serbia has to keep a big garrison to guard against Bulgarian raids in the Vardar Valley, and on her precious railroad to Salonika and the sea. There I saw the American Red Cross engaged in the task of disinfecting the Serbian Army. And it was a necessary enterprise too. The army, scattered all over the country, has carried typhus into every town and hamlet; and has had its own ranks reduced, from the disease alone, by nearly one hundred thousand.

Wherever you see a big yellow building in Serbia you can be perfectly certain that it is either a barracks or a military hospital. In some countries you might take such buildings for schools or public institutions of some sort; but not in Serbia. In Serbia there are no public institutions, and the only school buildings I have seen to which the people could point with pride, or even acknowledge as school buildings, were the University in Belgrade and a modern military school at Escoplje. The university was reduced to a ruin by the bombardment, and the military school is being used for hospital purposes.

Serbia has enough hospitals to make her, in this regard and in time of peace, one of the best-equipped countries in the world. She has plenty of hospitals—but, the trouble is, such hospitals! Some of the buildings are fine enough, and most of them are very large; but the methods used in their administration and upkeep are beyond description. The American doctors would not allow me to go into the one in Veles, because I was not then sufficiently well trained in precautions to be trusted in a too intimate contact with its creatures. They may not jump, but they have been known to crawl up a shoelace; and there are American doctors and nurses who have seen them as thick on the floor round a pile of discarded garments as ants on the surface of a stirred-up ant hill.

I have seen many hospitals since then, however, and I know what the one in Veles was like when the American commission took hold of it. When I was there they were digging, under the direction of a sanitary engineer from Boston, the first drains the place had ever known. There are big barracks near the hospital; and if you can imagine the dangerous interiors and add to that vision the sights and odors round great buildings without drainage of any kind and meant for the accommodation of hundreds of men, you will get a fair idea of conditions—the commonest thing in Serbia!

Sterilizing Army Wardrobes

THE disinfecting plant of the American commission consisted of two railroad cars on a siding down by the station—one of them containing sixteen baths; the other a big steam sterilizing outfit. The men would march down from barracks in large detachments, carrying with them in bundles all their belongings, including bedding, and would spread themselves out over the field adjoining the car-tracks to wait for what must have seemed to most of them a very formidable procedure. Only sixteen of them could be handled at one time, so many of them had to wait the whole day through; but Serbians do not seem to mind a thing like that. They can stretch themselves out anywhere at any hour and go to sleep. In this they are wholly Oriental; sun or shade, wet or dry, it does not seem to matter. I tried to get some photographs of them in their various natural attitudes; but that is just one thing which cannot be done in Serbia. A dead Serb would come to life to pose for a photograph. The instant a camera appears they all line up—and this is true of women as well as of men—adjust their attire and smirk like Cheshire cats straight into the lens. It is most annoying.

I did get some excellent snapshots once in a little western village, where they said no foreign woman had ever been before and where I certainly shall never be again, but a wicked Greek photographer at Salonika overdeveloped them for me, along with a lot of others equally valuable to me; so I have little left to show for my efforts as an amateur photographer but a sickening sheaf of thickened negatives. There is not a single place, by the way, in all Serbia where one can get a film developed in these days. Curious what a number of things there are about war that Sherman, without meaning to, fully covered in his famous brief summing up.

To get back to the disinfecting and sterilizing process: The soldiers, called out sixteen at a time, would go into a dressing tent on the edge of the field to strip and would then stalk forth in blissful nakedness to the bath car, while their bundles of filthy duffel went into the big ovens in the other car. I was told that the young American operators liked above all things to test their apparatus, and at the same time to interest and convince their simple-souled victims, by gathering up a few stray insects, cutting off an interesting lock of hair, and placing both in the pocket of a garment to be sterilized. They always

The Roads are Little Better Than Rough, Rock-Bottomed Watercourses, and Many a Time We Had to Take to the Open Fields

came out of the oven as dead as old wood, and the owner of the garment would proudly stow the specimen away as a souvenir. There was a great difference in the look of the before-taking and after-taking groups of men. One soldier told me that the delightful clean-up made him feel like rolling on the grass like a colt. It was the first bath most of them had had since the war began.

Meantime, while the bathing and sterilizing were going on, the doctors of the American outfit were busy on the other side of the railroad, where they had established an operating station. This consisted of a couple of deal tables under a tree on which were displayed a lot of bottles and boxes of vaccine, along with some steaming small sterilizers full of hypodermic needles. A long line of soldiers who had been through the disinfecting process stood with bared arms awaiting their turns; and the doctors—there were only three of them—working with careful, clocklike precision, were able to inoculate as many as twelve hundred in a day.

They were using a mixed vaccine of cholera, typhoid and smallpox, and each man had to have two injections, several days apart. The quiet concentration of our fine American boys on such a job and in such an environment was a wonderful thing to see, and a circle of admiring Serbians, officers as well as men, stood motionless through the long, hot hours watching them.

This American unit, when it finished at Veles, had to transport all its paraphernalia in oxcarts across country to the town of Estip and improvise for itself new bathing and sterilizing arrangements; Estip, like most towns in Serbia, having no railroad connection. Where they went from Estip I do not know—but to some place just as difficult, no doubt. There are a number of these American units working in various parts of the country—wherever a division of the army is located; and, there being no facilities of any kind anywhere, whatever needs doing they do for themselves, making shift with any stray materials that may come to hand.

The Serbian soldiers are a splendid-looking lot. They are ragged and dirty and tousle-headed beyond description; but they are very tall and well built, their shoulders are square and their eyes are clear. They make me think of Fuzzy-Wuzzy, who was a "poor benighted 'eathen but a fust-class fightin' man." If their government could only afford to buy uniforms for them! I have heard of a large order of them coming from the United States, and I live in hopes that they will arrive and be moved into before I leave. Just now a marching regiment looks as if its keepers had forgotten to put its leg chains on.

In the first place, the men have no music and they shuffle disgracefully; then they are garbed in every kind of thing, from the remains of faded old uniforms to tattered and misfit civilian clothes and unbelievably ragged and dirt-incrusted native peasant costumes. If they were decently trimmed up and uniformed and properly drilled, in the dressy sense of drill, they would make one of the handsomest armies in the world. I have seen whole companies without a man in them under six feet tall; and, as every Serbian is a soldier, this is a sort of general commentary on the physical Serbian man.

I know very little about Serbian women, but I do know that I have yet to see a beautiful one. As a matter of fact, one hardly ever sees a woman of what might be called the better class. I do not know where they keep themselves, but they certainly are not abroad in the land; and to meet one in her seclusion is to experience the pleasure incident to a rare occasion. This creates an impression in the mind of the foreigner that Serbia is a country of men, and men only, or that the independent spirit of the Serbian woman has not survived the Turkish thralldom. One sees a great many Turkish women on the streets; but they are only swaddles of heavy black veils if they are well-born, and bundles of unsightly old rags if they are not. Even the Turkish women working in the fields stop and cover their faces when anyone passes within seeing distance of them.

There is considerable talk among the foreign Red Cross units about providing hospitals for women and children. There is no such thing in Serbia, which makes the Anglo-Saxon feel ashamed. I was talking with an Englishwoman in Belgrade the other day about the typhus epidemic. We were comparing camp statistics about men, and men only; and the question suddenly occurred to me:

"Didn't any of the women in Serbia have typhus?"

She gave me a queer, unhappy kind of look and said:

"Yes, of course they did; but they stayed at home and died, or got well the best way they knew how. The hospitals had to take care of the men."

What the women and children do for hospital service nobody knows; and there are practically no doctors either. Once in a while, I am told, a hospital does admit a woman; but the only one I ever saw was an old lady who had been sent to Doctor Ryan, the American, in Belgrade, for an operation. At the time there were five hundred and fifty men patients under the same roof. It is hard on women in more ways than one when all the men are soldiers.

(Continued on Page 31)

THE GRAY DAWN

LIX

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

IT HAPPENED on this day that Nan Keith had refused an invitation to ride with Ben Sansome, but had agreed as a compromise to give him a cup of tea late in the afternoon.

Nan's mood was latterly becoming more and more restless. It was an unconscious reflection of the times, unconscious because she had no real conception of what was going on. In obedience to Keith's positively expressed request she had kept away entirely from the downtown districts, leaving the necessary marketing to Wing Sam. For the moment, as has been explained, her points of touch with society were limited.

It happened that before the trouble began the Keiths had been subscribers to the Bulletin and the Herald; and these two journals continued to be delivered. But neither of them gave her much idea of what was really going on. For a moment her imagination was touched by the blank space of white paper the Bulletin left where King's editorials had usually been printed; but Thomas King's subsequent violence had repelled her.

The Herald, after rashly treating the affray as a street brawl, lost hundreds of subscribers and most of its advertising. It shrank to a sheet a quarter of its usual size. Naturally its editor, John Nugent, was the more solidly and bitterly aligned with the Law-and-Order party. The true importance of the revolt, either as an ethical movement or merely as regarded its physical size, did not get to Nan at all. She knew the time was of turmoils and excitements. She believed the city in danger of mobs. Her attitude might be described as a mixture of fastidious disapproval and a sympathetic restlessness.

About the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Sherwood came up the front walk and rang the bell. Nan, sitting behind lace curtains, was impressed by her air of controlled excitement. Mrs. Sherwood hurried. She hurried gracefully, to be sure, and with a reminiscence of her usual feline indolence, but she hurried nevertheless. Therefore, Nan herself answered the bell, instead of awaiting the deliberate Wing Sam.

"My dear," cried Mrs. Sherwood, "get your mantle and come with me. There's something going to happen, something big!"

She refused to answer Nan's questions.

"You'll see," was all the reply she vouchsafed. "Hurry!"

They crossed by the new graded streets where the sandhills had been, and soon found themselves on the low elevations above the county jail. Mrs. Sherwood led the way to the porch of a one-story wooden house that appeared to be unoccupied.

"This is fine!" she said with satisfaction.

The jail was just below them, and they looked directly across the open square in front of it and the convergence of two streets. The jail was buzzing like a hive. Men were coming and going busily, running away as though on errands, or darting in through the open door. Armed men were taking their places on the flat roof.

"I'll Not be Taken From This Place Alive!"

In contrast to this one little spot of excited activity the rest of the scene was almost superlatively peaceful. People were drifting in from all the side streets, but they were sauntering slowly, as though without particular interest; they might have been going to or coming from church. A warm basking Sunday feel was in the sunshine. There was not the faintest breeze. Distant sounds carried clearly, as the barking of a dog—it might have been Gringo shut up at home—or the crowing of a distant cock.

From the square below arose the murmur of a multitude talking. The groups of people increased in frequency and numbers.

Black forms began to appear on roof tops all about, white faces at windows.

It would have been impossible to say when the scattered groups became a crowd; when the side of the square filled; when the converging streets became black with closely packed people; when the windows and doors and balconies, the copings and railings, the slopes of the hills were all occupied, but so it was. Before she fairly realized that many were gathering Nan looked down on twenty thousand people. They took their positions quietly and waited. There was no shouting, no demonstration, so little talking that the low murmur never rendered inaudible the barking of the dog or the crowing of the distant cock. The doors of the jail had closed. Men stopped going in and out. The armed forces on the roof were increased.

Nan had ceased asking questions of Mrs. Sherwood, who answered none. The feeling of tense expectation filled her also. What was forward? Was this a mob? Why were these people gathered? Somehow they gave her the impression that they, too, like Mrs. Sherwood and herself, were waiting to see.

After a long time she saw the closely packed crowd, down the vista of one of the converging streets, move in the agitation of some disturbance. A moment later the sun caught files of bayonets. At the same instant the same thing happened at the end of the other converging street. The armed columns came steadily forward, the people giving way. The men were dressed in sober citizens' clothes. The shining steel of the bayonets furnished the only touch of uniform. Quietly and steadily they came forward, the snake of steel undulating and twisting like a living thing. The two columns reached the convergence of the streets together. As they entered the square before the jail a third and a fourth column debouched from side streets, and others deployed into view on the hills behind. The timing was perfect. One minute the prospect was empty of all but spectators; the next it was filled with grim and silent armed men.

Near the two women and among chance spectators on the piazza of the deserted house a well-known character of the times leaned against one of the pillars. This was Colonel Gift. Our chronicler, who has an eye for the telling phrase, describes him as "a tall, lank, empty-boweled, tobacco-spurting Southerner, with eyes like burning black balls, who could talk a company of listeners into an insane asylum quicker than any man in California, and whose blasphemy could not be equaled, either in quantity or quality, by the most profane of any age or nation."

In this crisis Colonel Gift's sympathies may be guessed. He watched the scene below him with a sardonic eye. As the armed columns wheeled into place and stood at attention he turned to a man standing near.

"I tell you, stranger," said he, "when you see those damned, psalm-singing Yankees turn out of their churches, shoulder their guns and march away of a Sunday, you may know that hell is going to crack shortly!"

Mrs. Sherwood turned an amused eye in his direction. The colonel, for the first time becoming aware of her presence, swept off his black slouch hat and apologized profusely for the "damn."

The armed men stood rigid, four deep all round the square. Behind them the masses of the people watched. Even the murmur died.

Again everybody waited.

Now at a command the ranks fell apart, and from the side street marched the sixty men chosen by Olney, dragging a field gun at the end of a rope. Their preliminary task of watching the jail for a possible escape finished, they had again been gathered. With beautiful military precision they wheeled and came to rest facing the frowning walls of the jail, the cannon pointed at the door.

Nan gasped sharply and seized Mrs. Sherwood's arm with both hands. She had recognized Keith, standing by the right wheel of the cannon. He was looking straight ahead, and the expression on his face was one she had never seen there before. Suddenly something swelled up within her breast and choked her. The tears rushed to her eyes.

Quite deliberately, each motion in plain sight, the cannon was loaded with powder and ball. A man lit a slow match, blew it painstakingly to a glow, then took his position at the breech. The slight innumerable sounds of these activities died. The bustle of men moving imperceptibly fell. Not even the coughing and sneezing usual to a gathering of people paying attention was heard, for the intense interests inhibited these nervous symptoms. Probably never have twenty thousand people gathered in one place made their presence so little evident. A deep, solemn stillness brooded over them. The spring sun lay warm and grateful on men's shoulders; the doves and birds, the distant dogs and roosters, cooed and twittered, barked and crowed.

Nothing happened for a full ten minutes. The picked men stood rigid by the gun in the middle of the square. The slow match burned sleepily, a tiny thread of smoke rising in the still air. The sunlight gleamed from the ranks of bayonets. The vast multitude held its breath.

The walls of the jail remained blank and inscrutable.

Then a man on horseback was seen pushing his way through the crowd. He rode directly up to the jail door, on which he rapped thrice with the handle of his riding whip. Against the silence these taps, but gently delivered, sounded sharp and staccato. After a moment the wicket opened. The rider, without dismounting, handed through it a note; then, with a superb display of the old-fashioned horsemanship, backed his horse half the length of the square where he, too, came to rest.

"Who is he?" whispered Nan. Why she whispered she could not have told.

"Charles Doane," answered Mrs. Sherwood in the same voice.

Another commotion down the street. Again the ranks parted and closed, this time to admit three carriages driven rapidly. As they came to a stop the muskets all round the square leaped to the "Present." So disconcerting was this sudden slap and rattle of arms after the tensity of the last half hour that men dodged back as though from a blow. With admirable precision Olney's men, obeying a series of commands, moved forward from the gun to form a hollow square round the carriages.

Only the man with the burning slow match was left standing by the breech.

From the carriages then descended Coleman, Truett, Talbot Ward, Smiley, and two other men whom neither Nan nor Mrs. Sherwood recognized. Amid the dead silence they walked directly to the jail door, Olney's sixty breaking the square and deploying close at their heels. A low colloquy through the wicket now took place. At length the door swung slowly open. The Committee entered. The door swung slowly shut after them.

Again the people waited, but now once again arose the murmur of low-toned conversation.

LX

UP TO this day Casey had been very content with his situation. His quarters were the best the place afforded, and they had been made more comfortable. Scores of friends had visited him, hailing him as their champion. He had been made to feel quite a hero. To be sure it was a nuisance to be so confined, but when he shot King he had anticipated undergoing some inconvenience. It was a price to pay. He understood that there was some public excitement, and that it was well to lie low for a little until that had died down. The momentary annoyance would be more than offset by later prestige.

Casey did not in the least fear the courts. He had had before his eyes too many reassuring examples. His friends were rallying nobly to his defense. Over the wines and cigars with which he was liberally supplied they boasted of their strength and their dispositions—the whole police force of the city, the militia companies sworn to act in just such emergencies, hundreds of volunteers, if necessary the whole power of the state of California called to put down this affronting of duly constituted law!

But this Sunday morning Casey was uneasy. There seemed to be much whispering in corners, much bustling to and fro. He paced back and forth, fretting, interrogating those about him. But they could or would tell him but little—there was trouble—and they hurried away, leaving Casey alone. As a matter of fact, the withdrawal of the committee's guard of ten, and the formal notice that the truce was thus promptly ended, had caught the Law-and-Order party unprepared. With five hours' notice—or indeed by the plans for next day, even were no notice given—the jail would have been impregnably defended. The sudden move of the Committee won, as prompt, decisive moves will.

Time Fell Into the Abyss of Eternity; Whether It Were Ten Minutes or Ten Hours Did Not Matter in the Least

The bustling of the people in the jail suddenly died. Casey heard no shuffle of feet, no whisper of conversation. The building might have been empty save for himself. But he did hear outside the steady rhythmic tramp of feet.

Sheriff Scannell stood before him, the Vigilantes' written communication in his hand. Casey, looking up from the bed on which he had fallen in sudden shrinking, saw in his friend's face an expression that made him cower. For the first time realization came to him of the straits he was in. His vivid Irish imagination leaped instantaneously from the complacence of absolute safety to the depths of terror. He leaped to his feet.

"You aren't going to betray me! You aren't going to give me up!" he cried, wringing his hands.

"James," replied Scannell solemnly, "there are three thousand armed men coming for you, and I have not now thirty supporters round the jail."

"Not thirty!" cried Casey, astonished. For a moment he appeared crushed; then he leaped to his feet, flourishing a long knife he had drawn from his boot. "I'll not be taken from this place alive!" he shrieked, beside himself with hysteria. "Where are all you brave fellows who were going to see me through this?"

Scannell looked at him sadly. In the pause came a sharp knocking at the door of the jail. The sheriff turned away. A moment later Casey, listening intently, heard the door open and close, heard the sound of talking. He fairly darted to his table, scrawled something on a paper and called to attract attention. Marshal North answered the summons.

"Give this to them—to the Vigilantes," urged Casey, thrusting the paper into his hands. North glanced through the note:

TO THE VIGILANTE COMMITTEE.

Gentlemen: I am willing to go before you if you will let me speak but ten minutes. I do not wish the blood of any man upon my head. JAS. CASEY.

After North had gone to deliver this Casey again sprang to his feet, again flourished his bowie knife, again ramped up and down, again swore he would never be taken alive. A deputy passed the door. Casey's demeanor collapsed once more.

"Tell them," he begged this man earnestly—"tell them if two respectable citizens will promise me gentlemanly treatment I'll go peaceably. I will not be dragged through the streets like a dog! If they will give me a fair trial and allow me to summon my witnesses, I'll yield."

And the deputy left him pacing up and down, waving his knife, muttering wildly to himself.

On entering the jail door Coleman and his companions bowed formally to the sheriff.

"We have come for the prisoner—Casey," said Coleman. "We ask that he be peaceably delivered us, handcuffed, at the door immediately."

"Under existing circumstances," replied Scannell, "I shall make no resistance. The prison and its contents are yours."

But Truett interrupted pointedly.

"We want only the man Casey at present," he said. "For the rest we hold you strictly accountable."

Scannell bowed without reply. North and the deputy in succession came to deliver Casey's messages and to report his apparent determination. The Committee offered no comment. They penetrated to the interior of the jail. Many men, apparently unarmed, idling about as though merely spectators, looked at them curiously as they passed. Casey heard them coming and sprang back from the door, holding his long knife dramatically poised. Coleman walked directly to the door, where he stopped, looking Casey coldly in the eye. The seconds passed. Neither man stirred. At the end of a full minute Coleman said sharply:

"Lay down that knife!"

The Building Might Have Been Empty Save for Himself. But He Did Hear Outside the Rhythmic Tramp of Feet

As though Coleman's incisive tones had broken a spell, Casey moved. He looked wildly to right and to left, then flung the knife from him and buried his face in his hands.

"Your requests are granted," said Coleman shortly. Then to North: "Open the door and bring him out."

LXI

ON THE veranda of the unoccupied house above the jail Nan Keith stood rigid, her hand upon her heart. During the period of the Committee's absence inside the jail she did not alter her position by a hair's breadth. She was in the hypnosis of a portentous waiting. Time fell into the abyss of eternity; whether it were ten minutes or ten hours did not matter in the least.

For this was to Nan in the nature of a revelation, so sudden and so complete that it filled her whole soul. Had she known what Mrs. Sherwood was taking her to see she would have previsualized a drunken, disorderly, howling, bloodthirsty mob; a huge composite of brawling antagonisms, of blind fury, of vulgar irrationalisms. Here were men filled with purpose. This was what caught at her breath—the grim, silent purpose of it. The orderly progression of events, moving with the certainty of a fate, was like the steady crescendo of solemn music. And this crescendo rose in her as a tide of emotion that overflowed and drowned her. The right and wrong, as she had examined them intellectually or through the darkened glasses of her caste prejudices, were quite lost. This was merely something primitive, wonderful, beautiful. The spectacle was at the moment of suspense, yet she felt no impatience—the wheel must turn in its own majestic circle—but only an intense expectation. And in this she felt, subconsciously, that she was one with the multitude.

The jail door swung open.

The Committee came out. In the middle of their compact group walked a stranger. "Casey!" breathed a vast voice from the crowd.

An indescribable burst of grateful relief fluttered across the upturned faces like a breeze across water. It was almost timid at first, but gathered strength as it spread. It rolled up the hillside. A great, deep breath seemed to fill the lungs of the throng. The murmur swelled suddenly; was on the point of bursting into the frantic cheering of twenty thousand men.

But Coleman, his hat removed, raised his hand. In obedience to the simple gesture the cheer was stifled. In an instant all was still.

The little group entered the carriages, which immediately wheeled and drove away.

Nan, standing bolt upright, her attitude still unchanged, caught her breath at the inhibition of the cheer. She did not even try to wink away the tears that rolled down her cheeks. Through them she saw the troops wheel with the precision of veterans and march away after the carriages. The crowd melted slowly. Soon were left only the inscrutable jail, the gun still pointed at its door, the rigid ranks of Olney's sixty, who had evidently been left on guard, and a few stragglers.

Suddenly she turned and walked away. Mrs. Sherwood followed her as rapidly as she could, but did not succeed in catching up with her. At the corner below the Keiths' house she stopped, watched until Nan had gained her own dooryard, then turned toward home, a smile sketching her lips, a light in her eyes.

Nan flung open her door and went directly to the parlor. She stood in the doorway contemplating the scene. It was very cozy. The afternoon sun slanted through the high, narrow windows of the period, gilding the dust motes floating lazily to and fro. The tea table, set with a snowy cloth, glittered invitingly, its silver and porcelain, its plates of dainty sandwiches and thin, waferlike cookies—Wing Sam's specialty—enticingly displayed. Two easy-chairs had been drawn close, and before the unoccupied one a low footstool had been placed. Ben Sansome occupied the other.

He was, as usual, exquisitely dressed. All his little appointments were not only correct, but worn easily. The varicolored waistcoat, the sparkling studs and cravat pins, the bright, soft silk tie, were all subdued from their ordinary too-vivid effect by the grace with which they were carried. Nan saw all this and appreciated it dispassionately, appraising him anew through clarified vision. Especially she noticed the waxed ends of his small mustache. He had at the sound of her entrance lighted the teakettle, and as she came in he smiled up at her brightly.

"You see," he cried gayly, "I am doing your task for you! I have the lamp all lit!"

She paid no attention to this, but advanced two steps into the room.

"Which side are you on, anyway?" she asked abruptly and a little harshly.

Sansome raised his eyebrows in faint and fastidious surprise.

"Dear lady, what do you mean?"

"The only thing I can mean in these times. Are you with the Law and Order or with the Committee of Vigilance?"

Sansome shrugged his shoulders whimsically and sank back into his chair.

"How can you ask that, dear lady?" he begged pathetically. "You would not class me with the rabble, I hope."

But Nan did not in the slightest degree respond to the lightness of his tone. Her own was cold and detached.

"I do not know how to class you," she said; "but I asked you a question."

Sansome arose to his feet again. His manner now became sympathetic, but into it had crept the least hint of resentment.

"I don't understand your mood," he told her. "You are overwrought."

Nan's self control slipped by ever so little. She did not actually stamp her foot, but her delivery of her next speech achieved that for her.

"Will you answer me?" she demanded. "Which side are you on?"

"I am on the side every gentleman is on," replied Sansome, a trifle stung—"the side of the law."

"Then," she cried with a sudden intensity, "why weren't you there—on your side—defending the jail? Why are you here?"

Ben Sansome's knowledge of women was wide; and he, therefore, imagined it profound. Here he recognized the symptoms of hysteria—cause unknown. He adopted the lightly soothing.

"I thought I was asked here!" he cried with quizzical mock pathos.

She stared at him a contemplative instant so steadily that he colored. She was not seeing him, however; she was seeing Keith, standing with his fellows in the open, under the walls of the jail and its hidden guns. With a short laugh she turned away.

"You were," said she. "Help yourself to tea. As you say, I am overwrought. I am going to lie down."

Her one compelling instinct was now to get away from him before something in her brain snapped. He became soothing.

"Won't you have a cup of tea first?" he urged. "It will do you good."

"A cup of tea!" she repeated with deadly calm. It seemed such an ending to such a day! She tried to laugh, but the laugh strangled in her throat, and she bolted wildly from the room, leaving Ben Sansome staring.

LXII

NAN'S high exaltation of spirit, which still soared at the altitude to which the events of the afternoon had lifted it, next expressed itself in a characteristically feminine manner. She picked flowers in the garden, arranged them, placed them effectively, set the table herself, lighted the lamps, touched a match to the wood fire—always comfortable in San Francisco evenings—slightly altered the position of the chairs, visited Wing Sam with fresh instructions. Gringo, who looked on all this as for his especial benefit, took his place luxuriously before the grate. It was a cozy, homelike scene. Then she dressed slowly and carefully in her most becoming gown—the only gown Keith had ever definitely singled out for especial praise—took especial pains with her hair, and finally descended to join Gringo. The latter, by way of a greeting intended to show his entire confidence, promptly rolled over to expose his vitals to her should it be her pleasure to hurt a poor, defenseless dog. He was a ridiculous sight, upside down, his tongue lolling out, his eye rolled up at her adoringly. She laughed at him a little, then leaned swiftly over to confide something in his ear.

But that evening Keith was late. The clock on the mantel chimed clearly the hour, then the quarter and the half. Wing Sam came to protest aggrievedly that "Him glub catchum cold—you no wait!" Nan was severe with Wing Sam and his suggestion; so unwontedly severe that Wing Sam returned to the kitchen, muttering darkly. He had caught the atmosphere of celebration somehow, and on his own initiative had frosted with wonderful white a cake not yet cut, and on the cake had carefully traced pink legends in Chinese and English characters. The former was one of those conventional mottoes seen on every laundry, club and temple, which would have translated: "Health, long life and happiness"; the other Wing Sam had copied from a lithograph he much admired. It read: "Use Rising Sun Stove Polish." Glowering with resentment Wing Sam scraped the frosting from the cake.

At eight o'clock a small boy delivered a note at the door and scuttled back to the center of excitement. It was a scrawl from Keith, saying that he was detained, would not be home to dinner, might not be in at all. Nan sat down to a cold, belated meal, served by a loftily disapproving Chinaman. She tried to think of her pride in Keith, and the work he in company with his fellows was doing for the city; to recall some of her exaltation of the afternoon; but it was very difficult. Her little preparations were so much nearer. The table, the flowers, the shaded lamps, the fire on the hearth, her gown, the twist of her hair, all mocked her anticipations. In spite of herself her spirits went down to zero. She could not eat; she could not even sit at the table through the service of the various courses. Midway through the meal she threw aside her napkin and returned abruptly to the drawing-room.

The fire was snapping merrily on the hearth. Gringo opened his eyes at her entrance, recognized his beloved mistress and rolled over as usual. Nan kicked him pettishly in the ribs. Gringo stopped panting and drew in his tongue, but otherwise did not shift his posture. Nan kicked him again. Gringo rose deliberately and retired with dignity to the coldest, darkest, most cheerless corner he could find, where he sat and looked dejected.

"You look such a silly fool!" Nan told him relentlessly.

Thus passed the moment of exaltation and expansion. If Keith had come home to dine it is probable that the barrier between them—of which he was only dimly conscious—would have been broken. But by midnight Nan

had, as she imagined, "thought out" the situation. She was able to see him now through eyes purged of self-pity or self-thought. She came to a full realization, which she formulated to herself, that she was not now the central point of his interest—that she was "no longer the central point," as she expressed it.

She was correct, also, in her conclusion that all day long he hardly gave her more than a perfunctory thought. So far her facts were absolutely correct. But Nan was, in spite of her natural good mind and married experience, too ignorant of man-psychology to draw the correct conclusion. Indeed, very few women ever realize man's possibilities of single-minded purpose and concentration to the temporary exclusion of other things. Keith's whole being was carried by this moral movement in which he was involved. He simply took Nan for granted—and that is something a woman never gets used to and always misinterprets.

"He no longer loves me!" she said to herself in this hour of plain thinking. She faced it squarely. And her heart sank to the depths; for she still loved him, and the sight of him that afternoon amid the guns had told her how much.

Her next thought was not of herself, but of him, and the situation in which he was working out his destiny. "How can I best help?" she asked herself; which showed that the spirit aroused in her that afternoon had not in reality died. And her intellect relentlessly pointed out to her that her only aid would come from her self-effacement, her standing on one side. When the great work was done then perhaps she could win him back.

So affairs in the Keith household went on exactly as before. Nobody but Gringo knew that anything had happened; and he only realized that the universe had suffered an upheaval, so that now mistresses might kick their poor defenseless dogs in the stomach.

LXIII

CASEY was safely in custody. Cora also had been taken, on a second trip to the jail. They had been escorted into the headquarters, the doors of which had closed behind them and behind the armed men who guarded them. The streets were filled with an orderly crowd. It waited with that same absence of excitement, impatience or tumult so characteristic of all the popular gatherings of that earnest time—save when the upholders of the law were gathered. After a long interval one of the committeemen, Dows by name, appeared at an upper window. He did not have to appeal for attention and had barely to raise his voice.

"It is not the intention of the Committee to be hasty," he announced. "Nothing more will be done today."

Silence greeted this statement. At last some one spoke up.

"Where are Casey and Cora?" he asked.

"The Committee holds possession of the jail; all are safe," replied Dows.

With this assurance the crowd was completely satisfied, as it proved by dispersing quietly and at once.

Of the three thousand enrolled men, three hundred were retained under arms at headquarters; a hundred surrounded and watched the jail; the rest were dismissed. About midnight a dense fog descended on the city. The streets were deserted; but on the roofs of the jail and the adjacent buildings indistinct figures stalked to and fro in the misty moonlight.

All next day, which was Monday, headquarters remained inscrutable. Small activities went forward. Guards and patrols were changed. The cannon was brought from before the jail. Early in the day a huge crowd gathered, packing the adjacent streets, watching patiently far into the night to see what would happen.

Nothing happened.

But about the city large patrols of armed men moved about on mysterious business. Gun shops were picketed and their owners forbidden to sell weapons. Evidently the Committee was carrying out a considered plan.

Toward evening the weather thickened and a rain came on. It turned colder. The crowd did not disperse. It stood in its sodden shoes, hugging its sodden cloaks to its shoulders, humped over, waiting. About eight o'clock several companies in rigid marching formation appeared. A stir of interest shivered through the crowd, but died as it became evident that this was only a general relief for those on duty during the day. At midnight, or thereabouts, the crowds went home; but again by first daylight the streets for blocks were jammed full. Still it rained with a sullen persistence. Still nothing happened.

And all over the city business was practically at a standstill. Knots of men stood conferring on every corner. Conversation in mixed company was very wary indeed. No man dared express himself too openly. The courts were empty. Some actually closed, on one excuse or another, but most went through a form of business. Some judges took the occasion to go to White Sulphur Springs on vacations—long contemplated, they said. These things occasioned lively comment. It was generally known that the Sacramento steamer of the evening before had carried several hundred passengers, all with pressing business at the Capitol or somewhere else. As our chronicler tells it: "A good many who had things on their mind left for the country."

Still it rained; still the crowd waited; still the headquarters of the Committee of Vigilance remained inscrutable.

LXIV

DURING all this time the Executive Committee sat in continuous session, for it had been agreed that no recess of more than thirty minutes should be taken until a decision had been reached. The room in which they sat was a large one, lighted by windows on one side only. Coleman sat behind a raised desk at one end. Below it stood a small table accommodating two. On either side six small tables completed three sides of a hollow square. No ornament, no special comforts—the desk, the thirteen pine tables, the twenty-seven pine chairs, the wooden walls, the oil lamps, the four long windows, that was all.

The prisoners, who when they had seen the thousands before the jail had expected nothing less than instant execution by lynch law, began to take heart. When a man has faced what he thinks is the prospect of immediate and unavoidable death, such treatment as this arouses real hope. The prisoners were strictly guarded and closely confined, it is true; but they understood they were to have a fair trial "according to law." That last phrase cheered them immensely. They knew the law. Nor were they entirely cut off from the outside. Casey was allowed to see several men in regard to certain pressing business matters, and was permitted to talk to them freely, although always in the presence of a member of the Committee. Cora received several visits from Belle. She had spent thousands in his legal defense; now she visited him faithfully, and tried to cheer him, but was plainly cowed. Her self-control vanished. She clung to him passionately, weeping. He was forced to her rôle; and in cheering her he managed to gain a modicum of self-confidence for himself.

But on Monday morning Cora's cell door was thrown open, and he was motioned forth by a grave man, who conducted him through echoing, gloomy corridors to the committee room, where he left him facing the tables and the men who sat behind them. Cora's natural buoyancy vanished. The men before him met his gaze with rigid, unbending solemnity. The rain dashed mournfully against the windows, blurring the glass, casting the high apartment in a half gloom. Nobody moved or spoke. All looked at him. The echo of his footsteps died, and the room was cast in stillness except for the soft dashing of the storm.

"Charles Cora," at last pronounced Coleman in measured tones, "you are here on trial for your life, accused with the murder of U. S. Marshal Richardson."

Cora, who was a plucky man, had recovered his wits. He must have realized that he was in a tight place, but he kept his head admirably. His demeanor took on alertness, his manner throughout was respectful and his voice low.

"Do I get no counsel?" he inquired.

"Counsel will be given you."

He put in an earnest plea for counsel outside the tribunal—impartial counsel.

"Our members are impartial," Coleman told him.

Cora hesitated, looking about him.

"If Mr. Truett will act for me——" he suggested. "And I beg you earnestly, gentlemen, that the excitement of the time may not be prejudicial to my interests, that I may have a chance for my life!"

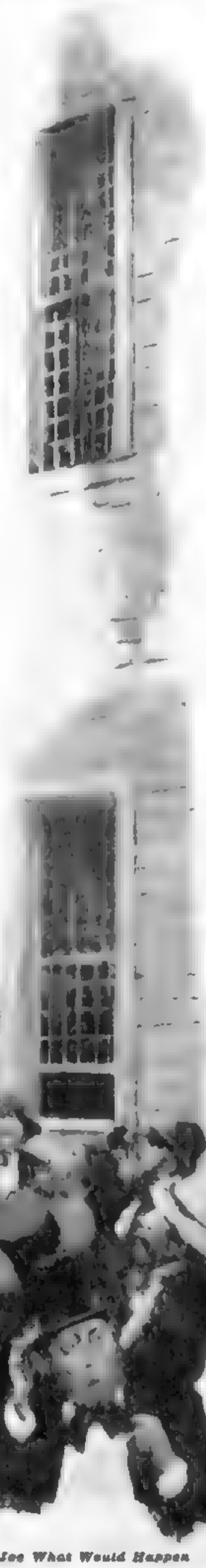
"Your trial will be fair," he was assured.

"I shall undertake the defense," Truett agreed briefly, "and petition that Mr. Smiley be appointed as my assistant."

This being granted, the three men drew to one side for a consultation. In a short time Truett handed to the sergeant at arms—the same man who had conducted Cora to the tribunal—a list of the witnesses Cora wished to summon. These were at once sought by a subcommittee outside. In the meantime witnesses for the prosecution were one by one admitted, sworn and examined. All ordinary forms of law were closely followed. All essential facts were separately brought out. It was the historic Cora trial over again, with one difference—gone were the technical delays. By dusk Keith, who had been called at three, had all but finished the long tale of his testimony, had finished recounting not only what he had seen of the quarrel and the subsequent shooting, but also all the details of the trial, the adverse influences brought to bear on the prosecution, and his investigations into the question of "undue influence."

No attempt was made to confine the investigation to the technical trial.

Keith was the last witness for the prosecution. And the witnesses for the defense, where were they? Of the list submitted by Cora not one could be found. In hiding, afraid, the perjurers would not appear.



A Crowd Gathered, Watching Patiently to See What Would Happen

The dusk was falling in earnest now. The corners of the room were in darkness. Beneath Coleman's desk, Bluxome, the secretary, had lighted an oil lamp the better to see his notes. In the interest of Keith's testimony the general illumination had not been ordered. Outside the tiny patch of yellow light the men of the Vigilance Committee sat motionless, listening, their shadows dim and huge against the wall.

The door opened, and Charles Doane, the grand marshal of the Vigilantes, advanced three steps into the room.

"Mr. President," he said clearly, his voice cutting the stillness, "I am instructed to announce that James King of William is dead."

LXV

THURSDAY noon was set for the funeral of the man who had given his life that a city might live. In the room where he had made his brave fight against death he now lay in state. On Wednesday ten thousand people visited him there. Early Thursday morning his remains were transferred to the Unitarian Church, where, early as it was, a great multitude had gathered to do him honor. Now through the long morning hours it sat with him silently. The church was soon filled to overflowing; the streets in all directions became crowded with sober-faced men and women. They knew they would be unable to get into the church, to attend nearer his last communion with his fellowmen; but they stayed, feeling vaguely that their mere presence helped—as indeed perhaps it did.

Marching bodies from every guild or society in the city stood in rank after rank, extending down the street as far as the eye could reach. Hundreds of horsemen, carriages, foot marchers, quiet, orderly, were already getting into line. They, too, were excluded from the funeral ceremonies by lack of room; they, too, waited to do honor to the cortege. This procession was over two miles in length. Each man wore a band of crêpe round his left arm. The time set for the funeral ceremony was yet hours distant.

"It seemed that all the city must be there. But those who, hurrying to the scene, had occasion to pass near the Vigilante headquarters found the vacant square guarded on all sides by a triple line of armed men. The side streets also were filled with them. They stood in exact alignment, rigid, bayonets fixed, eyes straight ahead. Three thousand of them were there. Hour after hour they stood, untiring, staring at the building, which gave no sign; just as the other

(Continued on Page 65)

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Sermon and Comment

F. W. HIRST, in his Political Economy of War, remarks that at the birth of Christ the standing armies of the Roman Empire numbered about three hundred thousand men. They were stationed in Europe, Asia and Africa, and held in check not only the old populous civilization to the east but countless hordes of barbarians to the north and northeast. Not long afterward a new code of human conduct was given to the world, which all Europe presently adopted.

In the time of George the First—say, two centuries ago—Christianized Europe managed to get along with about the same number of fighting men that had sufficed pagan Augustus. The modern phase of civilization was by way of beginning then. Louis the Fourteenth was dead. It had recently been decided definitely that England was to have a constitutional representative government. White settlers were pushing into the Mississippi Valley. The steam engine as well as the French Revolution were both in the making.

By the middle of the next century the modern phase was in full flower. Democracy had been invented, and measurably put in practice by the United States, England and France. The deep Continental stir and uprising of 1848 had taken place. And Europe's standing armies had risen to more than two and a half million men—to go on augmenting steadily up to the grand Christian climax of this year of grace, in which we see something like thirty million men in arms.

That is our comment on the Sermon on the Mount. Augustus is not credited with a sense of humor; but we suppose his shade grins now and then.

An Anglo-French Loan

WE HAVE some things to sell that the Allies will buy of us anyway, shipping gold in payment if necessary; but we have a great quantity of other things to sell that they can, at a pinch, get along without, or procure to greater or less extent elsewhere. Those things they will buy of us only if we sell on credit. As to all indispensable and noncompetitive goods, we can demand cash and let the buyer sweat; but as to all dispensable and competitive articles, to refuse credit would probably be to shut off a large part of the trade.

Unfortunately, in the main, the dispensable and competitive goods are just the ones it is most to our interest to sell. Shrapnel and powder they will buy anyway; but if put to it the Allies could probably get along this year with comparatively little of our wheat and meat. Even as to munitions, their own output is increasing steadily. This market all round is a great convenience to them, but probably not an absolute necessity to such an extent as is commonly supposed.

If English and French exchange is at a discount here the price of American goods is enhanced to the English and French buyer by the amount of the discount. He has to pay down that many more pounds and francs for a given quantity of American goods, while the American seller gets no more dollars than if foreign exchange was at par. It is just that much of a handicap on our exports. The ideal remedy would consist in taking back American securities held in England and France. The alternative to that is an Anglo-French loan big enough to stabilize exchange.

The First Inning

THE Hague movement for peace was initiated, as doubtless you recall, by the Czar in a circular note to the Powers in which he observed: "A universal peace and a reduction of the intolerable burdens imposed on all nations by the excessive armaments of to-day is the ideal toward which every government should strive."

That was in 1898, when army and navy expenditures of seven big foreign Powers amounted to something less than a billion dollars. By 1914—but before war broke out—army and navy expenditures of the same Powers had risen to more than two and a quarter billion dollars—considerably more than that, in fact, for some extraordinary expenditures out of borrowed money are not included. What happened in 1914 we all know.

Which, however, simply proves that the first inning was lost. There is decidedly better hope for the second.

A City's Taxes

BY A QUITE tremendous effort the richest city in America, if not in the world, succeeded in discovering three hundred and fifty million dollars of personal property liable to taxation. A critic of the effort says this included assessments on dead people and nonresidents to so great an extent that two months after the tax was due only about two-thirds of it had been collected—while the total amount of uncollected personalty taxes then exceeded fifty million dollars.

That three hundred and fifty million dollars is no adequate measure of the taxable personalty in the city of New York everybody knows. The tax commissioners are now talking hopefully of unearthing four billion dollars of personalty for taxation. Whereupon Mayor Mitchel remarks that the personal-property tax law is bad and unscientific, often confiscatory, easily evaded except by estates and those least able to pay it, and altogether a "hit-or-miss affair, arrived at by guesswork and without scientific basis. The law, however," he adds, "is on the books and it is the duty of the administration to enforce it until it is replaced by one more capable of scientific and equitable enforcement."

Authorities in Chicago about a year ago undertook to prosecute several wealthy inhabitants by way of demonstrating how utterly rotten the personalty tax law is—it being decidedly worse in Illinois, in fact, than in New York.

That is what most states get out of their personal-property tax laws—a convincing demonstration that they ought to be repealed and replaced by something more intelligent.

Good Strategy

IT WAS good strategy on the part of the Anglo-French financiers to demand a large, unsecured loan. England and France, no doubt, have two billion dollars or so of American stocks and bonds. Naturally we should like to have them liquidate whatever they owe us by handing back our own securities, either by outright sale or as collateral security for a loan, which could be paid off finally by selling us the securities.

But they can get the cash for their American stocks and bonds later on; and later on, either for war purposes or for the purpose of reorganizing industry after the war is over, two billion dollars of American money will surely come in handy. It was unquestionably good strategy to demand an unsecured loan now and hold back the American securities for later emergencies.

Whether it is good strategy for us to make an unsecured loan now, while the borrowers are in a position to draw a great sum later on by selling their American securities, is another question. That individual American investors will be much attracted by British and French government bonds at five per cent is quite doubtful. They can buy other good five per cent bonds that are not contingently liable to so great depreciation.

The Treasury Santa Claus

PLAYING the rôle of beneficent Providence is hugely attractive. You know the stock Christmas story about the poor little children and the rich man. He not only buys them a basketful of toys but pays off the mortgage on the humble home, gets papa a fine job at the city dump, and goes away glowing with self-satisfaction.

Formerly a very defective banking system cast the Secretary of the Treasury for this enticing rôle. At times the Treasury accumulated a great quantity of public money for which it had no immediate use. There was urgent need of money for business purposes, but no way of releasing the Treasury accumulation for useful employment until Mr. Secretary stepped forward, beaming benevolently, and distributed the money as deposits in banks—with a "Bless you, my children! Take it along: be happy only remember what a great and good man I am."

The new banking system makes such providential interventions quite unnecessary. Under it the Treasury can and should—deposit its money in bank, as a matter of course, and have no more finger in the money market than any other branch of the government; but the Santa Claus rôle is too attractive to be lightly surrendered.

Mr. McAdoo has been playing it in the South with much applause. He appears out of a pink cloud, with a halo in one hand and a bundle of gold certificates in the other. Business of distributing the certificates. "Bless you, my children!" The curtain descends to quavery music.

The Course of Wages

FROM 1907 to 1913 inclusive, according to a recent Department of Labor report, average weekly earnings of employees in blast furnaces increased eleven per cent; in Bessemer plants, sixteen per cent; in bar mills, eight per cent; while the average weekly working hours decreased two or three per cent.

That illustrates the discouraging thing about wages in general. You get newspaper reports from time to time of wage increases here and there; and from time to time you get bitter complaints of union labor's exactions. But when you come to a comprehensive statistical survey, as authoritative as any that can be had, you find that wages in the bulk have been simply chasing the cost of living and are still a couple of laps behind it.

A large part of the steel and iron labor is so little skilled or specialized that it is classified as common labor. Taking all departments of the steel and iron industry covered by the report, the average hourly pay of common labor got up to the rather dazzling figure of eighteen and three-tenths cents an hour. For a ten-hour day and a six-day week, that would be about eleven dollars a week. Deduct the time lost through unemployment from all causes and you get a yearly average that does not spell much in the beefsteak line.

No doubt immigration has directly held down wages in the iron and steel industry, and more or less indirectly in other industries.

We Have With Us

"THANK heaven," sighed a sociable New Yorker the other day, "the season of big dinners is over for this year. They have become an intolerable nuisance here. Somebody or other is pulling one off, in honor of somebody or other, every second night all winter. It's got so you can't have a new deputy collector of customs appointed, or a burglar convicted, or a section of gas pipe laid, without a big dinner to celebrate it. And they're always bores! No matter how carefully you plan the program, at least one speaker is sure to get a brain storm and maunder on until everybody wishes him dead. They're an awful nuisance!

"I wish," he added with a vengeful gleam in his eye, "the legislature would pass a law prohibiting them. I've been to fourteen since Thanksgiving. By the way, were you at the Jones dinner?"

We replied in the negative, whereupon he regarded us doubtfully a moment and murmured:

"Smith and Robinson and Thompson and Anderson and Peterson, and almost all the live ones, were there."

If it were the fashion to be hanged, no one with a proper mental attitude toward the world would wish to miss it.

The Battle With the Books

LOOK through any newspaper and you will find many enticing bids for your spare time and your spare change. The theater, with paid advertisements and columns of gossip and pictures printed as news, is always inviting you and, broadly speaking, always getting you. In open weather there is an ever-standing and ever-eloquent invitation to the baseball park. You are constantly made aware that there is much pleasure in machines which reproduce the human voice and instrumental music. The enjoyments of moving pictures are daily represented to you. Words and pictures continually suggest the fun you can have with an automobile. Railroads and hotels are always talking to you through the printed page of the allurements of travel.

Amid this powerful chorus of invitations the most dependable and enjoyable recreation known to man—acquaintance with permanent literature—makes only an occasional thin chirp. Once a week, perhaps, there will be a few advertisements of books, mainly new novels, and a couple of columns of comment thereon. That drama, sports, travel, music, and much else, are contained in the pasteboard covers of certain old books is not mentioned.

Mr. Carnegie invested a hundred million dollars or so in libraries. The investment of one-twentieth of that sum in the best means that could be devised for getting people into that part of the libraries containing standard literature would go a long way toward doubling the social value of the donation.

The Big Day of Little Business

BROADER FIELDS FOR THE SMALL MAN TO MAKE HIS START

By James H. Collins

WHEN prosperity burst on this country fifteen years ago it brought a new sort of circus giant. If corporations are to be financed in the hundreds of millions there must be personalities behind them. Popular imagination demands it; so the special writers and story-tellers got busy as soon as the trusts were formed and created the new hero of Big Business.

They pictured him as a man about a mile high, with ways that were superhuman and inscrutable. He sat at a desk and buzzed for things over a whole continent. Destiny was his office boy and presidents and kings his messengers. When he thought he knitted his brows tensely; when he spoke his jaws came together with a snap; and when he made a decision he shot a glance and brought his fist down with a bang.

He was a thoroughly modern circus giant, complete and satisfying in every way. Barnum would have loved him; and, true to the element of the showman in his nature, he humbugged the public, taking its money for stocks that afterward proved more or less worthless.

Fifteen years of this kind of thing has made Big Business so dominant in the American imagination that a good many people assume that Little Business is extinct. Even among business men themselves statements like the following are constantly repeated as profound truths—though they are really fearful bromides:

A young fellow has no opportunity to go into business for himself nowadays.

Everything is done on such a big scale that he could not get capital to start with.

Even if he got money to make a start, big competitors would soon freeze him out or gobble him up.

The day of the small man and the individual is over.

Meantime, Little Business flourishes. It has thrived through the whole period of the circus giant who has now passed on to Valhalla. Thousands of small concerns have come into existence and grown great in the very shadow of Big Business during the past decade, while thousands more are being started to-day and will succeed along lines peculiar to to-day, which in point of opportunities is unique. All the general statistics, as well as the personal observation of anybody who will take the trouble to look round his own neighborhood, prove that Little Business has chances as good as ever and better if it knows how to make the right start and how to keep going.

Anybody Who Will Take the Trouble to Look Round Will Find That Little Business Has Chances as Good as Ever and Better

The census enumerates about twenty billion dollars' worth of manufacturing in the United States. The forty chief groups range from meats, with more than a billion and a third dollars in products, down to leather goods, with a hundred millions. Only a few of these groups have anything in the nature of trusts steel, oil, tobacco, and so on. The total output of groups with trusts comes to less than four billion dollars; and, as it is a mighty big trust nowadays that enjoys fifty per cent of the business in its industry, there is probably less than two billion dollars' worth of manufacturing that falls even under the suspicion of monopoly, leaving a tidy eighteen billions for the average business concern, big or little. And new business in manufactured goods grows at the rate of more than a billion dollars a year in this country.

Success in Spite of Competition

A BIG corporation making electrical apparatus recently compiled some figures that show the health of Little Business in its field. Twenty-five years ago it made and sold three-quarters of all the electrical apparatus. Fifteen years ago its share had dropped to one-third and to-day it has less than one-quarter.

This decrease is really growth, for in that period the industry has grown from six million dollars' worth of products a year to a quarter of a billion. In 1890 this company had only seventy-five competitors. To-day it has more than twelve hundred in the manufacturing field, and, if distributing concerns that handle none of its products are counted, more than three thousand.

Another illustration of how things have gone with the original trusts is taken from the steel business. When the Steel Trust was formed, fifteen years ago, stunning the imagination by its size and apparent invincibility, about ninety per cent of all the stuff made in the steel business was common steel of pretty near standard type—that is, one steel mill could make it about as well as another, and most of the advantage lay with the big mill, which enjoyed economies in manufacturing and selling. But to-day, it is estimated, not more than half of the steel turned out is of standard type. Special and alloy steels have come into the industry. Steel is worked up into countless specialized products that fall naturally into the province of the manufacturer who centers on one thing or a group of things.

The automobile industry alone, springing from nothing since the Steel Trust was created, has brought into existence thousands of concerns which are now making steel products that could not even have been foreseen fifteen years ago by any kind of technical clairvoyant. Many a young fellow in college in 1900 stood gaping while Mr. Morgan apparently put a fence round the steel business. To-day that young fellow is running a prosperous little steel-products plant miles and miles outside the fence. The controlling factor in the steel business has continued to be, not bonds but intelligence.

One more broad illustration is found in the cracker business. While the trust making was going on farsighted leaders in the baking industry gathered together many scattered cracker plants, which were ruining each other by blind competition, and formed a corporation that seemed certain to monopolize most of the business through its very size and resources. Products were packed in new ways that put small concerns at a disadvantage. They were distributed with a new aggressiveness. The big company's organization was a magnet to all the capable men. Yet during the past ten years another large cracker concern has been built up in the very shadow of the trust, and was probably made possible by its development of the industry.

It is figured that our cracker business amounts to eighty-five million dollars a year. Of this the largest concern has forty-odd millions, the next largest half as much, while from twelve to fifteen million dollars is shared by scattered cracker bakeries that do a local business in various sections of the country. Many of them are small and run by enterprising young fellows who hold their own, and within the next ten years probably some of them will grow into concerns large enough to do business on a national scale, like the big fellows.

Another side light on Little Business is found in statistics of incorporation. For some reason, smashing big corporations of the true trust type are seldom organized nowadays. Hundred-million-dollar enterprises are uncommon, and there is a startling decrease in the ten-million-dollar class, and even the million-dollar concerns; but corporations capitalized at about one hundred thousand dollars show a decided increase, as do smaller ones. The growth of corporations, contrasted with partnerships, has often been cited as proof that the individual and the small firm stand little chance in business nowadays; but this really proves nothing, for the small-partnership type of business is most conveniently conducted as a corporation and the tendency shows merely a new form of business organization.

There are certain lines of business in which the small man stands a slender chance. He is not likely to get very far if he embarks in railroading as an individual, for instance; while such fields as the telegraph and telephone seem to be best suited to national operations by great companies. But even these semimonopolistic industries create opportunities for thousands of small men.

Granted that opportunities exist, how is the individual to get into business for himself nowadays? What does he need? What must he do? Where can he take hold? How is he to get money?

In a general way he needs three things—experience, ideas and money. If he has the first two, the third will often come of itself.

The Great Cause of Commercial Failures

LACK of experience is responsible for more failures than any other single factor. Thousands on thousands of ambitious young fellows put their savings and hearts into enterprises that have been selected because they looked promising from the outside—because other people are making money in those lines—sometimes because they seem easy. Inexperience leads the beginner to start with very hazy notions about where he is going.

A reporter on a daily newspaper wanted to become an editor and publisher on his own hook. He was industrious and had several thousand dollars laid away. There was no hope of his acquiring a daily paper, for that takes large capital; so he turned to another field of publishing where newspaper men are succeeding as individuals—the trade journal. He had no experience of trade journals, however, and instead of spending a year or two with some big organization in that line, to learn how things are done, put all his money into a new publication of his own planning. This was a weekly journal for window trimmers.

Now, trade journals exist very largely on their advertising and the value of their advertising space is governed by the purchasing power of their readers. Managers, superintendents, engineers and other executives buy great quantities of equipment and supplies and, therefore, the value of advertising space in the technical journals they read is high. The window-trimming weekly did not last long. It was aimed at men who do not purchase much merchandise or equipment; so advertising space was hard to sell.

Furthermore, the technic of window display was already covered by general trade journals; so it was difficult to interest them even as readers. A little experience in that kind of publishing would have fitted the reporter to start with better chances of success.

The keyword in present-day business is Ideas.

When a new concern started out a generation ago it usually entered some staple branch of manufacturing or distribution and fought for its share of an established trade; but now the whole trend of our business is toward new kinds of goods and new forms of service. Consumption is enlarged by creative effort that means more comfort and convenience to the public. Good ideas put the breath of life into the new business at the start and keep it going in healthy vigor.

How a good idea, backed by experience, commands capital, and succeeds even against handicaps, is shown in the case of a new automobile factory started not long ago. The idea was rather in the air, but a young man connected with the selling department of a large automobile company

(Continued on Page 40)

THE BLUE-SKY COMPANY

Back to the Land—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Eighty Dollars is My Price. What Happens After I Get That is No Affair of Mine"

IMPULSIVE young Billy Wiggins was full of dissatisfaction and resentment. His broad, snub-nosed face showed that plainly. He had pushed his derby hat as far back on his head as it would go, and he was lowering with the bulldoggy air of an afflicted man who has stood just about all he is going to.

"I thought you had an idea," he said severely. "I've been loafing round here eating my head off the last two weeks on that supposition. I'd have struck out on my own hook days ago," he added bitterly, "if I'd known your idea was just to play faro all night and yawn all day."

In fact, Albert Lamb, to whom these cutting remarks were addressed, was yawning at the moment as he sprawled in an armchair, his long legs thrust out in front of him, wearing dressing gown and slippers at a quarter-past three in the afternoon.

"I haven't felt like working, Billy," Lamb replied plaintively. "The weather's so rotten!"

He shivered over it as he stared out of the window at a cold, drizzling rain driven slantwise by a stiff wind. Now and then a torn fog-wraith drifted past the pane. Lamb lazily stretched his neck to look down at the opposite flagging. The gutter ran with water, and an occasional pedestrian, huddling under an umbrella, hastened dismally by. They were sitting in the parlor of Lamb's shabby suite at the Hotel Eulalia, which had been Mrs. Casey's boarding house before the Exposition. Dropping back in the chair, Lamb hugged the dressing gown about his lean frame.

"Nobody could work on a day like this," he affirmed with conviction, as though he had just tried it and been beaten back.

"But it's only the last two days that it's been like this!" Billy Wiggins retorted ruthlessly.

Lamb essayed to answer, but the words were lost in a yawn that seemed to humiliate him. After a moment he murmured reflectively:

"I don't lose anything to speak of at faro."

"Well, you don't make anything to speak of, do you?" his younger companion inquired aggressively.

Lamb sighed and replied absently:

"It passes the time. I did cut something out of a newspaper a week or so ago," he added torpidly before young Wiggins could hurl another reproach at him. "I was going to look it up as soon as the weather got better."

"Where is it?" Wiggins demanded peremptorily.

"You might look in the writing desk over there," Lamb suggested, and stared blankly out of the window while Billy vigorously rummaged the ancient black-walnut desk. "Say, Billy," he coaxed presently without turning his head, "just hand me my pipe and tobacco and a match—that's a good fellow. I've been wanting to smoke for an hour"; and as he felt rather than saw his companion's scornful glower, he explained encouragingly: "It was about a quarter of a column long and the headline was something about a town election up in Oregon."

Mr. Wiggins put tobacco jar, pipe and match-safe on the arm of the chair and found the clipping about the time Lamb indolently managed to get his pipe lighted. It was about a special election at Gibbon, Oregon, and it set forth that the town was divided into factions by the rivalry of two land and development concerns.

"Yes, that's it," Lamb commented, having glanced at the clipping. "You might get hold of Molly. Have her go over to the Oregon Building at the Exposition and find out all she can about that town. Tell her to drift all round there and rubber her head off. Very likely she'll run across somebody from that town or near there. Tell her we want to know all about the town. She's a good little scout. She'll land the stuff all right. But there's no hurry, you know, Billy," he concluded soothingly. "I wouldn't send her out on a rotten day like this."

"I'll take her in a cab and a wheel-chair," Wiggins announced. "I'm tired of loafing myself."

"And did you find somebody in New York that can be depended upon to mail a letter and send a telegram according to instructions?" Lamb inquired.

"New York!" Billy Wiggins snorted. "You never mentioned such a thing. I've no more idea what you're up to than the man in the moon! How was I to know anything about New York?"

"Well, we've got to get somebody," Lamb replied mildly. "Molly can send letters and telegrams from here. And I say, Billy," he coaxed, as the impetuous young man bolted for the door, "just look round the sofa there and see if you can find me a book with a gray cover—Plays by August Strindberg is the title. It's like faro, you know— keeps you guessing just enough so you don't care what time it is."

He rubbed his shoulder, against which the book impinged sharply an instant before the door slammed on young Mr. Wiggins. Then, by sliding down in the chair until he sat on the small of his back, he managed to fish the volume up from the floor, and opened it with a gentle sigh of content.

The sun was shining when Billy Wiggins stepped from the train at Gibbon, Oregon, which he might have taken as a happy omen, for the days frequently began with fog up there. The new town made a rather straggling little patch in the middle of a long, pleasant valley, with a mountain in the background and wooded, mountainous hills on either side. For a long way both east and west of the railroad the level floor of the valley was quite thickly planted with young orchards. The railroad tracks cut the town in two. In enterprising anticipation of future needs Main Street was paved with asphalt for half a mile on each side of them. All told, a score of business structures, mainly of wood, stood along it, with wide gaps between them. West of the tracks an enormous billboard with black letters on a yellow field invited you to buy fruit lands, either improved or unimproved, from Mr. Eliphat Gibbon. East of the track a boarding of even huger dimensions offered fruit lands, improved or unimproved, in the name of the Murphy Land Company.

The morning train arrived at the convenient hour of eight-fifteen, and townsmen on their leisurely way to the day's work sometimes lingered a moment to see it come in. On this particular sunshiny morning fifteen or twenty persons stood in front of the small frame station. Billy, as the only stranger and the only Pullman passenger who alighted that morning, naturally attracted their cursory notice. Then they observed that the large yellow bag which he handed to the porter of the Hotel Oregon was plastered all over with foreign hotel and boat labels. With a deeper prick of curiosity they looked again at the broad-faced, snub-nosed, square-shouldered, slightly smiling owner of the bag.

Billy's twinkling little eyes at once fixed upon a coatless and hatless man with a lead pencil over his ear and a sheaf of yellow railroad envelopes in his pudgy hand.

The man was chubby and red-faced, with a bushy red mustache, and as he spoke to the person beside him he grinned broadly. Billy guessed he was the station agent and of a sociable, loquacious disposition, so addressed him with resonant good humor:

"Have you a telegram for William P. Wiggins?"

"Yes, yes; just came in; I'll get it for you," the agent answered, and from his manner one might easily gather that the message and the person to whom it was addressed struck him as being of exceptional importance. He hastened into the little station, in fact, and hastened out again, message in hand. "Never got one like that before," he observed sociably as he handed it over.

Billy grinned with good-humored condescension and replied in his resonant voice: "You'll get quite a number like it as long as I stay here."

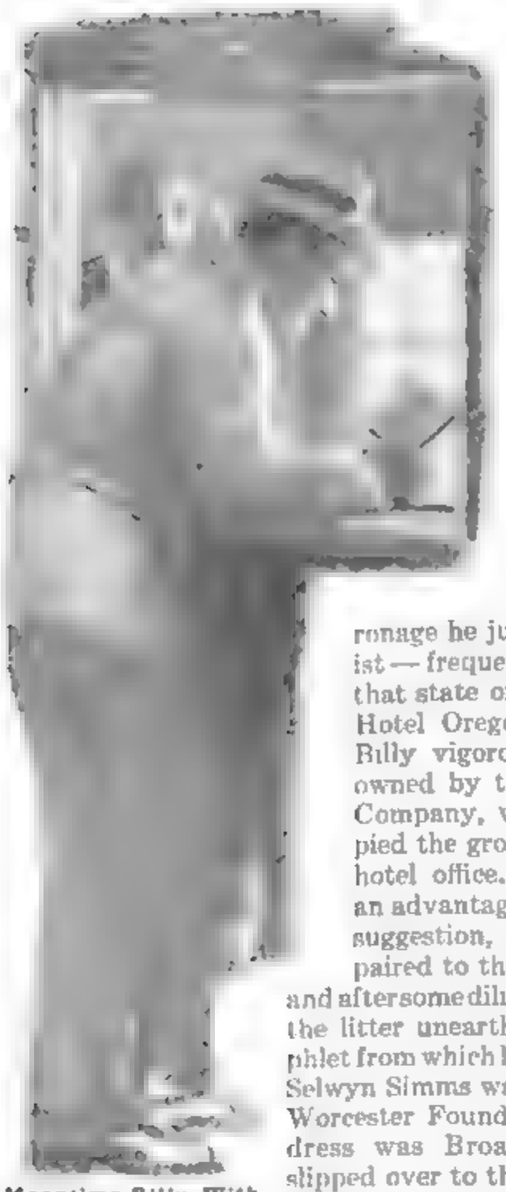
Standing sturdily, with feet well apart, and tearing the envelope, he was aware of a subtle flutter of excitement among the onlookers. None of them could see that the message which he unfolded was dated New York and signed "Simms," but everybody could see that it covered the whole telegraph blank. Also they could see him take from his breast pocket a thin little book bound in flexible red leather and turn its leaves as he looked up words in the message—by which operation Samuel Barclay, proprietor of the Gibbon Weekly Guardian, and several others knew the message was in cipher.

Having at length deciphered the sheet, Billy thrust it into the hands of the fascinated negro porter of the Hotel Oregon, saying: "Hold this a minute; I've got to send an answer." When he disappeared into the station the fascinated porter permitted Mr. Barclay and several others to peep at the message. The New York date line, the address "William P. Wiggins, Gibbon, Oregon," and the signature "Simms" were plain enough; but all the rest was strange, unrelated words.

Meantime Billy, with the aid of his code book, was composing a telegram which he finally handed over to the red-faced and profoundly interested station agent. It ran:

Selwyn Simms, Secretary Worcester Foundation, Broadway, New York. Apples engage knife. Anticipate million barrels. Railroad propitious.

Besides being proprietor of the Gibbon Weekly Guardian, Samuel Barclay was also the perambulatory central station of the town's gossip, and a neighbor, fishing companion and fellow lodge member of the red-faced depot master. When Billy left, Barclay strolled into the station with a casual air; and in strict confidence the agent showed him Billy's wire. Having read it, Mr. Barclay ran out and



Meantime Billy, With His Code Book, Was Composing a Telegram

joined the group of half a dozen or so who were watching Billy stride vigorously down the street beside the lanky negro porter.

The editor was in a rather excited state of mind. His perilous efforts to observe a fair neutrality between the rival land concerns—upon whose combined patronage he just managed to exist—frequently put him in that state of mind. Now, the Hotel Oregon, toward which Billy vigorously strode, was owned by the Murphy Land Company, whose office occupied the ground floor next the hotel office. That suggested an advantage. Pondering the suggestion, Mr. Barclay repaired to the Guardian office, and after some diligent search among the litter unearthed a dusty pamphlet from which he ascertained that Selwyn Simms was secretary of the Worcester Foundation and the address was Broadway. He then slipped over to the office of Eliphat Gibbon and spoke confidentially to the proprietor. Slipping out, he went eastward so rapidly that when he arrived at the office of the Murphy Land Company he had just breath enough left for a little confidential speech with the president. He next slipped into the office of the Hotel Oregon and stared at the big yellow bag, plastered with foreign labels, which lay on the floor by the desk. Tugging at his drooping brown mustache, he wondered if his morning's neutral work wouldn't be good for a ten-dollar boost from each side—which would just meet the overdue ink bill.

After breakfast Billy strolled with a casual air into the adjoining office of the Murphy Land Company, where he encountered Mr. Tarbell, the salesman, of whom he asked many questions concerning the soil, climate and fertility of the valley. He at length accepted Mr. Tarbell's urgent invitation to look the valley over.

"Let's get some good cigars first," he gurgled sociably, linking his arm into the salesman's and leading him to the hotel office. So, under Mr. Tarbell's eyes, he opened the yellow bag with foreign labels and extracted a handful of cigars. "I may want to make some notes," he commented, searching further through the bag. "Oh, well, this will do," he added, carelessly gathering up a dozen sheets of notepaper and thrusting them into his coat pocket.

During their drive, in a battered and mud-spattered car, Mr. Tarbell explained why the up-valley lands lying east of the railroad were much superior to the down-valley lands lying west of the railroad. He also described to Billy the many peculiarities of Mr. Eliphat Gibbon—all of which, it seemed, were either highly ridiculous or highly disagreeable. When the time came to make notes Billy pulled the folded sheets from his pocket and Mr. Tarbell noticed they bore a neatly engraved letterhead—to wit: "The Worcester Foundation, Broadway, New York." At the end of the drive Billy permitted himself to be introduced to Mr. Murphy, president of the land company.

After midday dinner he walked downstreet and strolled with a casual air into the office of Eliphat Gibbon, where he encountered Mr. Trotter, a salesman, of whom he asked many questions concerning soil, climate and productivity, and with whom he graciously bumped over the western end of the valley in a battered and muddy car. During the drive Mr. Trotter explained why the down-valley lands lying west of the railroad were much superior to those lying east, and favored him with various particulars concerning Mr. Murphy—all of them to that gentleman's disadvantage. Billy made some notes on his neatly engraved letterhead and at the end of the drive permitted himself to be introduced to Mr. Gibbon.

It was after this comparison of the two proprietors that he observed enigmatically to the landlord of the Hotel Oregon:

"Mr. Murphy is a pretty good fellow. I'm going to do him a favor"—a remark which the landlord repeated to the subject of it at the first opportunity.

The next day, however, he called upon Mr. Gibbon as well as upon Mr. Murphy in fact, called twice and spent the better part of an hour each time satisfying his curiosity about valley lands. It was during the second call that the lanky negro porter of the Hotel Oregon, following Billy's instructions for such a contingency, intruded with a bulky special-delivery letter that had just reached the hotel. Billy did not open the long envelope, but used it to gesticulate with, so Mr. Gibbon noted that its upper left-hand corner bore the return card of the Worcester Foundation, Broadway, New York.

Billy himself said no word to Mr. Gibbon or to anyone else as to whence he came or what his business was. For all he said he might have been just a city clerk on a vacation, with a lively but purposeless interest in fruit lands.

He perceived, however, with modest satisfaction, that he was already an object of deep interest to pretty much the whole population. When he walked along the street adults turned to look at him or peeped from shop windows, while children of a naïve age stood round-eyed in his path. Upon Samuel Barclay he exercised a positive fascination. The editor was always circling round the Hotel Oregon, awaiting an opportunity to engage him in conversation. As the object of this attention overflowed with a free and easy geniality, quite a little intimacy at once sprang up between the two.

It was the evening of this second day, as they were sitting in the hotel lobby, that the editor with wonderful ingenuity worked J. Andrew Worcester into the conversation; whereupon Billy told him a string of personal anecdotes of the great philanthropist, and finally, in a confidential burst, pulled from his pocket a massive watch, the color of gold, showing the editor the inscription inside the case: "To William P. Wiggins, on his twenty-eighth birthday. J. A. W."

"But that," he added, holding up an admonitory finger, "is strictly between ourselves. I'm thinking of buying a big chunk of land here," he added under his breath, "and I don't want the price cracked up on me."

In even stricter confidence Mr. Barclay repeated the words to Mr. Gibbon the first thing in the morning.

That morning Billy was again shown into Mr. Gibbon's private office. It was an odd sort of room for that longitude. There was a fireplace, and although wood was plentiful and coal dear, it was equipped with a grate to burn coal like the grates one often sees in English offices.

The Address and the Signature Were Certainly Plain Enough

Half a dozen colored sporting prints, very English, adorned the walls. The proprietor wore a black velvet jacket, a round standing collar and prim black bow tie. He was a dumpy gentleman with a parchment face, deeply lined about the mouth in a manner that suggested petulance. He was smooth-shaven except for a strip of gray whisker in front of each ear; his white eyebrows were shaggy and gray hair rumpled aggressively up over an ample brow. Billy seated himself with a solemn face and addressed the proprietor impressively:

"Mr. Gibbon, I want your very lowest spot-cash price on that thirty-one hundred acres of unimproved land at the lower end of the valley." But before the proprietor could reply he added in anxious confidence: "The price must be right, Mr. Gibbon; the price must be right. I am in a rather peculiar position here"—he frowned perplexedly—"but I want to deal with you if I possibly can; and I can, you see, if you'll just name me the right price."

Mr. Gibbon softly cleared his throat. As a matter of fact, fruit land had not been selling at all briskly the last eighteen months, and though he had indulged some exciting expectations in respect of Mr. Wiggins, he had hardly dared dream of so tremendous a stroke as the sale for cash of thirty-one hundred acres. He wondered how low a price he must name.

"It would make some difference, Mr. Wiggins," he fished cautiously, "whether you intended to hold the land for speculation or improve and settle it."

"Oh, this is no speculation, Mr. Gibbon," Billy replied with an amused smile at the idea. "Personally I have nothing to conceal," he went on, his perplexity returning; "but I don't mind saying to you in confidence that I am under instructions. Now suppose—just suppose, mind you"—he struggled with the difficult problem, frowning over it—"well, just suppose there was going to be a colonization scheme here that might lead to awfully

Mr. Trotter Explained Why the Down-Valley Lands Lying West of the Railroad Were Much Superior to Those Lying East

Hansenbilt Washable Leather Gloves

For semi-dress occasions: elegant, practical. Wash them in soap and water: they dry out soft and shapely as new.

Every man who wears a Hansen glove of any type gets a new light on the possibilities of glove service. Modish style, correct fit, ample protection, plenty of finger and wrist freedom, and "Built Like a Hand."

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Write for the Hansen book on our wide variety of gloves and mittens for motoring and dress, for driving and general-service purposes. Leading dealers are Hansen dealers. Write for free book to select your style.

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important results. Say some three thousand acres of this land was taken in hand and improved and set out to fruit trees in the very best way, regardless of the cost; and then divided up into ten-acre orchards and settled with three hundred families—families, Mr. Gibbon, of the right sort of stock." He leaned on the table, looking earnestly at the proprietor, and lowered his voice. "We are getting an awful lot of foreign riffraff in this country, Mr. Gibbon. Imagine a settlement, now—as an experiment, as a beginning, you might say—of three hundred families of sturdy English and Scotch stock!"

From Mr. Tarbell, Mr. Trotter, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Barclay he had learned that very pronounced views on the immigration subject constituted one of Mr. Gibbon's chief hobbies. And as Mr. Gibbon drew in his thin lips in a manner expressing intense satisfaction, Billy blurted out:

"If these people are coming in here they ought to come in the right atmosphere and be under the right sort of influence, as you might say. I don't want to deal with Murphy if I can help it."

"Oh, Murphy! Murphy!" the proprietor exclaimed, waving his plump white hands in front of his face as though dispelling a noxious vapor. "Irish! Irish!" he added in a sort of hiss, as though the scorn which he compressed into the word were escaping like steam from a leaky cylinder. He spanked the table smartly with the flat of his hand and asserted with much bitterness:

"I made this valley, Mr. Wiggins! I discovered it, as you might say! I bought it, developed it, settled it! Everything that's decent here I did! Then, after I had made the valley out of nothing, that cunning fellow—a mere bogtrotter, as a matter of fact; a fellow of no antecedents at all—sneaked in here and bought a lot of land over west there that I was going to buy myself. Not that it's good for much, but I was going to buy it for protection. He bought it and began selling right and left to any sort of ragtag and bobtail—anybody at all. He dumped his riffraff in here, you understand, and just about ruined the valley. I had great plans for this valley, Mr. Wiggins. I was going to run it myself. You can see what it's come to now!" His face darkened still more and the petulant lines about his mouth deepened. "That bogtrotter has even got among my own people with his palaver and chicane. By jove, he carried our special election this winter! You can see what they've brought politics to all over this unfortunate country. My word, I've been almost at the point of throwing the thing up and going back to a country where a gentleman can live in peace!"

As a matter of fact—as Mr. Tarbell and Mr. Murphy had taken pains to let Billy know—Mr. Gibbon was born in Manitoba and had first crossed the Atlantic in his forty-fifth year, his second and last crossing occurring ten years later.

"Exactly," said Billy, nodding in grave sympathy; "but you see with settlers of the right sort that would be changed."

"It would be changed!" Mr. Gibbon repeated, drawing in his lips with keen satisfaction. "Mr. Wiggins, I'll sell you that land at eighty dollars an acre."

He expected to come down ten; but Billy at once beamed with pleasure.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Mr. Gibbon!" he declared with much relief. "Very glad to hear you say it. At eighty dollars an acre I can deal with you, I am sure of it. Of course Mr. Murphy has some twenty-nine hundred acres at the upper end of the valley that might answer in a way. You can understand that it's my duty to look the whole field over and see what's on the market before I close a deal. I am really bound to do that, you know."

Mr. Gibbon nodded understandingly.

"Probably you can understand too," Billy went on gravely, "that a board of directors thousands of miles away can't take in all the facts of the situation as I can here. What they would look at would naturally be just the surface facts—price of the land, location, and so on. It might take a lot of explaining, you know, to show them the finer facts—the atmosphere and all that. But it's clear enough to me, Mr. Gibbon, that those finer facts are the most important thing in the situation. I am looking at it in a large way, you understand, thinking how this undertaking will finally do the most good to—er—humanity."

Again Mr. Gibbon nodded with understanding and satisfaction.

"So I feel perfectly justified," Billy concluded, "in just ignoring the Murphy land altogether and going ahead with you. This whole deal, Mr. Gibbon, is on a high plane, above the mere consideration of dollars and cents."

For the third time Mr. Gibbon wagged his head in sympathetic approval.

"At eighty dollars an acre," Billy observed, "I can put the thing through, I'm dead sure of that. In fact, I will take it upon myself to say it's as good as done now—provided, of course, the title is clear," he added firmly.

"The title is perfect," Mr. Gibbon assured him.

"Well, it's as good as done," Billy declared; "and it will be a great thing for this valley, Mr. Gibbon. At eighty dollars an acre ——" He broke off and thoughtfully studied the table a moment. "In fact, Mr. Gibbon," he resumed gravely, "I'll put it through at eighty-five dollars an acre. I am working my head off in this business," he explained with an earnest expression. "I don't say I would have chosen it myself. I would have preferred to stay in Wall Street. But my father, for personal reasons—old association, you know—wanted me to go into it. It has left my personal affairs in rather unsatisfactory shape, and while I feel that I'm engaged in a great work I naturally want to get my own little affairs straightened out. That will enable me to work with a more undivided mind. Of course there's no harm in it at all. My principals get this land on favorable terms. They get full value received for their money. And you get your full price of eighty dollars an acre in cash."

"That," said Mr. Gibbon, "is all I have to do with it. Eighty dollars is my price. What happens after I get that is no affair of mine."

"Certainly," said Billy. "Doctor Lamb will take title to the land for the present. Make the deed to Albert Lamb, of Pocantico Hills, Westchester County, New York. Of course you will make the consideration in the deed eighty-five dollars an acre. Then you will send the deed and abstract to the Colossal Trust Company, with a sight draft attached for the purchase price at eighty-five dollars an acre."

Having made a memorandum on his pad Mr. Gibbon contemplated it and was unable to restrain a brittle and frosty sort of smile as he softly stroked either cheek with a plump hand.

"You can give me a little memorandum now," said Billy, "and when your sight draft is paid we can settle between ourselves. You might make it just in the form of an option. Say: 'I agree to sell W. P. Wiggins thirty-one hundred acres, in the lower end of the valley, at eighty dollars an acre'—just a mere memorandum, you know, so there can be no misunderstanding."

Mr. Gibbon wrote it on a sheet of his note paper. With a glance at the sheet Billy folded it and put it in his pocket. "I will send a night wire this afternoon," he said, "and mail a detailed report. As soon as I get a wire from them you can forward deed, abstract and sight draft." He took his hat from the table and his broad, snub-nosed face expanded in a genial grin. "I feel, Mr. Gibbon," he observed, rising, "that we have done a good stroke of business."

Rising, Mr. Gibbon wrung his hand with unusual warmth.

There was only the matter then of awaiting a reply from New York. Late the next afternoon Billy was able to show Mr. Gibbon a telegram in code which proved that his night wire had been received with complete satisfaction. "Will wire immediately on receipt of mail report," it concluded as Billy interpreted the code words.

"Of course it's really all settled now," he explained good-naturedly, "but in a great concern of that kind they think it's necessary to go through all the motions. By the way, I had a letter from Doctor Lamb this morning. He's in Los Angeles on his way to San Francisco. Wants me to meet him there when I get through here. I calculate my mail report will get to New York Thursday, so we ought to have the final wire Friday morning."

It was dull waiting, and nothing noteworthy happened until Wednesday afternoon, when Billy called upon Mr. Gibbon with a perplexed expression.

"I don't quite understand this," he said rather uneasily, exhibiting a telegram in code. "It says Doctor Lamb is coming up from San Francisco to complete this purchase and I am to take no steps whatever

5130 4130

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We have in the store a line of blue serge suits made in two weights, by one of the oldest and largest clothing houses in the country.

For several years the makers have specialized on these suits, "4130" at $18.50 and "5130" at $15. Their large output and scientific methods have given the buyer of men's medium-priced clothes more real value in blue serge than was thought possible. Regardless of the increase in the price of wool, they remain the same in quality and prices.

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Whether you are partial to blue or not, come in and look at our stock of Clothcraft. There are many other fabrics and patterns at $10 to $25.

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CLOTHCRAFT ALL WOOL CLOTHES
$10 to $25 Ready to Wear
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BENT bones—which mean corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, callouses, falling arch, etc., etc.? Or *straight* bones—which mean solid comfort and freedom from corns, bunions and all foot ills?

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until he comes. Of course Doctor Lamb is a tremendous fellow," he commented, "but he doesn't know anything in particular about business. This is Wednesday, so I suppose he will get here Friday. By that time we should have an answer from New York. We ought to close the thing up quick, you see, and get Doctor Lamb out of town again. I don't want him to fall into the hands of that blarneying Murphy. We might both meet him at the train Friday."

But the very next morning a tall, slender man, with a long and rather handsome face set in a solemn expression, stepped off the train, handed his bag to the porter of the Gibbon Inn and wrote Albert Lamb, New York, in a fine hand upon the inn register. After breakfast he inquired the way to the Hotel Oregon and bent his steps thither. Returning about half past nine he entered Mr. Gibbon's office, handed a card to the stenographer and asked to see the proprietor. The card read: "Albert Lamb, D. D., LL. D., Ph. D."

He addressed the proprietor in a mellifluous voice with urbane dignity: "I came here, Mr. Gibbon, to take up the matter of a purchase of land which Mr. Wiggins has been negotiating with you. I should like, if you please, to see the land."

The doctor's manner was so sweetly impressive that Mr. Gibbon, in a noticeably flustered state, proposed at once to show the land himself. Dodging nervously into the outer office he ordered drooping Mr. Trotter, with superfluous imperiousness, to fetch up the car.

The hour's drive vastly strengthened the first impression which Mr. Gibbon had received. Doctor Lamb, with the most charming urbanity, was charmed with the climate, charmed with the scenery, charmed with the little fruit trees and charmed with the land which Mr. Wiggins had selected. It was evident to experienced Mr. Gibbon that he knew nothing at all about land as a means of producing marketable goods, and that phase of it seemed scarcely to occur to him.

"It is a great satisfaction and relief to me, Mr. Gibbon," said the doctor gently, "to find the land so suitable in every way. And the price ——" Murmuring, "Pray, pardon me," he drew from his breast pocket a telegram that covered three long typewritten sheets, and a thin book, bound in flexible leather, such as Mr. Gibbon had seen Mr. Wiggins use. Consulting the book he searched through the telegram. "Yes, the price is eighty-five dollars an acre."

Mr. Gibbon nodded and repeated: "Eighty-five dollars an acre."

"Well, then," said the doctor, "I see no reason why the matter should not be concluded at once, as I am really much pressed for time."

Mr. Gibbon grasped the arms of his chair and gathered himself, so to speak, for a daring leap. "I hope, Doctor Lamb," he said in a voice which he strove to control, "I would consider it an honor, and so would Mrs. Gibbon, if you would dine with us—say to-morrow evening," he added hastily, having in mind the quite tremendous preparations that would be necessary for so tremendous an event.

Oddly enough he had wished much to extend a like invitation to young Mr. Wiggins, yet had hesitated. But this greater personage's manner was so captivating that with him he actually dared.

"Very kind of you, I am sure," said the greater personage urbanely; "I shall be happy—if I stay over, for I really must leave at the first moment."

"I shall ask Mr. Wiggins too," said the proprietor, as though that were due.

Doctor Lamb folded his slim hands and laid them on the edge of the table, contemplating them a moment with bowed head. "No, Mr. Gibbon," he said in a low and mournful voice; "not Mr. Wiggins. It is a sad and painful situation, Mr. Gibbon." He sighed and looked up at the proprietor with eyes and visage so dolorous that a stone might have wept over them. "I have been obliged to speak to Mr. Wiggins this morning as I had hoped never to speak to anyone."

"Why, I thought—I thought," stammered astonished Mr. Gibbon, "that Mr. Wiggins was a fine young man."

Doctor Lamb closed his sorrowful eyes, passed a slim hand over his brow and considered a moment. "William Wiggins," he said mournfully, "is a young man of many good qualities. But he served an apprenticeship in Wall Street and I fear that has corrupted him. We can trust him no more—at least not at present. Mr. Gibbon, we have discovered—to our consternation and sorrow—that he entered into collusion with a base rascal down at Los Angeles to deceive as to the price of some property he purchased for us."

Mr. Gibbon's jaw dropped and his parchment face turned whiter.

"This low mongrel," the doctor continued with a kind of angelic scorn, "sold us the property at one price, but he had secretly given William Wiggins a lower price and he paid William the difference. I blame William, blame him very severely, but I blame the tempter more. It is discouraging, in an undertaking as lofty and benevolent as ours, to find fellows of no principle at all who will take advantage of us in that way. I would have no dealings with such a man under any circumstances. That, Mr. Gibbon," he concluded sadly, "is the case of young William Wiggins. He is young and may regenerate himself. Time alone will tell."

The doctor clasped his slim hands again and for a moment was lost in melancholy reflections, while Mr. Gibbon sat paralyzed. He then brought himself back to earth, consulting his watch.

"It is just eleven," he commented. "I will send a wire to New York immediately and hope to have a reply this afternoon, so I can take the seven o'clock train this evening back to San Francisco. I really ought to take it." He arose briskly, shook hands with a winning smile and hastened out, leaving Mr. Gibbon a prey to quite harrowing doubts.

He was wondering whether he should risk trying to get into communication with sinful William Wiggins. The trouble was, he hardly dared telephone, and if William came to his office Doctor Lamb might see him.

In the midst of these painful doubts a furtive tapping sounded on his door. Opening, he confronted the culprit himself, who murmured miserably as Mr. Gibbon dragged him inside and shut the door: "I came the back way."

Confronting the proprietor with a gloomy countenance the criminal declared tragically: "I'm up against it, Mr. Gibbon! I'm ruined! I took a rake-off on a deal and they found it out."

Mr. Gibbon, all of a nervous flutter, bobbed his head to signify that he understood; but seemed for the moment unable to collect himself for speech.

"I don't know whether to make a clean breast of it to Doctor Lamb on this deal of ours," the sinner continued.

Mr. Gibbon made a little prancing motion with his legs, and waved his hands violently in a way that might mean a negative or the beginning of a fit.

"The trouble with that is," William went on in dark agitation, "it would end all chance of your selling him anything and throw him over to Murphy. That's sure. I'm ruined anyhow," he added with sinister desperation, "and I don't know but I might just as well stand pat. I've got the name; maybe I might just as well have the game."

Glowering over that cynical sentiment he took Mr. Gibbon's little memorandum from his breast pocket and dropped into a chair by the table, where he figured a moment.

"Thirty-one hundred acres at five dollars an acre comes to fifteen thousand five hundred dollars," he announced, staring gloomily at the figures. "Doctor Lamb is coming down to the hotel to see me again at half past twelve. If he sees me again it's all up. Give me fifteen thousand even and I'll catch that twelve-twenty-two local train for Portland."

Coming down to the office next morning Mr. Gibbon found a little note, written on stationery of the Gibbon Inn, waiting for him. It ran:

"*Dear Mr. Gibbon:* I am obliged, after all, to take the evening train for San Francisco. Please wait until I return."

Four weeks later he received an answer to a brief inquiry he had addressed to a bank in New York with which he sometimes did business. It said:

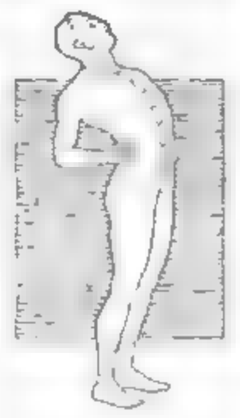
"*Dear Sir:* The secretary of the Worcester Foundation informs us that no such person as Albert Lamb has ever been connected with that institution."

Having stared for some time at this letter, Mr. Gibbon opened a drawer in his desk and took out a neat card, at which also he stared for some time. It read: "Albert Lamb, D. D., LL. D., Ph. D."

"The D. D. is the right one," said Mr. Gibbon bitterly. "I wouldn't have Murphy know this for three times what it cost me."

The 50c Underwear that's knit in the dollar way

Monday the judge



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12 Superiorities 12

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11. Full size seat
12. Big strong pearl buttons

12 Superiorities 12

Our Mayo Underwear goes into the Monday morning wash-basket. Soak all night. Boil all morning. Scrub, scrub, scr-r-rub up and down the wash-board. Squeeze through the wringer.

And—it comes back to you—how? Same size, no shrink. Same soft fleeced inner surface. Same remarkable elasticity.

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Friend: Wait a minute. Don't go so fast. I didn't know 3-in-One Oil had so many uses.

Housewife: My, yes! Why, I haven't mentioned nearly all of them. You ought to see the way 3-in-One cleans and polishes my furniture, my mirrors, windows and hardwood floors. What's more, I make my own dustless dusting cloths and polish mops and they cost me practically nothing.

Friend: You do?

Housewife: Yes, and even that isn't all. For instance, do your bath-room fixtures and steel knives and different things get rusty in the damp weather?

Friend: They surely do.

Housewife: Mine don't. I just rub them lightly with 3-in-One every once in a while.

Friend: Stop! Where did you learn about all these things you can do with 3-in-One, and how can I learn too?

Housewife: That's easy. Just write to the Three-in-One Oil Company and ask them for a 3-in-One Dictionary. They will send it by return mail and they will also send you a generous sample of 3-in-One Oil along with the Dictionary.

Friend: I'll do it right this minute. Good bye, and thank you a thousand times for telling me all this.

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42 E U W. Broadway New York

3-IN-ONE

THE SIMPLE TOURIST—YES, ISN'T HE?

(Concluded from Page 5

types—that is, they were comparatively new out there, though they used to be common enough in Europe before the war started. For example, the Family was there Mother and the Girls, and the Only Son. Mother had left some of the trunks and some of the movable crown jewels behind—of evenings she wore only one medium-weight diamond breastplate and riding lights in her ears but she still adhered to Fifi, the fur-bearing cockroach. And Lancelot was missing from the picture—Lancelot, with his buck teeth and his adenoids, and his pale, cove-oyster eye, and his funny clothes.

We rarely see Lancelot anywhere in this country any more. He is over yonder in a trench in Flanders, or in Northern France, or at the Dardanelles, or somewhere, justifying his right to life by the manner in which he surrenders it.

Once in so often Britain goes to war, and then Lancelot offers the best possible evidence that he inherited more from his ancestry than a monocle-eye and a capacity for brandy and soda. Quietly, modestly and unostentatiously he sets the example for the rest of his little island by going out and dying like a gentleman; and by dying so he proves to the world that, no matter what her detractors may say, Britain still plenteously produces that one crop which, though she lack all others, yet gives a nation the right to endure among the nations of earth—men.

On the morning of my arrival at the cañon there arrived also a lady from somewhere back East, traveling alone, who undertook to walk down the cañon and back up again the same day. One like her comes about once in so often. This lady had a determined manner and one of those figures that seem to overlap. Just by looking at her you knew that the menfolks of her family, on both sides, for several generations back had been what are known as steady providers. Also, instinctively as it were, you gathered that she was prominent in reform movements, uplift waves and clubs generally; she had that air about her.

No Mule for Her

They argued with her—the guides and others—when, after taking a look into that mighty void, she announced her intention of making the journey up and down Bright Angel Trail afoot; they tried to dissuade her. But, no; this lady was not to be deterred. She stated that she would just stroll down during the forenoon and eat her lunch, and pluck a few wild flowers at Indian Gardens, which she could see very plainly from where she stood, and then in the afternoon she would stroll back.

She outlined the undertaking quite calmly but quite positively. Mountain climbing, she said, was nothing new in her experience; she had done it before—often. She did not realize that, before a layman or a laywoman tackles the Grand Cañon afoot, the person should practice climbing up Mount Washington and sliding down it a few thousand times. And then, through long practice, when he—or she—is able to climb all the way up without panting and slide all the way down without bruising, the candidate, merely reversing the process, is almost ready to do the Grand Cañon trip under leg power. She did not realize this and she would not listen to advice.

Possibly distance deceived her. Except when Captain Hance, the official fictionist of the Grand Cañon, is stretching the truth for the benefit of a trusting tourist, everything out in that Arizona country, by reason of the rarefied atmosphere, seems much closer than it really is. Possibly she wished to save the money she must spend for a mule and a guide if she did the Bright Angel in the regular way; but where, I maintain—where is the economy of saving a dollar or so when you are going to take a pair of broad, dependable feet, such as this lady owned, and treat them in such a way that they are never again the same feet they were?

Possibly she wished to show her independence of the entire male sex. At that, she might have had a lady mule to ride; there were plenty of mules belonging to the gentler sex in the hotel corral. She had a lunch packed up and put on her walking skirt, and she adjusted her glasses and started down alone and afoot and very confident.

We started, too, but on muleback and in another direction. I was riding a mule, with a neat pompadour on her high, intellectual forehead and a carefully shingled tail, named Chiquita, meaning, in Spanish, Little One; which was a joke, because this mule was not little. The time before when I visited the cañon I rode a mule called Martha. I rode her for three days; and never after that, they told me, was she the mule she had been. She seemed to pine away and grow morose; and every time another fat man appeared in riding togs and the guide approached her, bearing a saddle, she just laid down on her side and uttered low moans. I judge she suffered from melancholia or something of that general nature; so now I had Chiquita for a mount.

We headed down the Hermit Trail. When we came to the first signpost on the journey Chiquita stopped dead still and read what it said. And when she read that we had gone only eight hundred feet below the level of the rim and had yet nearly four thousand feet to go, measuring straight downward—or nine miles as the trail run realization seemed to come to her, and she turned and put her head on my shoulder and sobbed out the sorrow of her heart. I joined with her; for I remember that it had been more than a year since I had ridden in a saddle, and this was a very hard saddle. And I am by nature most tender, if you get my meaning. There, on the narrow ledge overhanging the abysmal depths, our tears mingled.

Salting a Young Comet's Tail

Shortly afterward my attention was distracted. The scientist with the whiskers sat down in his white-duck riding pants on a cactus bed. But, before that, the young lady from Waukesha pulled her mule out of line and hurried him forward from the middle of the cavalcade to the head of it, so she might ask Shorty, who was our chief guide for that day, some questions that had been accumulating and backing up in her during the earlier stages of the expedition. She had been repeatedly assured in various quarters that she was perfectly safe, and that the trail was perfectly safe, and that everything was perfectly safe; but still she craved confirmation from an expert and experienced source.

"Now tell me honestly," she demanded: "isn't there any danger at all connected with this ride?"

"Ma'am," said Shorty seriously, "since you put it up to me that way, I ain't going to deceive you. If Slim's wife is running things down to the foot of the trail everything is all right, and you needn't worry; but if she should 'a' happened to leave camp and Slim should be doing the cooking, and we should have to eat his cooking to-night for supper, this shore is what you might call a dangerous and perilous journey."

That satisfied her for a while; but presently she saw one of those little monuments of piled-up bowlders the cañon prospectors leave behind them to mark the locations of their mining claims, and she wanted to know what that was. The guides are always set and loaded for that question; they know that sometime during the trip, sooner or later, it is coming, and they are primed for it.

"That, ma'am," said Shorty in an Alas-poor-Yorick-I-knew-him-well tone, "is the grave of a poor old trail guide."

Shorty was waiting for someone of the party to ask what caused the death of the late lamented, so that he might reply, according to the ancient ritual, that he was talked to death by tourists, when the scientist made his mistake. The scientist had joined us at the last moment, wearing an outfit of gorgeous and luxuriant red whiskers, a pair of form-fitting white-duck riding trousers, and an air of deep abstraction Why a person so concerned with the serious aspects of life elected, even for a day, to join an assorted group of more or less frivolous-minded strangers was past telling.

With half an eye, one could tell that behind the crimson ramblers lurked a mind which would see in the beauties of the heavens only an opportunity to slip up behind some playful, twittering little comet that never had done him any harm and try to throw scientific salt on its tail. To him the Grand Cañon was only worth while as offering an opportunity to prowl about it and knock little dornicks off of it with a hammer, and then to label them and classify them, and from them to try to find out their mother's age.

Figuring out the birthdays of a Grand Cañon may be an absorbing occupation to such as care for that sort of thing, but they do not make exciting companions. When they sit still and think they are static, and when they talk they are statistical.

For an hour or so he rode with us, saying never a word. Then we came to a breathing place, where the trail widened out into a little shelflike ledge hanging over a cranny a thousand feet or so deep, and he dismounted from his mule; and, the better to rest himself, he threw his person prone on the earth at a spot where intermittent desert verdure sprouted. I imagined that he specialized in astronomy and geology rather than in botany. Probably up until that time all members of the vegetable kingdom had looked alike to him.

He dropped down right where a sprout of cactus grew, which was set thick with long, prickly spines; and, as I have already told you, he was wearing snug-fitting duck pants. He rose, as you might say, practically immediately. Last fall in the German trenches before Rheims I was present when a shell from the French lines dropped almost between the straddled legs of a correspondent as he sat on a pile of turf, and at the time I thought he got from there in a fairly brisk manner; but—shucks! alongside of our scientist he was practically a stationary object. It was almost like an optical delusion.

"Oh, see," you said to yourself, "the professor is going to lie down! Now he's down—no, by Jove! he isn't; he's up! He's away up and going higher. Just see him go! Surely he won't go any higher? It isn't possible for anything human to ascend any higher on its own steam? Well, heavens alive, if he isn't up two or three feet more! Why, the man is part bird! He should take up flying as a regular thing he soars so readily and so well. Soaring is his natural gait."

The Fate of the Iron-Jawed Lady

Shorty's fears were unfounded. Slim was not doing the cooking when we reached the camp at the foot of Hermit Trail. Mrs. Slim was in charge, and very soon we discovered that she knew a good deal about bringing out the best points of biscuit dough and frying-size beefsteaks and flapjack batter. I noticed a lot of modern improvements that had taken place in the camp since my last call.

There were even some patent fire extinguishers, shaped like Roman candles, hanging upon the walls of the mess hall. Somehow they looked a little bit out of place away down there in the bowels of the earth; but I guess they were regarded as necessary, for, though the cañon may never catch fire, being constructed almost exclusively of strictly noninflammable materials, the camp might. And, seeing that the nearest regular paid fire department is about ninety miles away across the desert, with a gash a mile deep and thirteen miles wide in between, you might safely figure that if a fire broke out, say, on a Thursday, and the alarm were sent in promptly, it would be along about Sunday afternoon before the engines showed up; and by that time the fire would probably have grown tired of waiting for them and quit of its own accord.

Late the next day, as we were nearing the top of the cañon, we met a lone guide coming down with a burro pack train, and he stopped long enough to tell us the finish of the story concerning the iron-jawed lady who had insisted, the morning before, on walking down.

Shortly before dusk of the same day someone passing through the Indian Gardens had heard her pants for help, and he telephoned up; and a rescue expedition was organized and sent down for the lady. She made the return trip on a mule or a couple of mules—I forget which—with a guide walking at each side, holding her hands; and when she reached the rim she went to pieces like a glass snake.

Yes, I shall be trailing the Simple Tourist in Arizona late this fall. If I should not meet him there I shall seek him at the expositions; and if I fail to discover a typical specimen either in San Francisco or in San Diego I shall look in the mirror - and there I know I shall find one.

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REZNOR MANUFACTURING CO.
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AN AMERICAN VICTORY IN SERBIA

(Continued from Page 20)

When the typhus epidemic started Serbia had less than four hundred doctors; three hundred and sixty, to be exact—three hundred and sixty doctors in a population estimated at nearly five millions. In the epidemic nearly half of the doctors died; the rest are attached to the army. Serbia has no educational facilities herself and she is too war-ridden to be able to send her young men abroad to be educated. There is neither a medical college nor a nurses' training school in all the land; and there are no Serbian nurses either, unless you count as nurses the few women, here and there, who have received a little superficial training under the pressure of necessity during the past great crisis. In all her wars Serbia has been extensively assisted in this regard by foreign philanthropy.

I have just returned from a long trip with a party of American sanitarians—a trip during which we covered the greater part of the entire country. We were literally looking for disease.

There are not many countries in which such a party could not go from place to place on railroads or in conveyances provided for general public use; but in Serbia, no. In Serbia such a party must provide its own transportation, take along its own tents to be put up in the clean fields or on the breeze-swept hills, and depend on American and European canned goods and its own foraging abilities for sustenance.

The public conveyances in Serbia, outside the cities that have street cars and a few carriages of sorts, are bullcarts and a curious kind of rickety covered wagon which looks like the misshapen offspring of our old prairie schooner. The bullcarts are just bullcarts, with wide, creaking, wooden wheels and rough bodies of hand-hewn planks; but the wagons are more than wagons—they are a marvel and a mystery. How anybody rides in one of them without a spiked cushion I cannot quite see. They hump away up at the back on a pair of very high wheels and slope down to the low wheels in front at an angle fit for a Devil's Slide in a Luna Park. They have neither seats nor springs, and their passengers sit flat on the floor, with their feet folded under them. The floor must be notched—I do not know. I have never tried one of them; I only know how they look.

We had to depend on them and on bullcarts and pack ponies for the transportation of our camp outfit; but for such highways as were passable for wheels we had a little American motor truck, which could do everything but help put up the tents. It could swim rivers, jump chasms, look cheerful or dejected as the mood of its passengers suggested, and toil along a hundred miles at a stretch with a load twice as heavy as it was meant to carry, and over such roads as no respectable motor truck was ever before asked to encounter.

Rough Roads and Hard Travel

Serbia has no highways except in the north, where there are a few fairly well-preserved military roads; and even these are preserved only in sections. In the south and west the roads are little better than rough, rock-bottomed watercourses and medieval trails, and many a time we were compelled to take to the open fields. There are practically no bridges anywhere and we came on impassable-looking fords at least a dozen times a day. If we could not see the bottom of a stream some member of the party had to wade out and measure the depth, feeling round for a place shallow enough to drive through. In any case we had to get across whatever we came to; so if it seemed too deep for safety our wild Serb driver would just plunge across with all the speed the engine had in it, while the rest of us closed our eyes and said our prayers.

Then there were the ragged cliff trails, just wide enough for a single bullcart, and with a sheer drop over the edge in many places of goodness knows how many hundreds of feet. I am not nervous; but there were times when I was quite willing that Gus, the chauffeur, and anybody who cared to, should risk their lives without me, while I wore out my only pair of boots on long and toilsome hikes. I could easily keep up, because over some of Serbia's roads a motor car that can make twenty-five miles in seven hours is doing well. That, I remember, was our record for one weary day.

A member of our party, young and lightsome, fell in love at the beginning of the trip with a specimen of his own wit, and he took occasion to repeat it every hour or so up to the very end of our journeyings. It was: "Serbia certainly is long on scenery"—with marked and meaningful emphasis on scenery. And it is true. I know no more beautiful country in the world. It suggests at times a softened Switzerland; the Austrian Tyrol is the favorite comparison for those who know the Austrian Tyrol. I am constantly reminded of the glorious hills of northern Luzon, where clusters of head-hunters' huts cling to the steep slopes or all but lose themselves against the general earth color of the broad river valleys.

The difference between Luzon and Serbia is that Luzon's mountaintops are opalescent under the rays of an equatorial sun, while Serbia's crests are snowcapped or draped in billowing banks of fleece-cloud. The habitations of certain of the Serbian country folk and of our own interesting Philippine wild tribes are identical, except that the houses of our wild tribes are cleaner. The same hand-hewn plank or woven-reed walls, the same thick thatch of straw, the same rough floors or no floors at all, and the same primitive furnishings—the only marked difference is that the Igorrotes have not yet learned to build ovens and bake bread; they are a rice-eating people.

A Nation of Farmers

Then, too, Serbia offers a variation in villages of wattle and clay, with thatch roofs and an occasional roof of red tile. The Serbian peasants do not live on the land. They are of the land; they till the land; they are an agricultural people in the most absolute sense, with no manufactures and no important industry of any kind except farming—but farms as we know them, and farmhouses, do not exist. Since the beginning for them of history the people have congregated in communistic villages, choosing such an existence in the old patriarchal days and being held to it through subsequent centuries by the dangers incident to intertribal strife and the general and continuous insecurity of life and destructible property.

Their really magnificent tillage of the soil is a mystery to the casual observer. How do they do it? When do they do it? How do they get to and from the fields? The villages—especially those in Macedonia and up through the old sanjak of Novibazar—are not close together. One may ride for hours on end without encountering one of them or a human habitation of any description; yet through those hours on end one rides across the hills and through the valleys of a country cultivated to the last cultivable acre, and cultivated in a way which bespeaks long days of painstaking toil.

I am constantly defending the Serbians—especially the Serbian peasant women—against a charge of laziness by saying: "Look at their fields! You can't make corn and wheat grow like that without labor of the hardest kind." One man, whose disgust with the apparent habitual shiftlessness of the people has permanently overcome all other sentiments toward them, says: "Oh, they don't do it! The fairies do it for them."

The truth is, they do it in the early hours, from dawn until the sun gets hot, and in the late evening, after our day's work is finished. Throughout the long mornings and the terrible white afternoons they lie in the shade and sleep, while the foolish foreign toiler in the frightful heat toils on and wonders whether they exist at all.

I do not wish to convey an impression to those who do not happen to know that all Serbia consists of glorious views and baked mud or wood and thatch villages. There are many large and small towns built entirely of white or yellow plaster and red tiles, which look as picturesque and alluring as anything one may see in any country

Begin Today

A can of Kyanize and a brush to put it on with are as necessary in your home as your furniture. It makes your floors, all your woodwork, your furniture, new.

Keep a can of Kyanize in the house for those mars, those scratches, the refinishing of that faded furniture and woodwork.

It means new life, freshness, beauty, longer wear—yes, greater comfort and pride in the home.

ask your dealer for

Kyanize
KY-AN-IZE

It's the guaranteed (any color) hardest, finest gloss, easiest applied and cleaned, longest wearing, most sanitary Wood Finish possible to be made.

Kyanizing is pleasure work

25 Cent Can Free

Fill out and send us the coupon. Enclose **twelve** 2-cent stamps to pay for postage, packing and a 1-inch chisel edge brush.

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY
Everett Station
BOSTON
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Draw your pencil around the color you want
Natural
Light Oak
Dark Oak
Cherry Walnut
Mahogany
Rosewood
Colonial Green
White Enamel

BOSTON VARNISH CO.
22 Everett Station, Boston, Mass.
Please send me free as offered above a full half-pint can Kyanize. I enclose twelve 2-cent stamps to pay for brush, postage and packing.
Name _____
Address _____

Grain Bubbles

How They Became the King Foods

User No. 1

The first user was Prof. A. P. Anderson, the inventor of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

For years and years, while he learned how to explode them, he alone knew what was coming.

Finally he shot the grains from guns. He exploded every food cell. Then, for the first time, you had whole grains with every granule made digestible.

User No. 3

Then we supplied Puffed Grains in barrels to countless candy-makers. They used them in place of nuts.

Girls fell in love with Puffed Grain candy, and they started to make it at home. No doubt millions of packages have since been used as confections—in fudge, as garnish for ice cream, and for eating dry like peanuts. They taste like toasted nuts.

User No. 2

Then we started a lunch room in the heart of New York, and thousands of men came to taste them.

Among all the ready-cooked cereals, four men in five selected Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

They came day after day, month after month for them. This became the favorite lunch dish. Then we knew we had the best-liked cereals men had ever tasted.

User No. 4

Then armies of children began to demand them. They ate them with cream and sugar. They floated them in bowls of milk.

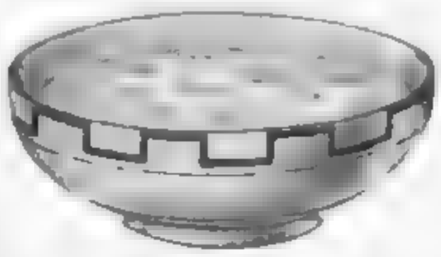
Morning, noon and night they called for cereals in puffed form. Now grocers tell us that there's not another cereal known of which users use so much. And mothers say that nothing else brings dishes back so often. These are the king foods now.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS

But it's not bewitching taste alone that wins folks to these foods. These are scientific grain foods—the best-cooked cereals known. By no other process are all the food cells broken.

The more you know about Puffed Grains the more you'll serve your cereals in this way. Try all of them. Each has a different taste.



The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

in Europe. These towns are nearly all delightfully located against the hills skirting a shallow, swift, clean-looking river, or on a broad plain surrounded by mountains and peaks; and each of them is dominated—I recall but a single exception—by the very tall and graceful minaret of its principal mosque, while less majestic Moslem towers rise here, there and everywhere above the uneven roofs.

Neglected old Mohammedan cemeteries, literal forests of slender stone shafts of all lengths and leaning in all directions, are also a feature of every large community. The Mohammedan population may not predominate in Serbia, but the evidences of Mohammedanism certainly do, especially throughout the more lately acquired territories, where they are fully accounted for by the fact of Turkey's recent sovereignty and a large remaining Turkish population.

The attractive towns of Serbia are attractive only from a distance. On nearer approach their red-tiled, irregular-roofed and minareted picturesqueness resolves itself into a commonplace unkemptness, a sort of foul dilapidation; while their streets are, without a single exception, so crazily paved that our stout little truck had all it could do many times to get through them at all. All the paving is of big round cobbles, laid down without regard to a level surface. Some stones stick away up and some are sunk in holes, while the general contour of the street, its hollows and humps, its gullies and ridges, has been followed with a care which suggests that leveling and grading are now and always have been against the law in Serbia.

Even the sidewalks are made of round cobbles—a little smaller, but no less unevenly laid; and every sidewalk is skirted by its cobble-lined and slimy, green-edged open sewer. And there are always the stench of sewers, and other stenches not to be described. Nearly every town has its tall fringe of poplars, adding to its picturesqueness from afar off; but we looked in vain for bright gardens, clean, sweet, ornamented homes—any of the things that indicate a human love for the beautiful.

The Stricken Village of Vapa

We had to do the greater part of our traveling under the scorching midday sun, because only in the mornings and the late afternoons can any Serbian official be found at his post; and we had to consult the officials about local conditions in every town we came to. We measured the accuracy of their reports by the accuracy of the reports that had come from some of them to the headquarters of the American commission at Nish. These were so alarming and were accompanied by urgent requests for such quantities of supplies that it was thought they demanded immediate and mature investigation. They came mostly from the west and northwest, from Rashka and Novibazar, from Sienitsa, Prieopolje and Plevje, just over the Montenegrin border; and they pictured a country in the throes of an epidemic almost as bad as anything Serbia had passed through. For instance, in and round the town of Sienitsa there were unnumbered cases of typhoid, and the people were helpless, without doctors or supplies of any kind. Would the Americans please send them everything they possessed but the Statue of Liberty and the Woolworth Building!

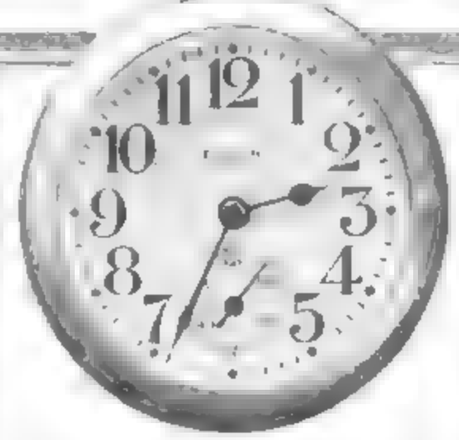
We investigated conditions at Mitrovitza, at Rashka and Novibazar, and found them more or less normal as conditions go in Serbia—a few cases of typhus in the hospitals, some typhoid in near-by villages perhaps, and the usual crying necessity for an all-round clean-up and the introduction of some kind of sanitary system; but we set out for Sienitsa feeling sure that we should find the real thing, in a community panic-stricken and demoralized by disease. The report had been too definite to admit of any doubt, and had called particular attention to a small village near by, called Vapa, where practically the whole population was down with typhoid, with as many as twenty of them lying in one room, without a doctor or a necessity of any kind within a long day's journey. We decided to go first to Vapa, and, indeed, we had hurried matters all along the route in order to get there with as little delay as possible.

When we got just about where we thought the village ought to be we stopped and asked some cattle herders by the roadside where it was. They pointed it out, a dull gray huddle of houses plainly visible

Stories of Old Elgins

47 YEARS

and always perfect service



"My father died Nov. 24, 1911, and left me his watch, an Elgin, B. W. Raymond movement, purchased July 2, 1868.

He carried this watch 43 years.

He wound it every morning upon arising.

He allowed it to run down but seven times.

He had it cleaned and oiled once every year."

(SIGNED LETTER ON FILE AT ELGIN HEADQUARTERS.)

Elgin Watches have always been famous for their exactness and precise adjustment. An Elgin of today, well cared for, will give more than a lifetime of accurate service.

There are many gift-giving events coming—birthdays, weddings, the Holidays. An Elgin watch will prove an excellently wise choice. Expensively or modestly jeweled and cased, as you select, the name and fame of this timepiece make your gift a selection of the greatest nicety.

Ask Your Elgineer

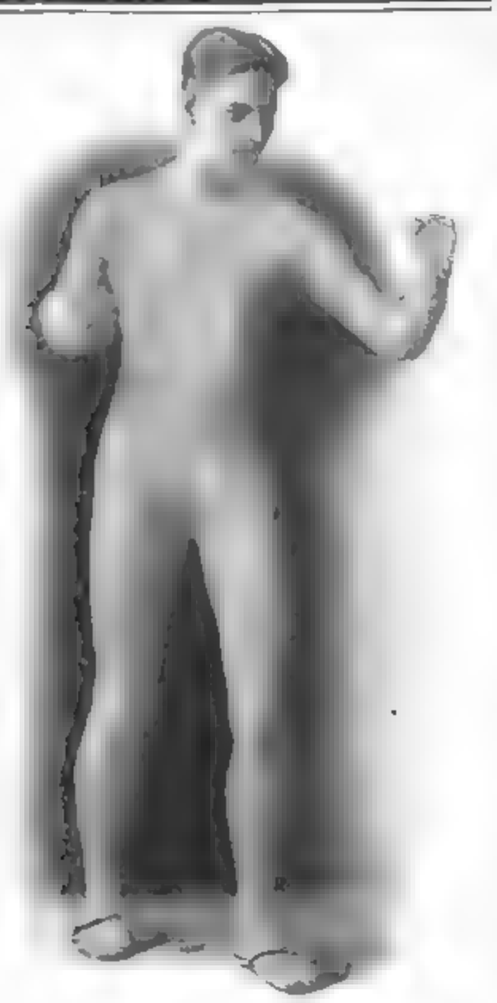
Write for booklet. Send stamped addressed envelope for set of Elgin Poster Stamps.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY
Elgin, Illinois

ELGIN
Watches
KEEP TIME

G. M. WHEELER
$25 to $50

LADY ELGIN
A wide range of prices



Men have run 100 yards in the time you can save every morning by wearing the

Hatch ONE-Button UNION SUIT

Clip ten seconds off your dressing time every day in the year—all wasted now if you button nine or ten buttons on your underwear instead of one master button.

Wasted, too, is the chance to enjoy the smooth comfort of this perfect-fitting garment.

And wasted, too, the endless time of sewing on buttons and mending buttonholes.

The Hatch One-Button Union Suit is obtainable in cotton or wool for every temperature and any temperament. For the warm-blooded man who lives and works in well-heated city rooms there is a moderately heavy garment. And for the man much outdoors there is true comfort in the sheltering warmth of the winter weights.

This garment is featured at the best haberdashers' and department stores; but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and we will gladly supply you direct; delivery free.

Prices

Men's Suits—$1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50.
Boys' "—50 cents to $1.00, $1.25.
Ladies' "—$1.00, $1.25, $2.00.
Misses' "—Ages 2 to 14 inclusive, 25 cents each even year to age 16.
Sleeping Garments—Ages 2, 3, 4 and 5, 50 cents. Ages 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10—75 cents.

Our illustrated booklet describing the complete line of winter and summer weights of the Hatch One-Button Union Suits will be sent free upon request to

ONE BUTTON Hatch UNION SUIT
PATENTED JUNE 18, 1918

Fuld & Hatch Knitting Co.
Manufacturers
Albany, New York

Barnes Knitting Corporation
220 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Sole Distributor

on the smooth treeless slope of a far hill, about five or six miles away, and told us we should have to turn back on the main road and look for a branch road to the left.

This bit of misinformation cost us nearly an hour, and we were getting rather impatient when we came on some men with bullcarts, of whom we made further inquiries. They assured us that we were going in the wrong direction altogether, and that the only way to get to Vapa was by a road out of Sienitsa. A good road? Oh, yes; an excellent road. How far was it from Sienitsa? Four kilometers maybe—maybe seven; they did not know exactly. Where did they live? In Sienitsa. "Fine example of local intelligence," said our painstaking director.

When we arrived in Sienitsa we discovered that we had been heralded by our own gendarme and that the town was ready to receive us. I must not forget the gendarme. After we left Novibazar we came into the unfriendly Albanian districts and were put under the protection of the snappiest bit of sudden death I ever saw. Beyond Sienitsa we were all mounted and then we had two of the gendarmes—one in front of us and one behind; but the first one who tried to guard our ramping little motor truck, the like of which he had never seen, made a special impression on me. He was a handsome soldier lad in a blue-and-red uniform, almost new. He carried a sword in a shining metal scabbard on one side and a long knife in a leather sheath on the other. He had a rifle strapped across his back and in a holster in front of him was a big revolver. He had a belt full of one kind of cartridges round his waist and across his chest were two rows of another kind. He rode a well-kept, big dapple-gray horse, holding the reins in his right hand and resting his left, with the arm very much akimbo, on his hip. Talk about dash! If he had exploded there would not have been anything left alive for miles round.

He thought, at first, when we were climbing the rocky mountain range beyond his village, that he would be able to ride along behind us and make a picture like a real guard; but the minute we struck a short stretch of level road and shifted into high he was left hopelessly in the rear, a thing that no guard carrying as much protection as he did could possibly stand. He arranged that. The level stretches did not occur very frequently, and while we labored over the rocks and up the terrible grades at the rate of about three miles an hour, he dashed jauntily on ahead; and that was how he happened to arrive in Sienitsa before us.

We were received with all honor by the very tall prefect himself, attired in white duck and gold-laced splendor, with an extra-long sword dangling against his patent-leathered ankle.

Checking Up the Prefect

Our director, being a businesslike American and having to get on to Prieopolje that day, to say nothing of Vapa, cut short the ceremonious preliminaries and called for the municipal health records. How many cases of typhoid had they? No typhoid. No typhoid? No. Typhus? None. What kind of epidemic was it then—cholera? No; no cholera.

The poor prefect was plainly worried; he had not expected to have his report so carefully investigated. There had been typhus and a great many deaths, and some had died of typhoid recently; but just then there was nothing except the necessity for a doctor and facilities for taking care of the people when they did get sick. That necessity had to be acknowledged.

An unsanitary town with three or four thousand inhabitants and without a doctor or a nurse, or anything, is in pretty hard luck.

But how about those hundreds of cases of typhoid in Vapa? Vapa looked close enough to Sienitsa to be a sort of detached suburb, and surely the prefect knew all about conditions there. No; the prefect had not been there, but he had been told about the sickness and he had considered it an important item. At any rate, it had to be investigated; so we cranked up our truck and started out across an open field to find for ourselves a way into the place.

There was no road—just a footpath, which straggled along, lost itself in the high grass, emerged off to the right across a high spot, then lost itself again to reappear near a foot-log spanning a steep-banked stream. The doctor thought he would walk; but, first, he would venture in another direction where there was an encouraging-looking slope toward the riverbank. The encouraging slope ended in a grass-surfaced bog, in which we mired hub deep. It looked pretty awful. After straining our own backs and almost breaking the heart of our sturdy little engine, we started out to look for help, and found a company of Albanian herdsmen just coming our way over the nearest hilltop, drawn by the unusual noise of our panting and sputtering motor. They lifted us out without much effort and set us once more on solid ground; whereupon we decided we would reach Vapa in that machine or die in the attempt. It became to us, after so much difficulty, a sort of desirable thing the Vapa villagers should be able to boast for the rest of their lives that they had been visited by a party of Americans in a motor car.

No motor vehicle of any kind had ever been in that part of the world before, and no Americans either. Wherever we went we were followed by swarms of wide-eyed and open-mouthed people, who made us feel like a circus parade with loose elephants and hippopotamuses in it.

Serbia's Greatest Need

Finally we got to Vapa, having cut a way for ourselves with our own picks and axes down one bank and up the other of the bridgeless and apparently fordless stream. One lone man, who had watched our progress from the bottom of the hill, stood waiting for us with the look of a man determined to do his duty at whatever terrible cost to himself. He received us with marked dignity and coldness, and asked, through our interpreter, what our business was. After such introductions and explanations as caused a slight rise in the temperature, the doctor asked him how the typhoid epidemic in the village was progressing. Typhoid? They had no typhoid. No typhoid? No. Well, what kind of sickness did they have? No kind at all. Absolutely nobody sick? Well—there was one old woman who had been sick a week or so ago, but nobody had said anything about it lately.

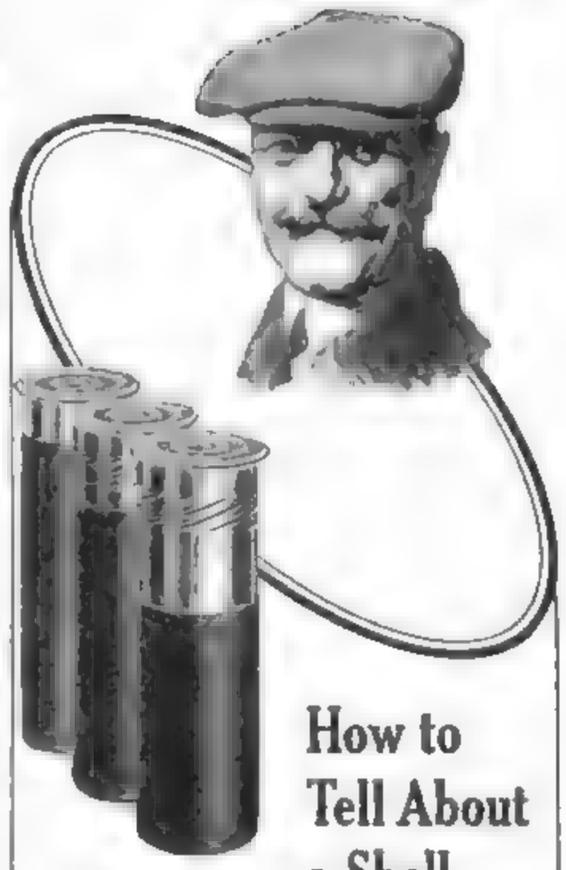
The doctor would not take the man's word for it—it was too preposterous; so he climbed the steep hillside and looked for himself into every house and hut in the entire settlement. The man had spoken the truth. The people were scrawny and drop-jawed, and bore all the other marks of inferior mentality, but their bodies were healthy enough and they were about as much in urgent need of immediate foreign relief as the people of Hoboken.

This was an extreme case, as was Plevje, in Montenegro. The authorities of Plevje had made an appeal, which they probably would have modified had they dreamed that it would be investigated by the director of the American commission himself. It was a fearful ride, on hard-gaited horses, over the great divide between Serbia and Montenegro, with two nights of camping on the way. And we were not expected! The prefect was not even at home. But who could imagine anybody idiotic or energetic enough—as you happen to view it—to make such a trip, several hundred miles, as a matter of fact, through a roadless and innless country, for the sake of getting a little accurate information and safeguarding somebody else's money, when that somebody else had such an awful lot?

Plevje had any number of Austrian prisoners and wounded Montenegrin soldiers; but the members of a British Red Cross unit had completely stamped out the typhus epidemic, had general health matters well in hand, were expecting to stay at their post indefinitely, and were hoping for some permanent improvements in sanitary conditions, which they gladly outlined to the American director and which the American director considered quite urgently desirable—just as the same kinds of improvements are urgently desirable in other Montenegrin towns and in Serbian communities everywhere.

That was all; then began the toilsome journey back to Nish.

Serbia needs medical missionaries—many of them—imbued with sufficient religious fervor to withstand the mental depression incident to isolation and great discomfort. Serbia needs to be shamed into the adoption of some standard of decent sanitation. Most of all, Serbia needs peace and a man among her leaders capable of adding unto himself the name of Builder.



How to Tell About a Shell

3 Tests

Three things a shell must be—quick to fire, hard hitting, and waterproof. You, yourself, can test (with three shells we give you) these qualities in

US THE BLACK SHELLS
Smokeless and Black Powders

With these shells, we'll give you a booklet explaining in detail the tests which are mentioned below.

Test of Primer Strength Remove wads, shot and powder from a Black Shell. Note the tight, hard crimp, the Tatham shot. Even the wads of The Black Shells are superior. Place shell in gun, stand gun upright on the floor or hard, level ground. Put a silver quarter exactly over the muzzle. When the gun is fired, the distance the quarter is propelled into the air is the gauge of primer strength. Try this same test with the make of shell you now use.

Test of Penetration Place a thick monthly magazine against a wall. Shoot at it (at a distance of forty yards) with a Black Shell. Turn the magazine around and shoot at the back of it with a shell *of the same load* of any other make. Count the pages each penetrates. Note the distribution of The Black Shell shot.

Which shell wins?

The Test of Waterproofing Dip a Black Shell in water. Get it as wet as it would ever be likely to get while hunting in rain or fog or from a ducking. Let it dry very thoroughly. Put it in your gun. Fire it. Not swelled a bit. Note how easily it ejects. Black Shells that have been wet leave no discoloration and no paper stuck to the chamber of your gun.

We'll Furnish Shells and Tell You How to Make the Tests

Write your name and address and that of your ammunition dealer along the margin of this advertisement. Return it to us and we will send you an order on your dealer for three free Black Shells, with a book describing these tests in full.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.
2339 Trinity Building, New York

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY, General Selling Agents
Also JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., Philadelphia;
UNITED LEAD CO., New York; SELBY SMELTING & LEAD CO., San Francisco, distributors on Pacific Coast

"No Edgeworth?"

A Hint for the Disappointed Pipe Smoker

We know something about how a man feels when he wants smoking tobacco.

If the kind he asks for isn't sold at the store he happens to enter, he always has a reserve brand in his memory that he falls back on.

Now the last thing in the world that you are going to be asked to do is to "go somewhere else" if you ask for Edgeworth and the store you try fails to have it.

But we would like to have you bear in mind that a friendly word about Edgeworth to a tobacco dealer that you occasionally buy from will be appreciated *by him*.

Your dealer honestly wants to carry the kind of tobacco that you want to buy. If he thinks that you are indifferent about what brand you smoke, he is not likely to go out of his way to order any special brand.

But if he thinks you really want Edgeworth—well, just tell him so and see how quickly he acts.

Any tobacco dealer, no matter where he is located, can quickly secure Edgeworth in any quantity from his jobber.

Most tobacconists sell Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco now. But few products are universally distributed.

It is not claimed by us that Edgeworth is the only good smoking tobacco in the world, but it has a quality that makes friends very quickly. Smoking your first pipe of Edgeworth is like shaking hands with the President: you realize that you are doing something out of the ordinary and you feel glad of the meeting.

Edgeworth comes in two forms, Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. It's the same tobacco in both forms, but Plug Slice is prepared for the pipe by the smoker, who "rubs it up" in the palms of his hands. A great many smokers like their tobacco in this form. Ready-Rubbed is, as the name suggests, all ready for the pipe.

Perhaps you have never smoked Edgeworth.

We will make trying it very easy for you.

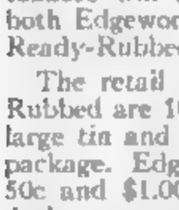
Your name on a post card and the name of the store where you buy most of your tobacco will bring several trial smokes of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin and $1.00 for handsome humidor package. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

For the samples write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

***To Retail Tobacco Merchants*—If your** jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton, of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed, by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

CALIFORNIA Leather Goods For X-Mas



SUNTAN Portières, Pillow Covers and Novelties of genuine leather make ideal Christmas gifts.

Our goods are distinctive and beautiful. Prices—25c to $25. Ant Skins $1 to $1.50. 24 samples for 4c.

We also make Eucalyptus portières.

Direct to you from manufacturer

Write for Free Catalog—illustrating and quoting our complete line of specialties, including Indian Moccasins and Beads.

Suntan Leather Co., Mfrs., 816 Bdwy., Los Angeles

LORD OF MANY PEAKS

(Continued from Page 18)

"What's that? Sure, I'll lock her in if it comes to that. Whatever you say."

Darkness came. Ransch, sprawling on a barrel chair before blazing pitch knots in the fireplace, was scowling over the day's defeat and to-morrow's problem. The telephone bell chuttered sharply. To the ranger's ear came from far off a thin voice shaken by hysteria of excitement:

"Moraine—Moraine? All right, Mr. Ransch; this is Grigga—Stevens Peak. Fires—three of 'em."

Ransch shot a query, sharp, incisive.

"Over in the heavy woods near the sheep camp—about a mile apart, they are. All started about the same time. Must have been set purposely by that herder gang. I saw the smoke from my point on Stevens just at sundown and been riding like hell to the phone at Myers. Yes, sir, strong wind from the west, carrying fires back toward the summit and away from the sheep."

The ranger gave instructions and rang off.

For a minute he waited, his eyes straining through the near-by window to catch the dreaded red smear that must be painting the sky beyond the spine of the Divide. Then he got the operator of the mountain exchange at Bijou and put in a call for Supervisor Butler, in Placerville.

"Placerville wire's been dead since early this afternoon, Mr. Ransch," she said.

"Wire's been cut—other side of the summit," was Ransch's terse comment. "Give me the telegraph office at Tahoe Tavern."

After minutes which were hours of suspense the telegrapher answered the call.

"Send this," dictated Ransch: "'Butler, Supervisor Forestry Service, Placerville. Totten, boss herder Ransome outfit, to avoid arrest poaching, fires restricted forest between Echo Meadows and summit. Probably moving sheep down Strawberry. Need help.—RANSCH.'"

An hour passed and the ranger still stood by the telephone, sending out through all the alleys and byways of the mountains his cry for help. Summer camps and hotels along the shores of the big lake heard it. Dairymen hidden in green pockets of the range tumbled from their blankets to catch the summons out of the dark. Jackpots lay unopened under the smoky lamps of log-camp bunk houses while players jumped to the horse sheds. White eyes of automobiles began to bore through the blackness of Lincoln Highway in Nevada, in California.

"Fire! Come!" Over the barriers of the high places, swifter than the destroying legions of the flames, sped the cry of succor for the public domain.

BLUE haze, carried far on the wings of the westerly wind, made the early sun a red-hot ball and smudged the white of snowfields to gray and dun. All the razor edge of the Divide, from the white cone of Pyramid to the bald dome of Job's Peak, lay dim and vague under smoke. On the Nevada side of Tahoe, twenty miles away, summer boarders sniffed the scent of burning rosin borne by a dry, hot breeze, looked off across the lake to the blurred mountains, and tried to picture the red wash of destruction creeping, creeping ever nearer the high-water mark of the timber line.

When the Strawberry Road has wormed its way up the easterly side of the range it pauses at the crest in a broad flat to gather courage for the pitch downward to the west. There dawn found Jay Ransch waiting to captain his forces for the fight. From a rocky eminence on the edge of the clearing he could look down through smoke to the dull furnace glow of the fires two miles below. The three that the watcher on Stevens had reported in the night had now become one—a wide scythe blade set to the miles of close-standing timber and driven by the unseen hands of the wind. Unhindered by the puny opposition of men, gaining vicious strength with every moment of its progress, the red horror down there typified blind force, that force which in the beginning of things had scoured the cañons with ice, shorn the needle peaks with driven water. The ranger felt overwhelming helplessness before the power of the fire. As well try to stay the wind or block the avalanche.

But the first streaks of dawn brought the volunteers. By horse and automobile they came. Heavy mountain wagons brought water barrels and bales of sacks for threshing; democrat buggies bristled with rakes and shovel handles. Hails sounding through the half light. Hectic shuff-shuff of the "tin Lizzies" straining their motors over the last lap of the upgrade. Clatter of water pails and clink of chain traces. The dim flat at the summit grew populous. Men who had ridden or driven half the night and over many miles of trail and road pressed round Ransch to learn the plan of campaign, gazed with the eagerness of fighters down into the smoke-gorged valley where the enemy lay. To each who sought him out for a grip of the hand, a word of encouragement, Ransch repeated his rote of bitterness: "The herders did it. They jumped the free range, and then set the fire to get their sheep out before I could land on 'em."

"The herders did it! They fired the woods to get their sheep out!" Bitterness of the mountain people against the sheep men and the destroyers they piloted into the green wilderness was fired anew by the spreading of the report. Men cursed and talked of shooting should the incendiaries fall into their hands.

While the fire fighters gathered—Ransch wisely delayed the descent upon the fire until he should have enough volunteers to count against it—hasty camp fires glowed through the smoke haze; coffee and bacon sent inviting savors into the air. And still the minutemen of the fire line came. Before the sun had been up two hours a hundred were gathered on the flat, waiting the word to begin battle.

Ransch picked his lieutenants and set them in command of squads. Axes, rakes and shovels were distributed. Automobiles were told off to carry filled water barrels down the grade to the first line of offense. Bales of sacks were broken, and men tied rough burlap about their shoulders against the time when they would be flailing burning brush. From his lookout on the rock spur Ransch had gained the lay of the fire. Between Echo Meadows and the summit on both sides of Strawberry Road it spread; down into the richness of Strawberry Valley, on one hand, and up the wooded slope of Pyramid Peak at the other flank. The road offered the best point of attack. Working on each side from that base, the fighters could cut the fire at its center, then attempt to turn it back on both flanks. Three miles wide was the fire zone; the road bisected it almost at the middle.

Ransch's order to advance set the little army in motion down the grade. First went the light cavalry of the automobiles, freighted with water barrels; next wagons and buggies carrying tools and as many of the irregulars of the infantry as could stow themselves over flattened springs; finally the volunteers on foot. Nearer drew the line of fire; thicker grew the smoke. A roaring as of white water in steep rapids assumed a deeper tone minute by minute. Crackling picket popping of fat spruce in flames sounded over the heavier note. A bend in the road brought the enemy in sight.

Describe a forest fire? Simple as the description of Grand Cañon, for instance.

Remember how, when the candle overturned on that lower branch of the Sunday-school Christmas tree there was a flash, a yell from Santa Claus, and just as you were passing, a bit hastily, out of the front door you met a line of hose and some firemen coming in? Stand ten thousand Christmas trees in a row, in a hundred rows; for cotton batting and strings of pop corn substitute dry pine needles over all the space between, with here and there a thicket of greasy scrub brush. Now a match, please.

But one element was in favor of the fire fighters on Strawberry Road—the fire had not yet "gone up." When fire starts in a forest of conifers, unless lightning or the spark from rubbing branches lodges it first high up amid the inflammable tops of the trees, the flames sweep only the brush and smaller pines between the feet of the giants. The timber there is so fat and yet so unsubstantial that the red wave sweeps low and swiftly, searing the trunks of the greater trees but not attaining to their higher levels. A stiff current of wind, shooting up from the flaming ground line, or some white old skeleton of a tree serving as a slow torch, completes the disaster of the low sweeping fire by lifting the red

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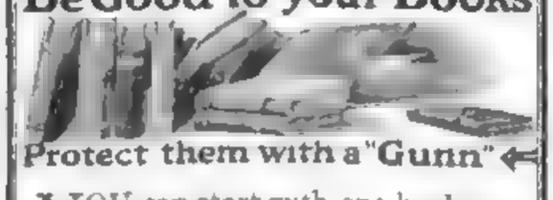

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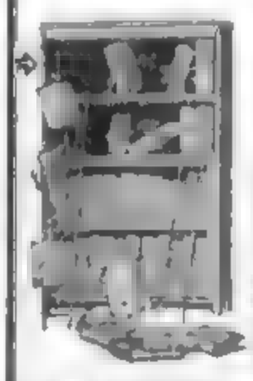

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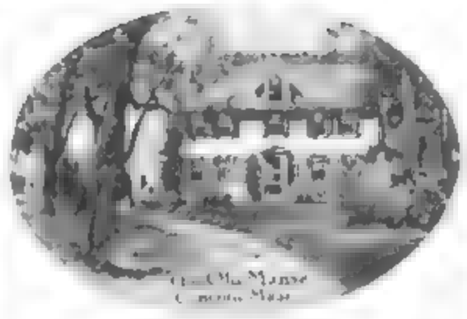

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terror to the waiting tinder two hundred feet above. Once the fire has gone up, where it catches the full sweep of the wind, it travels leagues to the miles of the one below. Destruction is trebled.

Ransch threw out his first line of offense to the right and left of the road a quarter of a mile back from the fire line. With shovel, rake, ax and hoe men hurled themselves to the task of cutting a girdle, yards wide, through the undergrowth and across the advance of the flames. Here the beaters would wait with their wet sacks to attack the enemy when his head should be brought down by the hastily cleared tinder—wait in rolling smoke and flame breath to turn back the red tide. A half mile to the left of the road a tumbling stream, one of the headwaters of the American River, offered itself as a natural defense line; to cut through to the water was to turn the fire in that direction. Almost the same distance away on the opposite side of the road a broad dike of granite came down from the spur of Pyramid to interpose a rampart of bald rock against the invader. The ranger molded his strategy to the advantage offered.

By trail a light scouting party cut across the advance of the blaze to its distant right flank, there to select a stand favored by the interposition of the broad burn, the burn wherein Ransch and Jobyna Totten had fought their duel. The wide acreage of green brush, with no mattress of pine needles for the fire to run on, would balk the forward sweep of the flames. From the burn as a base a back fire could turn the right flank and smudge out all that end of advancing destruction.

A hundred men fighting three miles of fire! So heavy the fog of smoke that the sun was dimmed to a distant, glowing button. So hot the furnace blast from the near fire flood that men's faces and bare arms were baked red. Trenchers worked like mad, fighting for seconds. Ax blades bit and wrenched at tough roots and the thick butts of young spruce. Hoes and shovels tore at the pine-needle mat, haggling it and separating it to a dead line across which the enemy should not advance. Smoke filled the workers' lungs and they gasped under the drive of supreme effort.

A venturesome auto wizard whirled his light car down a deserted woodroad, where each revolution of the wheels threatened overturning, came to the shore of a pond and there filled two water barrels. His pioneering was followed by other cars; they snarled and hiccoughed their way through brush and brought precious water back. Sacks were soaked in the barrels. Men plunged their heads down to their shoulders into the cooling depths.

Ransch pushed his buckskin back and forth along the line, commanding, encouraging, pausing to take a shovel from a green hand and with five minutes' fevered work demonstrate where its greatest efficiency lay. His speech reflected the curious twist his mind assumed toward the fire. He gave it personality, credited it with guile which must be met by guile.

"We'll catch him right at this corner," he would explain to a group of sweating volunteers, "and he can't do a thing." Or: "When he comes up, rush him low along this line and don't raise too many sparks with your sacks."

The fire came up to the wound the toilers had scratched through the woods. Men fought with it at arm's length—blackened dervishes, they, who flailed their arms untiringly, whirling and prancing between the sword stabs of red tongues. Wet sacks caught glowing coals and flung them on bared backs. Water tenders came and went like ammunition passers in a trench under shrapnel spray. Parched throats hurled curses at the darting arrows of fire which leaped the dead line and fastened to crisp spruce feathers beyond.

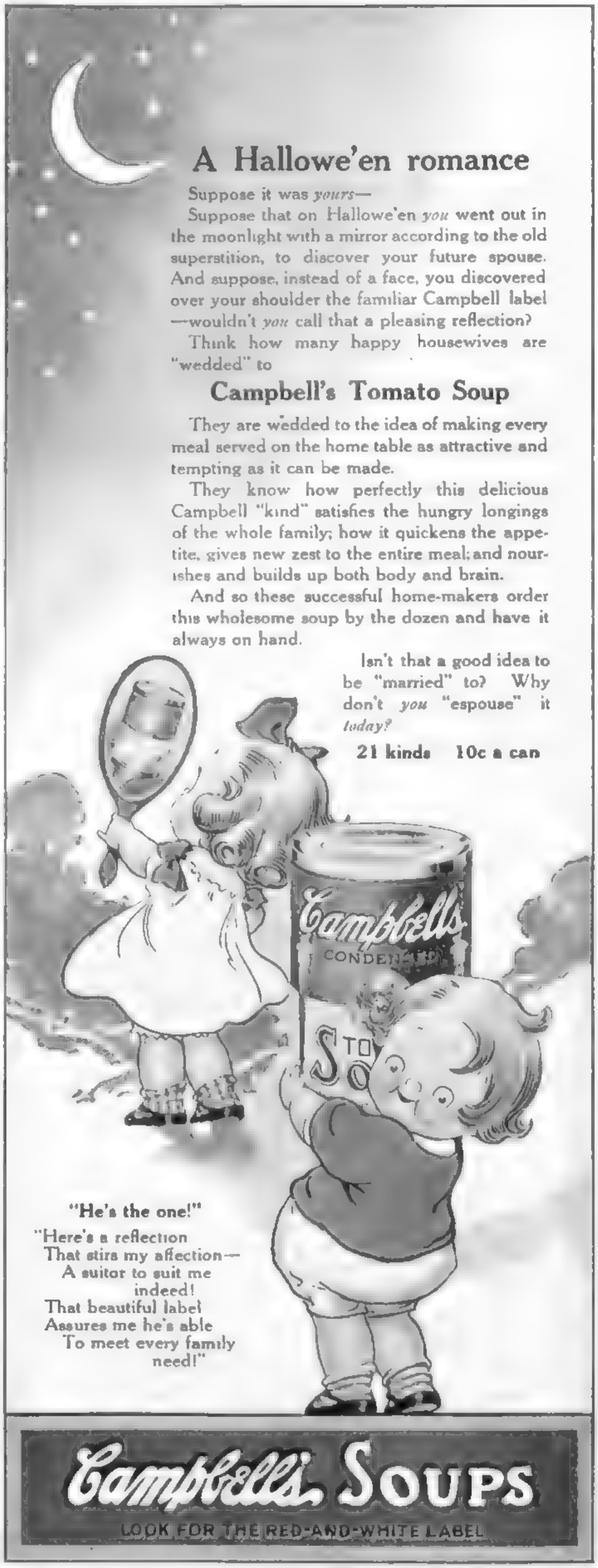
"Wet your sack, Bill, it's burning!"

"Everybody this way! He's jumped the ditch!"

"Water—quick! I'm all blazin'!"

The fire came up to the slash through the woods, wavered, jumped it in a dozen places and went roaring on. Men sobbed in weakness and impotent anger, but moved back under Ransch's direction and began to trench anew against the enemy.

"The boys over to the burn have backfired him to a whisper! Come on now, men, we'll smash him yet!" The ranger, hatless and blackened to a cinder, rallied the beaten volunteers and set them on a new line. Venturesome autos and spring buggies hurdled their way over a fresh trail to


A Hallowe'en romance
Suppose it was *yours*—
Suppose that on Hallowe'en *you* went out in the moonlight with a mirror according to the old superstition, to discover your future spouse. And suppose, instead of a face, you discovered over your shoulder the familiar Campbell label—wouldn't *you* call that a pleasing reflection?
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Campbell's Soups
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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2—Lights dim in damp weather
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You should know the facts

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water. A plow, tardily arrived by wagon from Fallen Leaf Lodge, went rooting through the scrub at the tails of five horses.

Late in the afternoon there was a yell from the group of men tending the water barrels on Strawberry Road. For out from the creeping arc of fire across the line of the road below leaped three automobiles filled with men. Coats and steaming sacks muffled their faces; their clothing smoked; paint on the bodies of the cars stood out in flat blisters and the foremost machine limped on two flat tires. Up the road to the water barrels the cars chugged crazily, there stopped with noisy explosions. Another yell from the water tenders.

Supervisor Butler and fifteen helpers were come from Placerville. They had smashed their way straight through the fire!

Word passed through the smoky aisles of the woods to Ransch, who put Sam at a sharp clip back to the road. Butler had a strong hand grip and a heartening slap on the back for his spent deputy.

"We got your friend Totten and four of his men," he roared over the diapason of the fire. "Got 'em down near Bullion Bend—whole herd stampeded and spread over two miles of country. Totten tried to put up a fight—had to wing him through the shoulder. Deputy sheriff's got him and his herders down to Riverton."

Ransch grinned appreciation of this news and swept a hand down toward the broad inferno.

"Yep! One of his herders admitted they fired the woods," Butler bellowed. "Fifteen years for Totten. How're you making it?"

Ransch found a horse for his superior and rode with him down the fighting line. Drooping spirits of the volunteers were stiffened by news that the supervisor from Placerville had bucked his way through the fire with aid. The fresh workers who had accompanied him were put in to bolster weak points. Again the fire came up to the line from Strawberry Road to flanking stream and bluff. The line held.

Night fell and all the great bowl of the mountains was dyed red. Stars were dimmed to pale pin pricks through the whirling smoke canopy. The fire snake, scotched at its middle, still writhed and twisted at each end, a menace considerably lessened. Fresh recruits came in from the country behind to relieve the cinder-crusted men on the fire line. Ranchers' wives lit fires along Strawberry Road and sent pails of coffee and thick sandwiches out to the fighters.

Ransch, wearied to exhaustion, had come to the circle of camp fires to tap a gasoline tank, hauled up from Tallac to supply the autos. As he was busied over the tank a voice accosted him:

"Glad I found you, Ransch. The girl's got away—your girl—the little devil with the ripped arm."

Ransch turned to find Doc Morrison standing beside him, his horse's bridle over his arm. He stared at the young physician stupidly.

"This afternoon when I'd gone down to Tallac to see about your getting this gasoline—Mrs. Myers was busy putting up grub for your men here—what does that little hell-cat do but climb down from her window to the woodshed roof—door's locked, of course—sneak to the stables and grab one of the renting horses there. Saddled it with her good hand and rode off."

"You mean Jobyna—run away?" The question came dully.

"Surest thing! And she's making to join her dad, wherever he may be. Guessing she'd do that, I came up to the summit. Couple of teamsters other side of Echo Lake said they saw a girl turn into the Pyramid trail over the Divide—girl with a red dress and one arm in a sling—that's your Jobyna."

"The Pyramid trail! Good Lord, doc, she can't make that trail over the mountains—and at night. Bad enough in the daytime. Why ——"

"She knew of the fire," Morrison anticipated. "Knew she couldn't come over Strawberry without being caught and turned back. Figures most likely to get round the fire and to her old man by way of the Pyramid trail."

"Thanks for coming up to tell me this, doc." The ranger's voice was heavy with fatigue. "I reckon I'll have to go out and round up that girl before she drops over a cliff. She's sure headed for destruction."

He left Morrison, walked to where Sam was bridle-tethered in a patch of young spruce, threw a weary leg over the saddle, and turned the buckskin's head up the grade to the summit and the beginning of Pyramid trail just over the other side.

"Tell Mr. Butler if you see him round," he called back to the doctor, "the story I told you yesterday—of the shooting and what you told me just now. He'll understand why I'm quitting the job. He's in charge now anyway."

The fire-streaked dark closed over Ransch.

VI

THE Pyramid trail climbs high into the granite wilderness of crag and snow field, loses itself in the labyrinth of little lakes in Desolation Valley, clings precariously to a shelf over a thousand-foot drop on Pyramid's shoulder, and finally wriggles down the western side of the range to Pea Vine Ridge stage road leading to Placerville. A fearsome infringement of the tolerance of the high places.

Ransch, to whom all the trails of the countryside were well-conned threads in the skein of the mountains, knew that Pyramid at night would be but a trap for so green a venturer as the runaway; he himself would hardly dare it except under spur of great necessity. The way was marked only by monuments—piles of stones surmounting bowlders at wide intervals. Marshes of snow water lurked to bog a horse; treacherous aprons of granite, laid across the trail in its higher levels, waited to chute the unwary down to eternity. Jobyna, taking the trail in the hour of fading daylight, might follow it as far as Desolation Valley; but there darkness and the maze of a score of snow pools would stop her. Cold and silence would lay hands on her soul to squeeze it to a shivering husk.

Man and horse were far spent with fatigue as they turned from Strawberry Road into the dim beginning of the Pyramid trail. Sam's usual sure foot was stumbling; Ransch bent low over the saddle horn, his head nodding. Against numbing languor of exhaustion the man had to hurl his last remnant of resolution. He kept whipping his mind awake with the picture of a trembling figure cowering under the mystery of the night and the mountains' vastness; of great black eyes into which the first madness of the desolation terror was creeping, eyes searching bleak walls of granite for a way of escape. To him came again that strange sense of a proxy fatherhood or was it a lover's exaltation?—he had felt on the night he carried Jobyna in his arms to Myers Station. Against the background of the fire, which he and his hundred had fought all day and which was now cut in twain and being slowly conquered, the incident of this ride into the silence to rescue a lost girl stood out in fantastic relief.

The fire! Yes, the fire which Job Totten had set to screen his escape from law. Job Totten, suspicious of the promise Ransch had made and thinking only of his own salvation in flight, he was that dad whom the abandoned daughter now sought to join through the tricky squirrel track of Pyramid.

"Tham hawse, human nature's mighty unnatural," he whispered into the drooping ears beyond the saddle horn. "I don't know but what you've got it all over plain humans."

Beyond the first stretch of forest, which was dimly lit by the reflected glow of the fires over the saddleback of the intervening ridge, the trail opened out into the desolation of the granite. A saw-toothed spur now cut off even the dim rose-red to the south. In star-shine the naked buttresses of the Divide showed dim and monstrous. Snow fields on the heights glowed a leprous white. Ransch had to make trail slowly; it was a matter of nice discretion to pick up ahead the "ducks" atop their marked bowlders. Higher and higher the trail led. The roar of a leaping stream thundered in many echoes, died to a murmur. A barrier ridge of granite was topped and Desolation Valley lay beyond, its little lakes blinking counterfeit stars. Silence.

"Whoo-oo-oop-e-e-e!"

The ranger sent the call banging down between cañon walls. It was caught up and bandied back and forth from cliff to cliff far on into the unseen distance. A high, shrill neigh answered from near at hand. Sam held out hope to the lost one with another. A clatter of hoofs, chuckling whickers of delight, and a white horse trotted round a shoulder of rock. He was saddled, but riderless. Fear dropped swiftly upon Ransch and he rode on into the basin, starting the echoes booming with his long, quavering call. The white horse

fell in behind, his nose almost touching Sam's flanks, so real his fear of the lonesome night.

For a mile Ransch followed the twisting trail, guessing at it when he could not see the monuments. Each minute that brought no answer to his whoops crushed his hopes lower. If Jobyna were alive, he reasoned, she must be still in the basin; without her horse she could not have made the climb up the side of Pyramid, the high white bulk blocking the far end of the scoured-out pit.

"Whoo-oo-oo-oop-e-e-e!"

A faint answer, far ahead, a grudging whisper escaping the barrier of silence.

"Whoo-oo-oo-oop-e-e-e!"

"He-e-r-r-re!" The echoes twisted it and flung it about so that the one answering voice became a score, coming from everywhere. Ransch's heart pumped hard. He rode on. Again his bellow. Again the confusing answer.

"Where are you?"

"He-e-r-r-re!" Strain as they might, his ears could not fix the location of the answer in the jumbled echoes. Inspiration came. He dismounted, felt his way among the rocks to a patch of shadows, found the shadow a group of stunted spruce. He tore some of the green sprigs from the stem, searched for and found dead limbs and was soon nursing a feeble blaze. The flames jumped to the green dwarfs in their growing strength, and a powerful beacon was soon waving its red torch.

"Come to the fi-i-i-re!" Ransch bawled.

"If I can," was the vague answer. Ransch dismounted, tethered the horses and waited. After many minutes the sound of halting footsteps brought the man to his feet. He stepped out of the circle of firelight, groped, and a dim little shape came stumbling to him.

"Oh, criminy Christmas!" she sighed, and let her weight settle in his arms. Then sobs came—the spell of the mountain terror dissolving. Ransch picked her up and carried her back to the fire. For a minute she was racked with weeping, then, recovering a little, she raised her eyes to his fire-streaked face, blackened and hardly recognizable.

"You! You—came!"

"Of course," the man answered simply. A fresh fit of weeping seized her and Ransch was at a loss to understand. As she sat, back propped against a rock, her wounded arm hanging limply across her breast, she seemed in his eyes a pitiful little waif of the granite desert turned out to die. Her dress was soaked to the waist; her coarse shoes oozed water. She shivered.

He hurried to find more fuel for the fire and, loosening the cinch on Sam, slipped the blanket from under the saddle and brought it to wrap about her. A second blanket from under the white horse's saddle he twisted about her feet, after first, with clumsy fingers, pulling off the pulpy shoes. Jobyna accepted these ministrations with face buried in the crook of her uninjured arm. Her sobs came more and more slowly.

"I—I was terrible scared just terrible," Jobyna murmured, half to herself. "I reckoned—I was a goner when that—there fool hawse up and quit me."

"You oughtn't have come over this trail," Ransch chided gently. He was standing, looking down at the tousled curls straying over the blanket. A painful embarrassment was on him.

"Lakes and rocks and dark holes!" Again she shivered closer about her. A hand closed over his.

"You're good—to me. Coming to get me when I'm just 'bout a goner."

"Shucks!" he stammered. "I had to, of course—when you broke out of Myers' and sneaked away. We'll be moving along on the back trail when you're warmed up a bit."

"No-no-no!" Sharp fear edged her voice and her hand gripped his tighter. "I just can't stand any more dark and rocks and things, I'm too scared! The light'll come soon. We can wait."

Merciful darkness hid Ransch's blushes. He went to bring the saddle from Sam, unsaddled the other horse and let them both run free to browse. Then, with a burning branch as a torch, he reconnoitered the neighboring rocks for wood, a sparse commodity. When he had a fair-sized pile and had built up the fire he turned to ease a saddle under Jobyna's shoulders. He saw her wet stockings laid on a rock by the fire to dry.

"Don't go away from me, because I'll be scared again." The voice was pleading. Ransch looked down at the face above the blankets; it appeared very small and childlike. He sat down beside her, guiltily uneasy, as if the firelight marked the limits of her boudoir and he had no right there. For many minutes the crackling of pitch in the fire was the only sound. Jobyna spoke finally:

"The fire over by the summit—was it a bad one?"

"Fairly bad. A hundred men wore themselves to a frazzle before they busted its back."

Silence again.

"Know how it started?" This warily from the girl.

"Reckon I do," Ransch answered, studiously avoiding her dark eye turned searchingly up to his.

"Reckon I do too." Her words were hardly audible. The tousled head shrank down into the blanket. Firelight leaped and danced against the gray face of granite. The clink of a shod hoof against rock somewhere off in the dark tinkled like a bell.

"My dad up and left me." Spiteful hardness crept into her words, though her voice caught in her throat. Ransch, knowing no answer, kept silence.

"They cotched him? Tell me true."

"Well—I ——" The man's voice hesitated.

"Tell me true," she commanded.

"In a way of speaking—yes," he answered lamely.

"And he'll go to the pen?" Ransch squirmed and cleared his throat.

Again she repeated the question. He nodded. A sob, and the girl was silent. Silent for a long time both. A movement in the blankets. A hand stole out, groped and found his. Long, hard fingers closed over the smaller ones.

"Most anybody'll have to take care of Jobyna Totten now." With the simplicity of a strayed child she said this. Ransch looked hard into the fire and swallowed.

"Most anybody do, Jobyna?"

"Most anybody." Her answer was faint as wind in the pines.

"How about Jay Ransch—for instance?" His words boggled under the pounding of his heart. There was no answer. A minute, and Ransch dared to look down. He looked into black eyes swimming with tears. The hand he had been holding slipped from his grasp, stole to his neck and pulled down his head.

"I reckon he'll do," Jobyna whispered.

(THE END)

Automatic Fog Bells

LIGHTHOUSES that have no attendants because the lamps automatically light up every night and go out every morning, have become common in the last few years; but a new feature has now been added to make them all the more wonderful. This is an automatic fog bell. Whenever fog surrounds the lighthouse the fog bell will sound regularly. Such a double outfit has been designed for a water-intake crib in Lake Michigan, off Milwaukee.

A delicate instrument that will take note of the amount of water in the air, called a hair hygrometer, controls the fog bell. Hair will lengthen slightly when damp and contract when dry, and this fact is utilized in an ingenious way to lower and raise a bit of metal. When the air is damp, and the hair lengthens and drops the metal, an electric contact is made that rings an electric gong, current being supplied by storage batteries. Drier air causes the metal to rise and stops the ringing.

The operations of the air in taking up moisture are so complicated that the hair hygrometer may be deceived occasionally about a fog; but any mistake will be made on the side of safety.

Sometimes when the air is very damp but no fog is near, the bell may sound; yet when there is fog the warning is sure to be given, so long as the apparatus is in good repair.

Half the pleasure of automobiling is in the feeling of *protection* against accidents.

WHEN you buy an automobile you buy part pleasure and part protection. No man likes to pay for protection but it is a necessary part of ownership,—the same as protection in insurance against fire. But when you need automobile protection you need it *quickly, surely*. The best protection when automobiling is to *know* that your brakes will hold, and the way to insure this is to use TESTBESTOS Brake Lining.

TESTBESTOS Automobile Brake Lining

TESTBESTOS is made exclusively of the *longest* fibre, *finest* quality asbestos. This absolutely insures the maximum wear.

Interwoven with the asbestos is pure brass wire, combined with the most careful, most modern processes of manufacture. This insures absolute safety when your brakes are brought into action.

Every foot of TESTBESTOS is *tested* for gripping power, friction, durability, disintegration, resistance to gases, greases and liquids.

The American Asbestos Company, with years of manufacturing experience in this business, absolutely guarantees that TESTBESTOS is made of the highest quality materials procurable. The most conscientious effort is made that *every foot* of TESTBESTOS goes out without a flaw or a blemish.

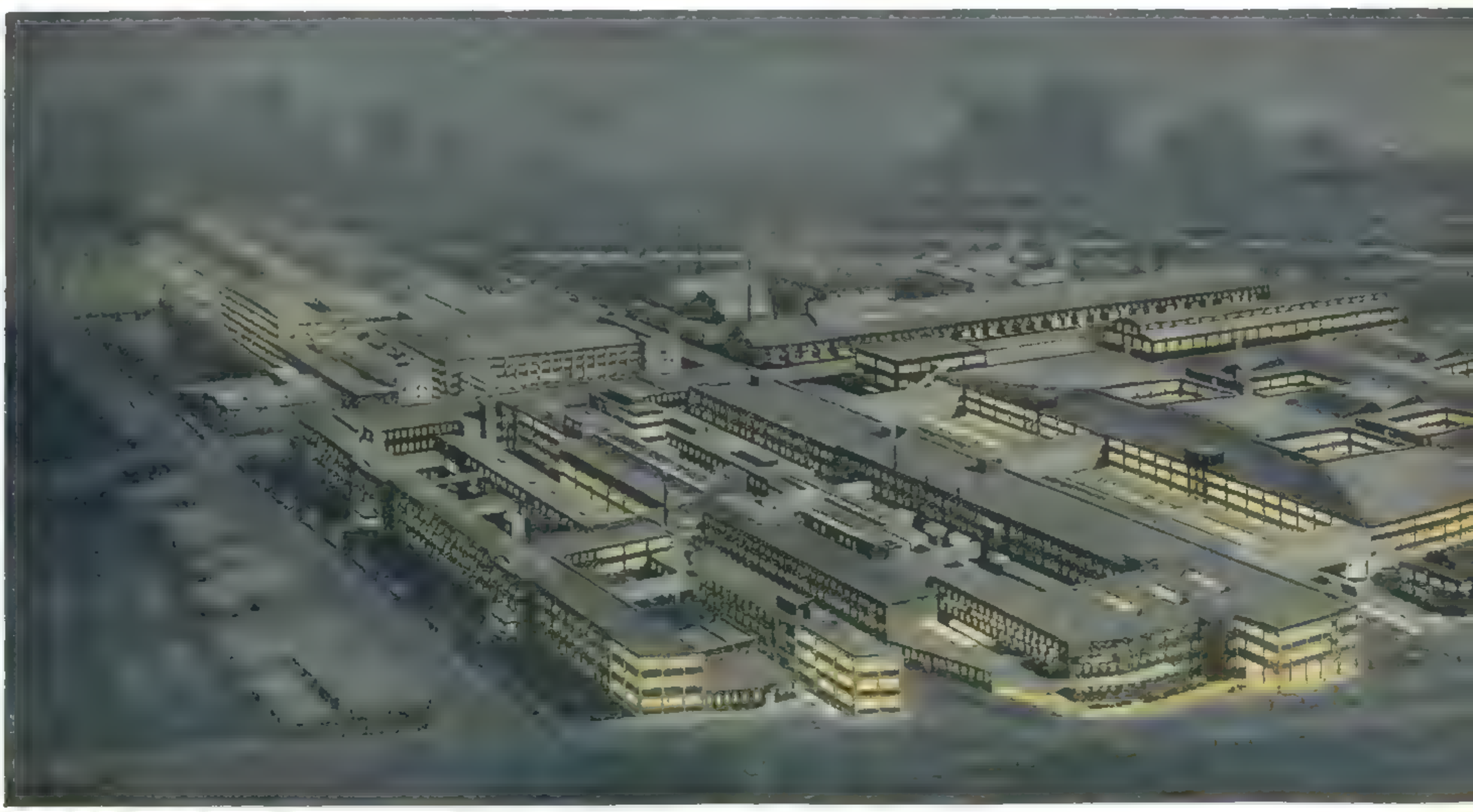
Keep your brakes always in first-class condition. Have your garage man or dealer use TESTBESTOS. If he cannot supply you at present, write us for name of nearest TESTBESTOS dealer.

We still have some good territory open for first-class salesmen. References essential

J. GILLMUR TYSON, President

American Asbestos Company, Norristown, Pa.

Also manufacturers of Asbestos Yarns, Cloths, Theatre Curtains, Tapes, Packings, Gaskets, Multiple Disc Clutch Rings, etc.



Overland

Fours and Sixes

We Are Work
To Build and

What you must pay for an automobile--

How much you get for your money in quality and size—

Is determined by the quantity of automobiles of one kind which one maker can build and sell.

To the extent that it may mean more car for less money, you have a personal and intimate interest in the size of an automobile plant.

Each year for several years Overlands have been bought in larger quantities than any other automobile having a wheelbase of more than 100 inches.

During the three months ending June 30, 1915, the Overland plant produced and sold 20,791 automobiles

This means an even larger lead for Overland than ever before.

Overland production for that quarter (70½ working days) averaged 295 cars per day.

Now it is averaging 630 cars per day.

This position of leader has been obtained and is maintained by these two things:

What you pay for an Overland.

What you get in quality and size in an Overland.

Production in such quantities as to make these things possible requires an enormous plant.

But with a plant adequate to such production, the cost per car is less, and the workers attain higher skill because each man's work is more highly specialized, and constant repetition of his own special operation makes him more expert.

Overland M

Touring Car, 5-Passenger
Roadster 4-Passenger

Touring Car, 7-Passenger

Willys-Knight

Touring Car, 5-Passenger
Roadster 4-Passenger
Coupe, 4-Passenger, 4-Cyl
Limousine 4-Passenger

Catalogs on request

The Willys-Overland

The Willys-Overland of C

"Made

king Night and Day
l Deliver Your Car

Willys Knight
Sleeve-Valve Motor

And as lowered cost makes possible *lower prices*, so also the higher degree of specialization makes possible *higher quality*.

For these reasons we are able to produce *better* automobiles and sell them for *less* money.

That is the meaning there is for you in the continuous enlargement of this plant.

Here the buildings of the Toledo factories only are seen as they appeared last June. Then they contained 79 acres of floor space.

Additional buildings now under construction bring the total floor space up to 103 acres, or 4,486,680 square feet.

Other factories of The Willys-Overland Company contain 29.6 acres of floor space—a total for all plants of 132.6 acres, or 5,752,760 square feet.

The demand for Overlands is giving employment in the Toledo plant alone to 11,600 men—in all plants to 16,925 men

Even with production increased to 630 cars per day, we are now 15,000 cars behind orders and the 4,000 Overland dealers are calling for cars and yet more cars.

Here in Toledo we are working night and day to build and deliver your car

One of our dealers is in your vicinity.

We want him to have your car on hand ready for you when you want it

Tell him which model you will want and when you will want it.

But tell him now—as far in advance as possible—for even our enormous capacity is being taxed to the utmost

lodels and Prices
Model 83

	In U. S. A. f. o. b. Toledo	In Canada f. o. b. Hamilton
4-Cylinder,	$750	$1
		$1215

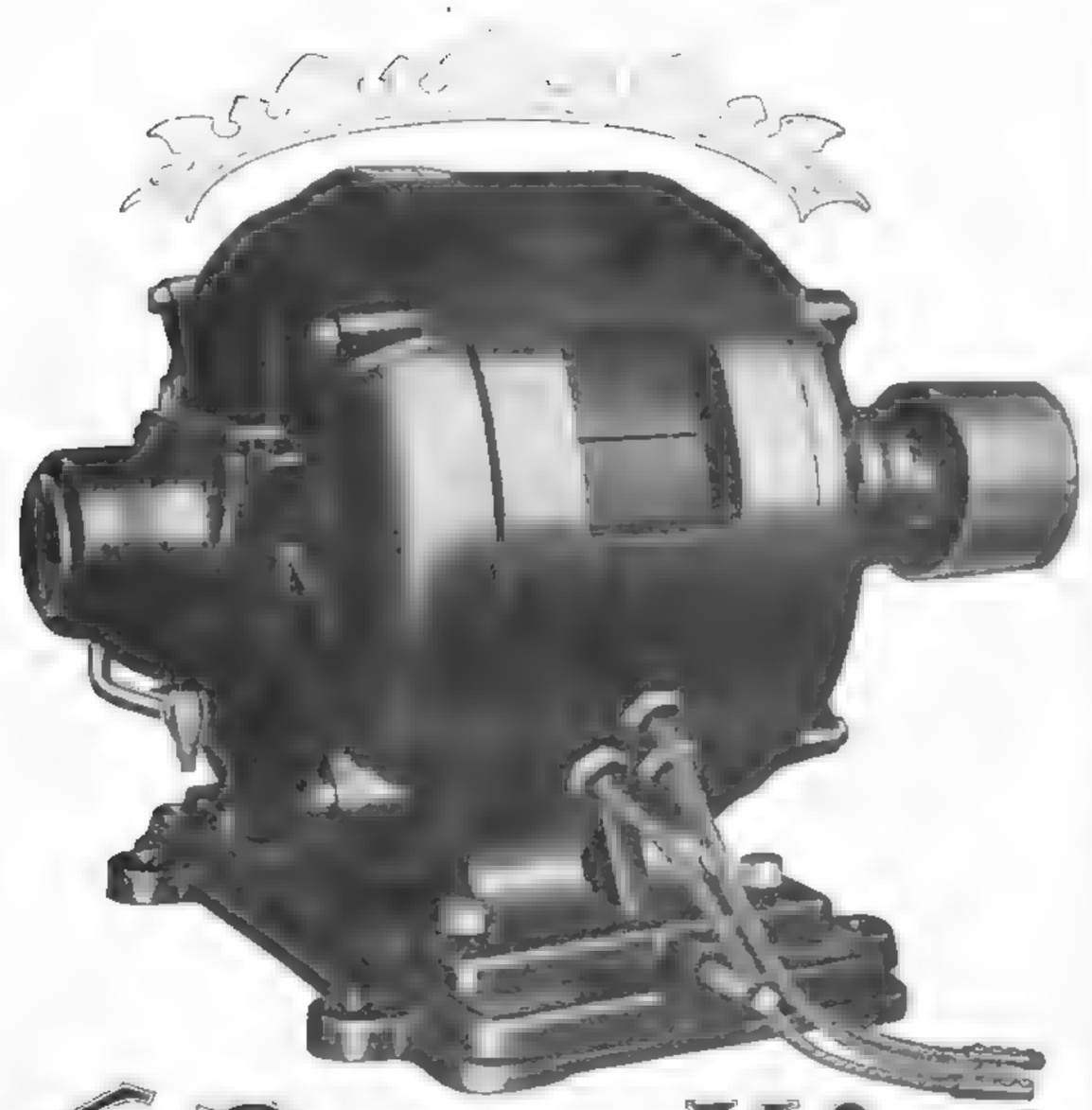
Model 96
6-Cylinder, $1145 $1600

Models and Prices
Model 84

	$1	Toledo
	$	Toledo
	$1	Toledo
	$1	Toledo

, please address Dept. 498

Company, Toledo, Ohio
anada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.
n U. S. A."



The Power King

Your Motor Ideal Realized

All that has ever been done in the attainment of utmost efficiency, simplicity, economy, and reliability is found at its best in this new Robbins & Myers Motor—the most up-to-date motor on the market.

It is Type "K"—an induction motor for service in factory, shop, mine, mill and wherever else power is used.

Strength—apparent at every point. *Simplicity*—unequalled—requires no attention other than occasional filling of oil reservoirs. *Safety*—no sliding electrical contacts—no sparking—no fire danger. *Durability*—the big, strong bearings are the only parts subject to wear. *Economy*—delivers full power with least current consumption. Sizes—¼ to 20 horsepower. Made for two and three-phase circuits of all standard voltages and frequencies. Truly the King of Motordom.

Robbins & Myers Motors

Every Robbins & Myers Motor is the culmination of 19 years' master experience of the world's largest exclusive manufacturer of small electric motors. All sizes, from 1-40 horsepower up. The name "Robbins & Myers" is a guarantee of worth. Write for further information.

To Electrical Dealers and Contractors

The Robbins & Myers line means satisfied customers. The guarantee means what it says. There is double assurance of value—yours and ours.

Robbins & Myers Motors are heavily and constantly advertised. We help you sell. Robbins & Myers experts help you on important motor installations.

Write today for bulletins, prices and dealer discounts. 14)

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO., Springfield, Ohio

New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Rochester, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco

The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors

THE BIG DAY OF LITTLE BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 25)

put it into working shape. He saw that no manufacturer in this country had built a real two-passenger automobile. There were plenty of runabouts on the market, but they were all made by fitting smaller bodies on chassis built for the regular five-passenger cars. That gave more power and weight than were needed, and made the two-passenger car cost almost as much as the five-passenger model. His idea was that if a real two-passenger auto were designed and built for average service it would be possible to reduce power and weight and, therefore, price.

This idea was discussed by other department heads in the company with which he was connected, and seemed sound. So they went to work and designed the car; and it was a good one from the standpoint of efficiency and economy, because they were men who knew what ought to go into such a vehicle and where to buy material at close prices.

A corporation was formed to make this new car. Its capital stock—a quarter of a million dollars' worth—was quickly sold. First, the men who had designed the car took some of the shares, investing their savings; and that immediately created a basis of confidence, because they were all men who thoroughly understood the automobile business. Then the president of the company with which they were connected took a block of the stock; and this, as an open indorsement of their ideas and ability by the man who paid their salaries, created more confidence. After that the remaining shares were sold in small lots to friends, who knew the men and knew they would be active in the management; so a quarter of a million dollars of capital came almost spontaneously and a new factory sprang into existence.

The young fellow from the selling end, who had developed the idea originally, quit his job and became general manager of this new plant. His associates stayed with the old concern but acted as directors. There were some slight setbacks at the start. War broke out shortly after the first cars were ready for customers and a few unforeseen details in design ran counter to popular notions and had to be changed; but these difficulties really helped the young business, for they kept it on the ground and facilitated the correction of mistakes while the output was small. The men who worked out the original idea for the product were not slow in generating ideas that would sell it, and to-day it is a healthy going concern.

Out in the suburbs of a Middle Western city there is a prosperous factory that has been built up from an idea backed by experience. It was started with a sewing machine in a home and is wholly typical of how Little Business deals with its opportunity to-day.

A Father-in-Law With Ideas

There was an office man in that city holding a salaried position in a big packing concern, and he had a father-in-law who was a salesman in a retail furniture house. The father-in-law became interested in a furniture problem. Customers who owned fine dining tables often sent them in to be refinished because they had been burned by hot dishes. Set a tureen of soup, piping hot from the kitchen, on a costly mahogany table and the table acts as the chief conductor for the heat, with bad consequences to mahogany and varnish. This was a very common accident. Customers were always asking for some sort of covering that would give protection, but the only thing known in the trade was the cotton pad, which was far from satisfactory. The father-in-law experimented with various kinds of insulation and finally found that asbestos gave the best results; so he took out patents on an asbestos table pad, and this was the idea.

With that idea the office man, his wife and the father-in-law embarked in business. All the money they had was their own savings; and they started making pads as a side line, both men hanging onto their salaried jobs. The first difficulty encountered was that of making the goods. A manufacturer with a clothing factory tried it but did not succeed; so the wife got a sewing machine, hired a strong woman to run it by foot power, and began making goods in an upper room in their home. The first sales were made by advertising for mail customers, and after the first mistakes in manufacturing and selling had been ironed out of the business it took on a healthy growth.

When there were three sewing machines at work in the home the office man asked for a vacation and made a trade tour of big stores in the East. He found that all the buyers were interested in his product, but also that none of them was willing to put it in stock.

"That looks like a good thing," they said, "but we've had no inquiries from our customers. When people begin asking for your pad we'll handle it."

This attitude seemed a little unreasonable just then. Buyers would not consent to show the goods to their customers, nor even accept pads as gifts to be tested in their own homes, though some of them bought pads for themselves.

All insisted that it was up to the little manufacturing concern to rouse public interest and create demand. Afterward, however, the office man could see that the buyers were right. They could not spend time and money doing missionary work for him; and until the goods had proved satisfactory to the public they could not go very far in recommending them to customers, for in case there was trouble the customers could come back to the buyers with complaints.

So the enterprise was continued for a couple of years as a mail-order proposition, sales being made through advertising; and in due time the big stores got inquiries that led them to put the goods in stock.

A Successful Overalls Specialist

Since then the business has gone right ahead. It grew out of the room upstairs and into a loft building, where power was used to run machines; then a building to itself, after that into a real plant, laid out for its own needs.

There has never been a bit of trouble about financing growth; for, while the product was being proved and introduced, the wife acted as factory superintendent and sales manager, and the men held their salaried positions, supplying capital as it was needed. The needs were moderate because growth was sane. Had there been thousands of dollars of capital to invest, probably the business would have been wrecked by reckless finance or by the mistakes that occur in every new enterprise—instead of the modest vacation visit to Eastern buyers, for example, it would have been easy enough to put several dozen salesmen on the road trying to sell in an unprepared market. By the time the men felt justified in giving all their own time to the business it was earning its own capital, and to-day it is so sound that the banks in that city frequently send their men round to offer loans.

Another fine illustration of the vitality in a good business idea, when backed by the "know how" of experience, is that of an overalls concern in the Middle West.

In the beginning a young fellow sold stuff to the city trade of a wholesale dry-goods house. One of his customers was an old gentleman who ran a tiny overalls factory. His business was so small that he bought only a case of denim at a time, and the salesman wondered how he managed to make a living on such a modest turnover. Curiosity led him to look into the business and he found that this little factory had a real ideal. Where other manufacturers produced work clothes to sell at fifty and seventy-five cents, this one had set a dollar as his price and insisted on better quality. His overalls were roomier in cut and sewed so strongly that they gave long wear. He was a crank about buttonholes and insisted on having them all made by hand with waxed thread, so that a set of his buttonholes would last about as long as three suits of ordinary overalls. On this idea, with hardly any sales ability, his goods found a market and held it.

The dry-goods salesman had some money saved, and knew another young fellow who had some, too, and understood manufacturing. Together they bought out the old gentleman and developed his idea.

Where the old gentleman had waited for quality to make its way slowly, through customers who discovered it for themselves, the salesman partner went on the road and skillfully demonstrated it to merchants. Usually a merchant was skeptical at first.

"Those are good overalls," he admitted, "but people round here won't pay such prices."

Before talking about his overalls the salesman always slipped on a sample pair to show how roomy and comfortable they were, and how strongly made. These points of quality, explained to casual hangers-on round the average store, brought promises to buy from the merchant's own customers. Then he would put the goods in stock; and so they got a start in that town and grew on their merits.

"Fifty cents is the standard price for a pair of overalls in this town," declared a storekeeper at a railroad division.

"They'll pay twice as much when they understand value," said the salesman. "Call in some of the men sitting out there on the sidewalk and I'll prove it to you."

"If you can sell to one of those fellows I'll put your goods in stock," said the merchant.

A dozen wondering railroaders gathered round the drummer, who stood on a counter, dressed in a pair of overalls. He told them there was a difference of opinion between the merchant and himself as to their appreciation of well-made work clothes; that the merchant had promised to carry these overalls if they would buy them; that he believed practical railroad men were good judges of value. Then he explained the quality points one by one and sold a pair of overalls to every man in that crowd!

To-day this partnership has grown into a large business despite healthy competition. The original idea has been kept, even the waxed-thread buttonholes—before machinery was installed for the latter detail the partners often had twice as many girls making buttonholes by hand as they had making garments. Finance has never presented any problem—the business has furnished its own money with its growth.

Money with which to do business seems to be drawn to the man with the experience and the idea, even though he is a small man.

One of the largest automobile concerns in this country belongs entirely to the man who is its general manager and presiding genius. Less than fifteen years ago he was just a sporting-goods dealer in a small Eastern city, selling one-lung automobiles as a side line; but he had big ideas about the future of the auto business and was ambitious to handle sales in a whole state. Just before the panic of 1907 he had contracted for the entire output of a factory, and it seemed as though his ambition had been realized; but the panic caught the factory and sent it into bankruptcy.

Success After Failure

There was a meeting of creditors to see what could be done. Those were times of tension, uncertainty and fear. The creditors were disposed to sell out, getting hard money in hand even though values were sacrificed. This auto dealer attended the meeting, made a speech, and persuaded them to let him operate the plant, assuming its debts. His confidence, rising from broad ideas of what the automobile business ought to be, won the day. They let him go ahead and waited for their money. In a year he had paid them off and owned the factory. In three years he was making cars at the rate of ten thousand a year. To-day he has a plant covering more than a hundred acres and employs ten thousand people. In 1907 he was distinctly Little Business but he had the ideas and energy of Big Business; and money to finance growth seems to have come to him about as did men for his organization—he knew how to put men and dollars to work, and both came round looking for jobs.

Impatient creditors actually closed out another little manufacturer before he got fairly started. He was a stove man with the idea of making a kitchen range of high quality. As soon as he had stoves to sell he contracted for so much advertising space to sell them that people to whom he owed money decided it was time to intervene; so they sold his plant, leaving him nothing but his idea, a trade-mark, some unused advertising space and debts of several thousand dollars. At first it looked as though he was ruined; but he still had his idea and his experience, and a little search enabled him to find a vacant factory in another town, with some business men who had confidence enough in him to help him start once more in a small way. As soon as he had finished some more stoves and used his advertising space his business began to grow solidly, and to-day he has a factory employing several hundred people and is selling all over the country.

Any town in the United States will show men who, either in manufacturing or trading, have come up from small beginnings within the past five or ten years—during the very period when it was supposed that Big Business had destroyed opportunities for Little Business. And each success will be found resting on experience, ideas, energy, pluck—not on money or influence. Opportunity has greatly broadened, as a matter of fact.

A generation ago the young man who went into business for himself feared no molestation from trusts: but he had rather a narrow choice in staple lines of business, and expansion was limited because business then held pretty much to local territory, covering one city or a state or a group of states. To-day there is ever so much more variety and breadth in the opportunities. People get going in lines that were unheard of a few years ago and success admits them to a national trade.

A new type of automobile motor had silence among its other good points. When it was built into a car with a gear drive for the cam shaft the gears were heard. That reflected on the silence of the engine; so the designer substituted a silent chain drive instead of the gears and gave a manufacturer the contract to make the chains. This manufacturer saw an idea and an opportunity for himself in chains for that purpose and pushed them so intelligently that he made a business of them.

Missionary Work at Home

In a certain city the Board of Trade held a conference to discuss ways of bringing more factories to town, and an expert who had been instrumental in building up factories in another city was asked to speak.

"The factory-promotion idea has changed lately," said this expert. "A few years ago town boosting meant effort to bring in factories from other places. To-day it means helping the factories in your own town to grow."

On his advice a committee was formed. It was made up of bankers, general managers, wholesalers, retail merchants, sales managers and traffic men. Every manufacturing concern in the city was listed and members of the committee were detailed to get acquainted with all of them and call on each concern at intervals of a month or so. In a little while this committee was getting astonishing results.

One factory was found to be prosperous in everything except money matters. Its goods were excellent and widely sold at good profit, but the plant was run by a man who understood chiefly the production and selling ends and had no skill in finance. He borrowed money in a careless way, made no provision for taking up the loans, and was running just a block or two ahead of the sheriff most of the time. Busy in making goods and with nobody to guide the money end, he was handicapped in growth. Two bankers on that committee straightened him out in a few days with a scheme of finance that gave him more working capital and relieved him of pressure.

Another promising little factory was sound financially and in production, but had not grown big enough to hire a capable sales manager. So its goods were not being marketed attractively or intelligently. Its territory was only half covered and available new territory outside was neglected altogether. Two high-priced sales managers with big concerns took the selling end in hand and laid out a scheme that brought immediate growth.

There is another city where town boosting takes the line of starting promising new concerns with home capital instead of spending money to bring established ones in from outside. The business men keep their eyes open for the small man with a good idea and a good head. If he passes their scrutiny the word goes round and he gets capital. One of the local bankers will look over his books, perhaps, and make a list of depositors who are carrying large balances, which argues that they have money that might be put to work elsewhere. A letter to these men will result in the financing of the new man.

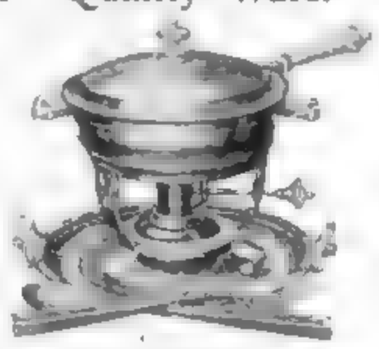
Manning-Bowman
COFFEE PERCOLATORS
Make Best Coffee

Our patented valve construction circulates the maximum amount of water that can be passed through the ground coffee and therefore makes the best coffee

When you see a window demonstration like the above you will know that store is headquarters for the famous Manning-Bowman "Quality Ware."

MB Alcolite Gas Stove Chafing Dish

This chafing dish will prove one of the most convenient cooking utensils you can have in your home. The "Alcolite" Burner has doubled its utility because it has the cooking power of a gas range. Many articles of food that were heretofore cooked in the kitchen can now be prepared right on the dining table. Burner is easily lighted, perfectly regulated and is odorless and sootless. The electric styles have many features and advantages that are exclusive with this make.


Chafing Dish and Set
No. 388/105

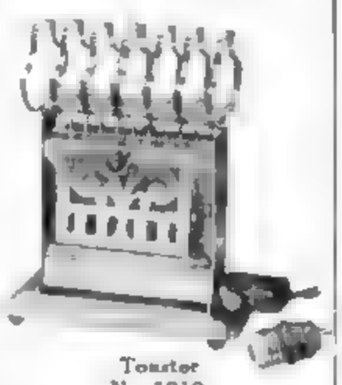
Tea Ball Tea Pot
No. 10173

MB Tea Ball Tea Pots

Tea made in Manning-Bowman Tea Ball Tea Pots is just what you desire it to be—weak or strong, with all the fine full flavor and aroma. The strength of the tea is regulated by the movable tea ball. When the desired strength is obtained the tea ball can (by taking hold of the knob) be drawn up and held above the water.

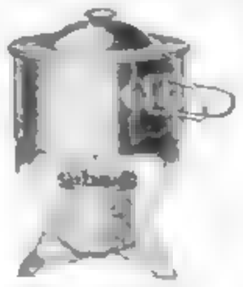
MB Electric Toaster

The most useful of all electric devices for the table. Makes crisp, golden-brown toast in a minute or two.


Toaster
No. 1210

MB "Alcowax" Heater

is a utensil of many uses. Valuable in the home, for traveling, camping, on picnics, etc. Burns solid alcohol. Cannot spill, leak or explode. No odor or smoke. Always ready for use.


Alcowax Heater
No. 43

Manning-Bowman Ware is on sale at jewelry, hardware, housefurnishing and department stores.

For free book of chafing-dish recipes write for Catalogue K-22. Address

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO.
Meriden, Conn.

Makers of Nickel Plate, Solid Copper and Aluminum Ware

After a painting by G. P. A. Healy, Museum of The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences

Chas Goodyear

An Accounting to the American People

THIS MONTH marks the fiscal close of the most phenomenal year The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company has ever known.

Goodyear tire sales were far, far greater than in any previous year.

They were far greater than the sales of any other tire in the world. Other Goodyear products registered an equally enormous gain.

It seems to us a fitting time to render an accounting to the American people, to whom we are indebted for this unprecedented prosperity.

And it also seems to us a propitious time to acknowledge another debt to one of the world's great industrial geniuses, who spent almost his last days in a debtor's prison.

What this business is, in its first and last essence, it owes to Charles Goodyear.

It was not founded by the man whose honored name it bears.

But it has brought to that name, at last, the world-wide eminence which was denied him during his life.

His indomitable spirit has been a never-failing source of inspiration—in every branch of its thousandfold activities "his soul goes marching on."

Charles Goodyear was a man with a fixed idea—predestined, almost by reason of that fact, to disappointment, disaster and seeming disgrace.

His fixed idea was the vulcanization of rubber—and on this bed-rock idea there rests today that mighty industrial structure, the rubber business of the world.

GOODYEAR TIRES

In the remotest corners of the globe, wherever civilization pierces its way into the wilderness; in the jungles, and on the plantations, where millions of black men toil to satisfy the world's supply—*Goodyear means rubber and rubber means Goodyear.*

By right of inheritance, by right of adoption, by right of devotion to his high ideals, not merely the tire supremacy of the world but the rubber supremacy of the world belongs to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company.

And so this business which perpetuates his name is also animated by a fixed idea.

And that fixed idea is that The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company is bound to win this world-wide rubber supremacy if it simply upholds and maintains the goodness of Goodyear.

We believe firmly in the ultimate triumph of manufactured goodness.

We believe that the American people are everlastingly on the alert to find that which is worthy.

We believe they have awarded first place to Goodyear because they believe in Goodyear.

We are convinced that no one can take that place away from us as long as we are true to them, and true to ourselves.

And because we prize this good will as the most precious asset of this business, nothing unworthy shall go out into the world under the brand of Goodyear.

The spirit of Charles Goodyear stands guard over every operation and every department in these great factories.

It says to every man on the Goodyear payroll, from the highest to the lowest: "Protect my good name."

Wherever, and whenever, man, woman or child thinks of aught that is made of rubber—we want their second thought to be of Goodyear.

And to that end, we repeat—nothing unworthy shall ever go out of these great factories under the brand of Goodyear.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

AKRON, OHIO

F. A. Seiberling, President

What the Tire-World Owes Goodyear

To Charles Goodyear and The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company you owe the best you now have in tires.

Charles Goodyear discovered how to vulcanize crude rubber, and made the tire possible.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company invented the first American tire-making machine, which has played so large a part in the development of the industry.

It developed for the world the easily handled straight-side tire, reducing the rim-cutting troubles of the clincher type.

The Goodyear detachable rim was the forerunner of the easy-acting rims you now use.

By first putting piano-wire tape in the base of tires, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company made them safe and ended many tube troubles.

The "on-air" cure—a distinctive Goodyear process—minimizes blow-outs by obviating wrinkled or buckled fabric.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, by making in its own mill the strongest tire fabric in the world, raised the standard of fabric and benefited all tire users.

Leading Goodyear-Akron Products

Fabric and Cord Automobile Tires
Laminated Tubes for Automobile Tires
Automobile Tire Accessories
Repair Materials
Automobile Rims
Pneumatic Tires for Trucks
Solid Motor Truck Tires
Tires for Fire Apparatus
Carriage Tires
Motorcycle and Cycle Car Tires
Motorcycle Tubes
Bicycle Tires and Tubes
Aeroplane Tires, Springs and Fabric
Military and other Balloons
Rubber Soles for Shoes
Wingfoot Heels for Shoes
Lawn Hose
Radiator Hose
Kantkink Garage Hose
Steam Hose
Suction and Miscellaneous Hose
Goodyearite Packing
Conveyor Belts
Transmission Belts
Rubber Bands
Molded Goods
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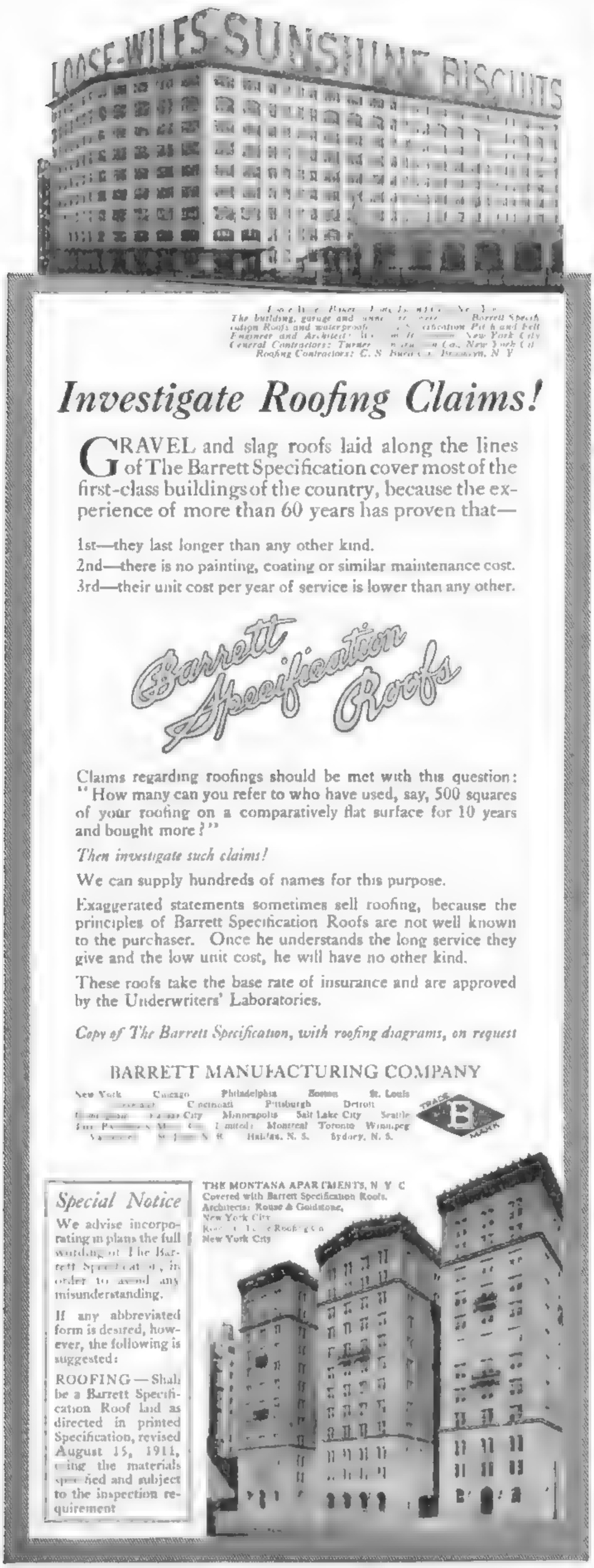

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Covered with Barrett Specification Roofs.
Architects: Rouse & Goldstone,
New York City
... Tarvia Roofing Co.
New York City

A FILM FAVORITE

(Continued from Page 15)

The impact of the lion on the great, heavy door would have wrecked the set had it not been heavily reënforced; but it held firmly and the beast was thrown almost on his back. He was in a towering rage when he got to his feet; and he stood there roaring and snarling magnificently for fully fifty feet of film.

As I looked at the little girl, pale and trembling, lying in her sister's arms, the thought occurred to me that the heroism displayed in making the film was much more splendid than the rather pompous heroism she would simulate in her part of the story.

The other episode exhibits the quick wit and fine courage of another young woman. It happened in the first animal picture in which Gene Wilkinson appeared, and it began a series of pictures that ultimately made her famous. The scene was set in a manner similar to the others I have described, but in the action there would not be the slightest danger so long as the lion adhered to his rôle—that being to stay half-hidden behind the bamboo in the rear of the inclosure while Miss Wilkinson walked slowly across the foreground. As in the other cases, there were emergency exits and sharpshooters to insure her safety.

Twice the action was rehearsed and the time taken—the lion skulking in the jungle beyond; but when the director called "Action!" the clicking of the cameras in some mysterious way stirred the king of beasts into great indignation. He let out a roar that could be heard a mile, lashed his tail against the bamboo, and suddenly bounded straight toward Miss Wilkinson.

"Beat it, Gene!" shouted the director, holding open the nearest emergency exit. She started, but, seeing she could not make it, turned on her heel; and, to the amazement and horror of everybody, she ran straight toward the lion. When he saw her turn he came to a full stop. The meeting was something of a melodramatic anticlimax, for the beast did not swallow the maid. On the contrary, her spiritual conquest expressed itself by her scratching him on the forehead. He walked out of the picture in dignified humility.

It is easy enough to explain that the animal trainer had coached Miss Wilkinson in the etiquette of animals—especially the cats—and had told her how to bluff her way out when she got in a tight pinch, but the point is, though knowing exactly what one ought to do in such a crisis, how many are there who would deliberately turn and charge a lion?

The Cost in Bumps and Bruises

I might continue telling of the exciting and perilous adventures incident to the lives of moving-picture folk; but the foregoing fairly typify the dangers of the rough stuff and show the efforts being made by producers to meet a gigantic problem and win the faith of a suspicious public without the aid of trickery.

One more episode I must record, however, for the remark of the hero in the crisis of his danger voices the exasperation that all actors feel when, after doing a notable feat of daring, the moving-picture patrons believe the picture to be faked. The incident occurred on a trip to one of the nethermost islands off the coast of California. We were doing the Treasure Island kind of stuff and had selected a perfect location. Nothing could have been more wild and windswept. There were great caves that sheltered strange birds during the big storms; high, precipitous cliffs, and long stretches of beach on which was thrown the wreckage of lost sailing vessels. The only inhabitants were wild boars and a curious fox.

We made no end of bully pirate pictures and a wild-man story that nearly ended in disaster. Tom Sentous was cast for the wild man, no one else being physically eligible. Tom appeared in scene after scene, pursued by English sailors, and finally was overtaken on the top of a cliff overlooking the ocean. A hand-to-hand combat with an English lieutenant ensued, and they rolled over and over among the lava rocks until Tom's body was scratched and bleeding from head to foot. Finally Tom was thrown off the cliff and went hurtling down some fifty feet into the water.

We had waited several days until the sea should be calm enough to make the picture, for it was necessary to have assistance close by in order to rescue Tom from the rocks. A dive was out of the question no one pitched off a cliff would start in a diving position; so Tom had to go any old way and take his chances. He did; and they turned out to be very precarious, for the poor fellow hit the water with such an impact that he was utterly stunned. It was such a long time before he came to the surface we were mightily alarmed; and when he rose it was seen that he was in great distress. There was much blood on the water, but that was only from his lacerated body; his real trouble was more serious.

With much difficulty we got him into the boat, for he weighed one hundred and ninety pounds. For several hours we rubbed him and applied restoratives. When finally he came round, and was able to talk, his first remark, uttered faintly and with much effort, was:

"I will kill the first flat-chested film fan who says this picture was faked!"

Then and there we all swore to the same murderous intent!

Expressing the Festal Spirit

"Register joy there, Grandon! This is not an undertaker's convention; it's a house party."

And so I jumped up and down, clapped my hands in childish glee, and ended by dragging all the dinner guests into the middle of the room, where we played ring around a rosy!

That was what my first director considered a fine expression of the festal spirit. He and his cult believed that the moving picture demanded action and that any repose whatsoever was just so much waste of film. How we used to prance and tear through the tumultuous scenes! Life in those days was full of riot and abandon. "Action, action, action—more action!" All the time! We were even taught to enter a room with terrific ostentation, and the simplest questions could not be answered without violent gesticulations and facial acrobatics.

Besides his insistence that life should be interpreted in the most dynamic way possible, this director had many weird and peculiar obsessions regarding its symbols. For instance, he firmly believed that only a few intellectuals knew the meaning of the mystic letters M. D. He was positive that a shingle on which was inscribed "George Smith, M. D.," would forever remain a dark and cryptic puzzle to the average man. No doubt he saved millions of his spectators from splitting headaches by solving their puzzle on a sign three feet long, which read: "Doctor Smith." With such a label, one might feel sure that the pale-faced maiden staggering up the front steps was not seeking a piano tuner.

Some of his conceptions were perfectly magnificent. So contemptuous was he of average intelligence, he labeled everything possible—even the dignified city hall being unable to proclaim itself without the exaggerated assistance of a sign writer.

It was not only in scenery and props that his amazing talent for leaving nothing to the imagination expressed itself. It was also evident in the invention of a whole new technic of acting; and under his direction a brand-new drama has been evolved. Take, for example, the registration of sudden poverty. On the stage they do it by dramatically hissing, "I am ruined!" but, in lieu of the spoken word, he told his actors to simply turn their pockets inside out—a most eloquent gesture and one universally understood.

The cinematograph is essentially a mechanical device and during its development into an instrument of precision mostly enlisted in its service mechanical men. It was natural, therefore, that its first triumphs were of a mechanical nature.

A few years ago our best pictures were the phantasms. The dissolve, the double exposure, the reversed film—every mechanical stunt imaginable was used to bewilder and entertain.

Along with these there were a few fierce melodramas involving shipwrecks and derailments; also, the pursuit pictures, in which a whole village joined in a mad chase and tore through town, upsetting apple carts, baby carriages and scaffoldings, until finally everybody was subdued in a bath of whitewash. "Them was the good old days!"

This palled, however. There was a demand for romance, plot and real acting. The mechanics were up against it, but they stuck to their tasks and did their level best to meet requirements. Now, their best was rather awful; yet it must be said that some of these same chaps grew in artistry as the world moved ahead. Gradually there came into the picture business men who had brains, technic and poesy. At the present time there are engaged in this work in America half a dozen really great artists and a considerable number who are better than the pictures they are compelled to make; but, alas! many of them are merely showmen of the rough-and-tumble type. They stick to the early technic; and when they add to it a new symbol it is ignorantly conceived.

Even some of the better directors are guilty of childish devices. The present pilot of my particular star still insists that an engagement can be put over only by the use of the ring. While performing last week in a very romantic story, I was called on in the first scene, when I met Her, to show that I had been very much impressed. I endeavored to do this quietly and unostentatiously, as any fellow would, still recording the fact that my sentimental bell had been rung; but the director would not stand for it.

"You know it, I know it, and she knows it; but remember this: there are thousands of fans who would never get it without having it driven in with a mallet! Now do it again; and leave nobody in doubt!"

So I went through the regular formula for love at first sight, which, first, consists in enlarging the eyes, to indicate wonder; then, a smile, suffusing the face, to register satisfaction; ending, however, in the pointed brows, the sign by which one interrogates. The next spasm is the heaving chest, to indicate that the heart has been stirred to its nethermost depths. Now "determination to have her at any cost" must be shown. This is accomplished by a toss of the head, a forward thrust of the chin, and a tense clenching of the fists.

When I pulled this sort of stuff I tried to maintain that the last Chink in the back row could finish the story—for what chance has the poor girl when Handsome Harold is thus affected and determined? But the director was stubborn, and his final argument was the success of the film.

Symbolism Better Than Realism

The more violent work is really more easily produced than that of the higher forms of drama, for the reason that the actors are obedient puppets, performing to certain set symbols. For instance, when parts are assigned for a new play each actor knows instantly how to make up. The father of a girl of eighteen must look sixty, at least—gray and dignified. The mother of the same young lady must appear motherly—that is, like Martha Washington, or a dear old dowager duchess. In reality the father and mother of a girl of eighteen would be enjoying their vigorous forties, and, likely as not, would be found on the tennis court playing a hard deuce set; but as symbols they would never do—unless elaborately labeled.

The chap cast for the doctor, without further ado makes up with a fine, septic, point-lace beard and stern, professional frown. I recently visited a meeting of the American Medical Association and, as a moving-picture actor, I was amazed at the scarcity of facial foliage—a few mustaches, but most faces were clean-shaved.

I have often wondered whether the victory of the North in the Civil War was very creditable. If we are to believe the moving pictures depicting that struggle all the officers wore gray mustaches and goatees. It does not seem fine to have beaten up so many old men.

The negro mammy in those same war dramas was originally designed by Lew Dockstader and the symbol has never changed. Why, you ask, do they always make up white people as negroes who could not possibly deceive a child, when a real mammy is so easy to find? The colored folk are infinitely better actors and much easier to obtain than Indians; yet these people are rarely faked.

No doubt it has been noticed that we insist on Indians wearing war bonnets at all times, whether they are at war, peace or Irish picnics; but an Indian minus feathers would be like a fisherman without his oilskins. You can bet our fishermen never venture forth without oilskins. On the hottest days in August, with a sea like glass, we load up the poor devils with rubber boots, tarpaulins and sou'westers. They eat, sleep and work in those smelly garments at all times; if any of them should be omitted—even for an instant—some clerk in the front row might mistake a fisherman for a butcher.

A great many actors know better than to behave as they do, and occasionally they care enough to argue the point with the director. Sometimes even the extra people develop courage sufficient to revolt. In one story the director curiously enough happened on a Cockney Englishman to play the part of a butler, a position he knew well by long years of service. At the first rehearsal the explosion came. The director had ordered him to dress like a court chamberlain in a fairy tale. He submitted to this indignity; but when he was told to stand like a ramrod, with his nose in the air and his arms held like parentheses, loyalty to his calling demanded that he protest.

How a Butler Should Buttle

"Oh, I say, Mr. 'Enderson, I cawn't act that w'y! Indeed I cawn't! No, sir! I 'ave friends who will see this pitcher and I cawn't 'ave 'em think I've lost me reason. I've served in some of the best 'omes in Lunnon, sir, and I never yet saw a butler dressed as I am, sir. Sometimes a colored weskit and gloves, sir—but never such duds as these, sir! Some of the rich brewers 'ave footmen dressed as 'andsome—but never a butler, sir! On my word, sir!

"And then such manners, sir! A butler does not walk like a German soldier doing the goose step, sir. Nor do they stop and turn a corner on their 'eels, sir, like a bally sergeant! No, sir—if I do say it—the manners of a good English butler are graceful and easylike. I think you 'ave 'eard the story, sir, of Lord Cromer's dreadful blunder in mistaking the American Ambassador for the butler. It 'appened at Marlborough 'Ouse, sir. No, sir; if I am to play the part of the butler, sir, I 'ope you will permit me to play it as it ought to be done, sir!"

With that out of his system, the butler stood expectant. This is what he got:

"When I want you to help in directing I'll make you my assistant. Meantime you play the part as I tell you. This story is not produced to entertain a bunch of English servants, but for the American public; and I have an idea that I know their definition of a butler a little better than you do."

This character of the butler is the most useful of any in the photo drama. It is amazing the amount of scenery he saves! An interior set may be cheap and shoddy, and have about the same magnificence as a tintype studio; yet when a splendid butler enters one begins to breathe the rarefied atmosphere of aristocracy and the spectators get their bearings at once, for they know from reading our popular novelists that only the rich can afford such pets.

The richness of an interior set is in direct proportion to the amount of furniture used. The richer the people, the more impedimenta clutter up their lives. Plumbers who have risen to the proud distinction of moving-picture directors insist that the rich simply wallow in furniture. A truckload of junk rented from the Peoples' Outfitting Company, with a large plaster Cupid and Psyche from the prop. room, will produce a salon that would make the Duke of Bedford hide under his bed.

Jorkins, the butler, is not the only servant who has a fixed symbol, however. Burgette, the maid in the banker's home, is equally well standardized. She wears astonishingly short skirts, a white tidy on her head, a dinky little apron, and answers the simplest questions with a curtsy. As no maid in real life ever performed thus, I think this symbol must have come down to us via musical comedy. Sometimes, when the action becomes fast, these poor French dolls bob like corks.

In looking over my notebook I realize that I have forgotten to mention the lads in the hair pants. What would become of the Western stuff without these curious nether garments? A sombrero, an open shirt, two young cannon, a package of tobacco, and hair pants—and your lily-handed leading man has immediately achieved the outward symbols of the boy of blood and oxen. No wonder Germany demands all the Western stuff we can send her!

Up to now I have spoken only of the standardization of characters; but action has become quite as hard-boiled, and there

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"We don't put up a cent of capital and our growing typewriter business is made safe from interruption and demoralization by fire. I now wonder how we ever came to overlook free sprinklers for 6 years.

"Yesterday they showed me how the device worked in the part that is finished. They made a little fire with some oily rags and newspapers down in the basement. We all got back by the door and watched developments. The nearest Grinnell stood it for about a half minute and then snapped in the heat and down came a regular cloudburst of water over about ten feet of floor; that fire was out in ten seconds!"

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SINCE the Grinnell System was completed it has already put out two fires—real ones—in the Corona Typewriter factory at Groton, N. Y. No loss. The first fire occurred while two men were cleaning out a spray booth with gasoline torches. This booth had been used in the process of applying Copal varnish to the frame of the little typewriter, and the heat from the torches volatilized the oils in the thick varnish deposits, with the result that the entire booth suddenly exploded into flames, which leaped to the wooden flooring of the story above. Instantly a Grinnell sprinkler-head snapped in the heat and ended a very promising fire in a deluge of water.

Striking instances of fire-fighting alertness of Grinnells, many of them not less strange than this one, happen almost every week somewhere.

No wonder owners enthusiastically offer experiences for Grinnell advertisements. They tell us they feel they are doing a public service. They realize the waste of fire and the uselessness of high premiums. They know that their fellow business men can, *at no cost whatever*, have 99 per cent. protection against the havoc and demoralization wrought by fire and at the same time acquire a building equipment asset.

Rates Drop 40% to 90%

THERE are thousands of men in this country who own stores, loft buildings, warehouses or factories, who are convinced in an academic way that sprinkler protection is a sound proposition and that they "will come to it some day". They know their insurance rates will drop 40% to 90%, but they wait and procrastinate and delay and the weeks and months slip by. Many a time we have seen "prospects" burn up during this period. Many a time, too, we have seen concerns delay so long that thousands of dollars of needlessly high insurance premiums have slipped away. An Ohio concern recently installed Grinnell Sprinklers at a cost of $10,000, after backing and filling on the price, and procrastinating over details for six years, at a total loss in premiums they might have saved of $16,000!

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ORDINARILY systems are not installed free because the average business man prefers to buy in the customary way and save interest on the deferred payments; but the free installation method is available for everybody who wants to conserve working capital and keep down plant investments. Any one of several construction companies will have us put in a Grinnell System at its own expense and take your insurance savings as annual payments. At the end of any year the construction companies will allow you to pay cash for the system and thus immediately get possession of the equipment.

The Grinnell System is not the cheapest by any means, but it is a significant fact that the construction companies prefer to invest their own money in a Grinnell equipment even though it is a temporary investment. They have in mind the satisfaction of their clients over a "botherless" system.

The Grinnell System is also the one which practically all the big concerns of the country have settled on, which indicates they did not invest merely in an automatic sprinkler installation, but in Grinnell Scientific Fire Protection. As big buyers of business equipment they gained the knowledge that sprinkler engineering is more than mere pipe-fitting. It is a difficult, highly technical art and the Grinnell System is the one with the trained, technical talent back of it.

One technical detail to look out for is protection from corrosion. Factory fumes may in time render a system inoperative if the danger of corrosion is not adequately forestalled; hence the great value of the unique sprinkler-head whose valve is made of annealed glass which rests on a non-corrosive, flexible diaphragm, making a combination of positive action under all circumstances. Another great advantage of the Grinnell sprinkler-head is that the working parts of the strut are adequately protected against accidental blows by the frame of the sprinkler-head itself.

In a word the whole Grinnell System is scientifically correct, and is designed by real sprinkler engineers and produced by a $6,000,000 organization.

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are definite stunts by which to express the whole gamut of human emotions, intentions and conditions. I think I have mentioned how love at first sight is registered; but there is one bit of action even more stupid than that.

Watch for a moment the actions of Jack Manly, who is about to call on Miss Oodles Ovit at her home in Fifth Avenue. Does he approach the house, glance at the number, then walk up the steps and ring the bell? He does not. He comes down the street, card in hand, scrutinizing every number until he arrives in front of the house and the camera; here he points to the number—which can be read a mile—one digit at a time; then, holding up the card -cut-in, showing card enlarged—he points out the figures on it one at a time, thus showing that the numbers are identical. This accomplished he turns to the camera and, his face beaming with delightful surprise, brings down his fist in his open palm and unmistakably says: "I'll do it!"

The quick sequence of events necessary to tell a story in twenty minutes often requires that love at sight shall ripen into an engagement in sixty feet of film. The only way so far discovered by most directors to indicate this pleasing result is through the symbol of the engagement ring. Every actor must carry a pocketful of these in different sizes, so as to be ready for any emergency.

If the handsome cowboy in the leather panties meets the girl from Gotham for the first time, in the middle of the desert, and strolls off up the wash to make moving-picture love to her, he must be ready on returning close to the camera to slip on her finger a ring that fits. This saves much talk, a trip to the jeweler, and other claptrap of real life.

Death is put over by two different symbols—one for the home and the other for outdoors. The sick-room death scene, with slight variations, is pictured thus: The doctor and the family are on the far side of the bed, which is set in a stage tableau depicting tense anxiety. The sick mother, lying well downstage, rises from her pillow, stares vacantly into the Great Beyond, clutches frantically at her beads, and, with several fine convulsions, expires. The doctor now takes her limp hand, looks long and thoughtfully at the departed, and then, slowly raising his eyes to the chief loser, mournfully shakes his head. She sighs heavily and, turning to the next mourner, shakes her head; the next one does the same to his neighbor—and so on down the line to the last servant. When they have all shaken their heads one feels sure that Annie's mother has passed on; but, lest there should be some mental defective among the spectators who has not understood, the doctor closes Annie's mother's eyes and pulls the sheet over her head. This clinches the fact that death has come.

Death and Kisses in the Open

The out-of-door demise is presented in quite a different way. Here the victim has been shot, smothered or run over. The doctor arrives, looks over the wreckage and, facing the camera, says: "Dead!" But, instead of sighing and shaking their heads, the bystanders all remove their hats and drop to one knee in prayer and benediction. Anyone who has ever seen firemen stop in the midst of their hazards and hose to pray for the fatality on the sidewalk knows how true to life this picture is. Think of a bunch of cowboys in hair pants showing respect in this way! It is superb!

I have often wondered what lawyers think of the jurisprudence of the moving pictures. It stands to reason that we could not very well wait on the slow processes of the law when we must do so much in twenty minutes. It does seem, however, that we ought at least to legalize our wills and weddings by having witnesses to the former and licenses for the latter. But what do we care for such trifles? We can arrest—without warrant—try and hang a man with five hundred feet of film. That beats anything England ever did with her snappy criminal code.

Up to date there is only one recognized symbol to indicate great distance—we shade the eyes, lean forward and sweep the long horizon. I used to believe that when a person shaded his eyes it was to keep out the sun; yet we do it, in broad-brimmed hats or with our backs to the sun, on cloudy days—and, in fact, under the fierce penetrating rays of the quarter moon. Having discovered our quarry, or prey, or prize, 'way off yonder, our instincts call us naturally to instant action; but we must not start too soon. So, after gulping, backing and filling for at least ten feet of film, we gain a firm foothold and, with heaving chest, fare forth.

Moving-picture lovers are the kissiest people on earth. We kiss letters, lockets, flowers, fans, fur coats, and any other props that happen to be kicking round or are concealed beneath the bosom of the sentimental lad or lass. And when we arrive at the happy ending—well!! It is technically known as the clinch and ends the film in a slow dissolve. The action begins by a coyness on the part of Hortense and a languid yearning on the part of the lad. Finally we rush together in an attitude resembling the first hold in the bunny hug. Then slowly she raises her face to mine and I bend to my duty—the picture dissolving out in a long languorous kiss that leaves the onlookers wondering all the way home how long we stuck it out!

So essential is the clinch to show that lovers care for each other, we pull it off in the most extraordinary places. Anywhere, from the hurricane deck of a camel to a corner of Fifth Avenue at noon, will do. We are shameless—yet the villagers seem not to notice anything unusual; in real life we should be pinched or should draw a crowd that would send in a riot call.

When Dignity Collapses

Of all phases of the silent drama subtle comedy is the most difficult of expression; and a situation that depends on the turn of a phrase and a witty reply in a dialogue is almost impossible, because of the objection to long titles and the cutting of the picture with too many subtitles. Many of our best comedians, who have amused us well for years on the legitimate stage, have made miserable failures in the photoplay; but, on the other hand, the low comedians and the clowns are enjoying a tremendous vogue—the fellow with the rubber face or the one who can submit to the greatest anatomical assaults seeming to win the heartiest approval.

These entertainers have brought back all the old claptrap of the music hall and vaudeville; the slap stick, Seltzer bottle and bucket of paste are creating uproarious laughter, as they did twenty years ago. The demand for these purveyors of joy seems to be in direct proportion to the number of flip-flaps one can negotiate when kicked in the stomach; but, even so, Seltzer bottles and slap sticks alone will not carry an actor to very great heights. Even in the rough stuff there must be art.

A few years ago there came to Los Angeles, in a riotous vaudeville stunt, a little bit of a fellow who seemed designed by Nature for the photo comedy. He was a hit from the start and in less than four years he had become probably the best-known actor in the world. There is no doubt that at this moment he has the greatest personal following in the whole history of the stage; therefore it becomes interesting to try to analyze his success.

What does he do that is so funny? Why do we howl at his antics? It gets us nowhere to try to appear superior and dismiss him as a cheap vulgarian; for, notwithstanding an occasional lapse of this kind, he is yet the god Billiken to one hundred million people. A man who can make a nation laugh—not once, but every week—must be considered.

Perhaps G. K. Chesterton gives us the answer. Our English paradoxer takes the most elemental joke in the world and asks the question: "Why do we laugh when a fat man falls down? We do not laugh when a tree falls—or a house, or a child, or a poor man; but we howl when a fat man strikes a banana peel and—even the gods—when he is compelled to chase his high hat down the street."

Why is this funny? The question is answered in Chesterton's statement that the reason is a religious one. Man, he says, has decided that he is made in God's image and has thus given himself a divine dignity. "Now, the collapse of dignity is essentially humorous; and the greater the dignity the greater the collapse. There is nothing in Nature so dignified as a fat man in a high hat—hence the humor of his fall."

The keen observer will recall that the comedian under discussion has evolved a character of much dignity; he wears always the suave manner and sartorial symbols of gentility—though a shabby gentility, it is true. His tightly buttoned coat seems to express

a dignified hope that the absence of a shirt will not be noticed; his small, well-trained mustache, his bowler hat and ever-present cane—all are symbols of the gentleman. Even his little mincing walk and the stiff-legged rigidity with which he takes the corner are the things that make his collapse so utterly comic. He kicks his way through life and in turn is kicked; yet his manner is one of dignified aloofness from the proximity to danger. The humor of his kicks lies in the fact that they emanate very suddenly from a serene, reposeful attitude of calm dignity. Even in his most tumultuous scenes, the manner in which he grasps his stick and endeavors to keep on his hat shows that he is constantly conscious of the dignity he fears to lose.

Lacking this attribute his rivals are only clowns. Even the clown, if you remember, played opposite the ringmaster, in high hat and swallowtail, in order to have something dignified to upset. The fall of the ringmaster was humorous—the fall of the clown merely grotesque.

The same test applies to the humor of the comic policeman. A guardian of law and order, his uniformed and serious dignity is in joyful eclipse when the patrol wagon hits a hydrant and the police department goes rolling down the street into the river.

It is amusing to hear some of the bad comedians trying to account for the other fellow's success, when they know perfectly well that their own stuff is so much better. Benny Bernstein, who does rough comedy for our studio, spends his life trying to imitate and outdo his master. A few days ago I heard some extra people laughing uproariously on the seat next to me; and, looking over the screen, I beheld Benny, his head in a goldfish bowl. He was drinking the water and apparently eating the fish—an Epicurean illusion produced by the use of sliced carrots. And Benny gets a good salary for eating goldfish! He tells me he is now working on a magnetic wig that will cause the hair to perform with every change of gesture; with this, he hopes to land in the thousand-dollars-a-week class.

However, the comedians have one advantage over us—each of them can and does invent his own technic. Comic situations are limited, but within the limitations the comedian is an individual; in fact, it is only the manner in which he kicks or shoots his opponent in the north equatorial region, or accepts kicks and shots on the same anatomical target, that differentiates him from other comedians.

In thus attempting an analysis of moving-picture technic one wonders what it has to do with art. That there is art—and even great art finding expression in the films, none but an utter bigot will deny; yet it must be admitted that much of the present output could hardly claim such designation—and it is that which has been under discussion.

We of the moving pictures have all kinds of censorship in the interest of the morals of messenger boys; but as yet there has been no official protector of poor, old, defenseless art from the criminal ravages of the dramatic plumbers. However, the higher censorship of public patronage is beginning to assert itself, and the great success of some of the really fine productions is a most hopeful sign. The average spectator is not so low-browed as the old-time director thought, or else the crowd has improved immeasurably in the past few years. The estimate of indiscriminating ignorance is fast going the way of the dear old fiction which says that the moving pictures are patronized only by children.

There remains in the moving pictures a good deal of artistic carnage, but it is due to an abnormal condition consequent to a sudden enormous demand on an art that was not properly prepared. At present, salaries out of all proportion to service are paid. Pretty little girls with very modest talents, and mediocre actors with beautiful hair and cow eyes, get greater pay than senators. This is but a part of the evolutionary process of a new and sudden art.

As it shakes itself down, the mechanics will be replaced by artists. More men with full sets of brains will be attracted; and then—I shall lose my job; but, as Mrs. Grandon, who never has been properly impressed by my success, says:

"Well, of course, Spencer, you're a good strong boy—and you can always go to work!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles on the life of a motion-picture actor.

Sense and Nonsense

A New Cancer Cure

CANCER cures no longer are received with faith, because so many failures have been recorded, and none is yet in sight, other than the limited cures of the knife and radium; yet hope is growing among the hundreds of scientists who are devoting their lives to the problem, and a little progress is reported steadily.

One simple theory now coming into acceptance suggests possibilities of final success, even to persons who know nothing of science. This idea is that there is some chemical in the blood which controls the growth of cancer. There may be something that stimulates the cancer cells to grow, or something that stops cancer cells from growing, so that the absence of the substance at any time would permit cancer growth.

Belief is becoming more certain that there is such a substance which directs its principal operations to cancer cells.

Professor Jacques Loeb, the distinguished scientist who has succeeded so marvelously in developing life from artificially fertilized eggs, has definitely declared that such a substance exists and is carried to the cells by the circulation. The search for that controlling substance has immense difficulties, yet no one will dare to say that science cannot find it.

More Name Than Fame

THE telegraph editor of a Denver newspaper had often complained of a country correspondent who omitted names in his stories; so he wrote the man that if he neglected the names in his next yarn he would be discharged. A few days later the editor got this dispatch:

"Como, Colorado, June 8.—A severe storm passed over this section this afternoon and lightning struck a barbed-wire fence on the ranch of Henry Wilson, killing three cows—their names being Jessie, Bessie and Mary."

The English of the Diamond

IN THE National League is an umpire who is a stickler for correct deportment on the diamond. In a game in which he officiated at the Polo Grounds early in the season, as Chief Meyers, the Indian catcher for New York, came to bat, certain of the Boston players sitting on their bench began to guy the brawny red man.

In an instant the umpire had left his place behind the catcher and was running toward the visitors' bombproof.

"Cut out them personalities!" he ordered. "Cut out them personalities!"

As he turned away a high-pitched voice filtered out from the grand stand behind him, saying:

"Cut out them grammar!"

Electric Dogs

THE electric dog that will follow a lantern in the dark—the mechanical curio constructed recently by John Hays Hammond, Junior—has a rival in a German electric dog that will jump out of its kennel when a whistle sounds.

The Hammond dog is controlled by the familiar principle of selenium cells. The amount of electricity that will pass through selenium varies according to the amount of light shining on the metal. With a selenium cell for each eye of the dog, and a small electric current operating a steering gear inside the toy, the dog will steer its course so as to have an equal amount of light on each eye, which means that it will keep its head toward any light. Storage batteries and a motor, or clockwork, may be used for moving the dog.

The German dog is controlled by the equally familiar action of a tuning fork's response to any loud sound in the right key.

Mr. Hammond has suggested a burglar alarm, controlled by a selenium cell, which will respond to the flash of a burglar's lantern. The alarm could be made to fire a revolver, sound a bell and take a flashlight photograph.

Put on your "patrick" and come out for a storm walk. See the scurrying sleet. Isn't it lovely?

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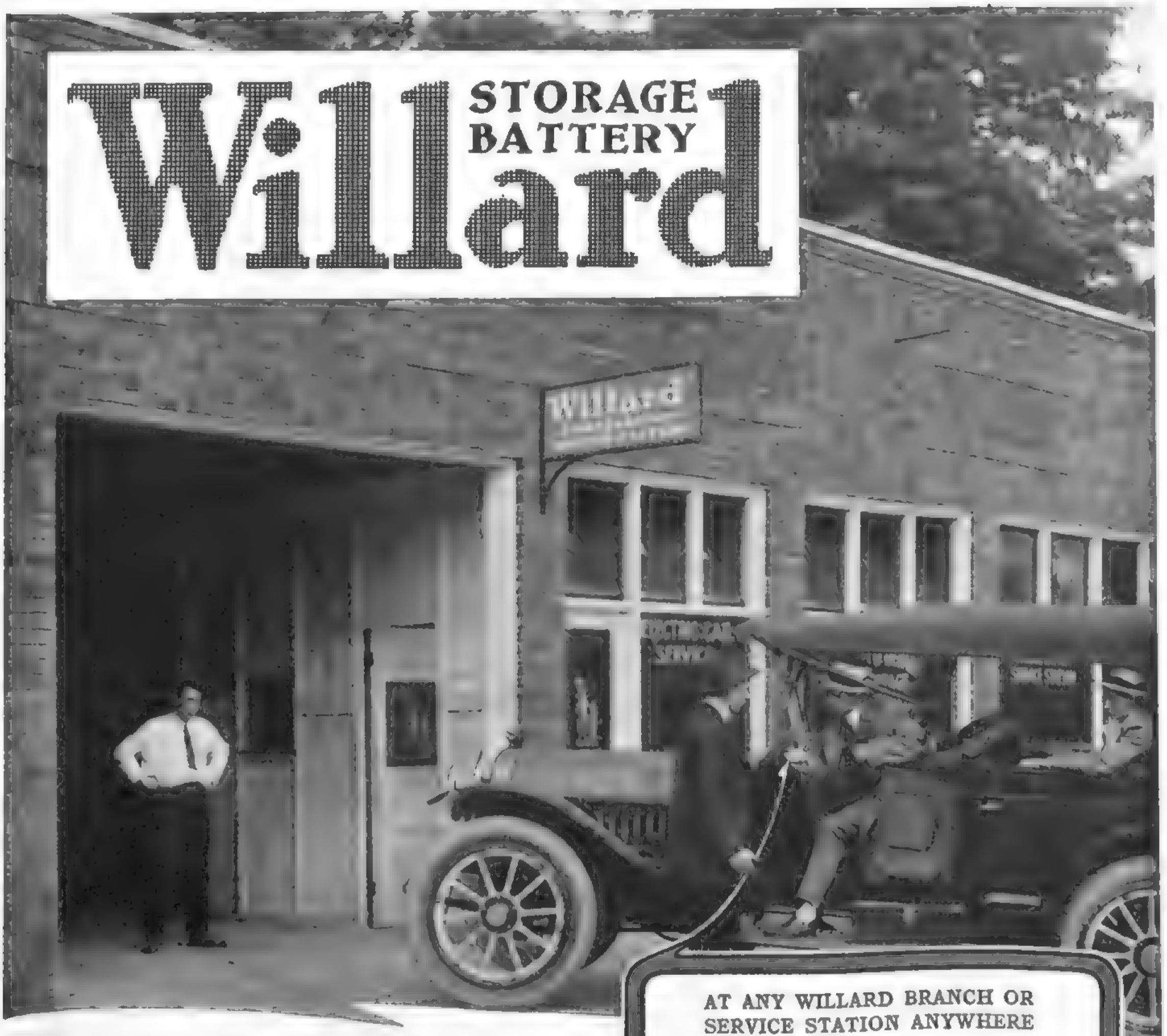

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THE EXPERT HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 11)

"It'll do well enough," she told him. "I'm thinking of convenience. I don't want our patrons to have even the petty annoyance of writing down an order."

"Well, you'd better have me run over your books anyway."

"To tell the truth, dear ——"

"You don't want me to?"

Edna was troubled.

"Why—you see—if you come to eat at our place, dear, you'd expect to pay, of course. We keep our books as accurately as that. And if you audited for us, you'd expect to be paid just the same way, wouldn't you? This is business ——"

"Yes, I ——"

"And we can't afford it!"

"Can't afford it!" exclaimed Remington. "You must be making more money than I am!"

"I—I'm afraid so."

He wet his lips.

"I've thought of New York," he said. "But with business in the bad shape it is now, nobody wants to take on anybody—even experts. I couldn't make five thousand a year in New York. If we stay here I won't make as much as that next year. I've got to do something, Edna; I can't stick round and smoke all the time. And you have a going business. What's the answer?"

"I—don't know."

"I'm a stockholder—it seems to me there's a connection there you ought to see. Rather than do nothing at all, I'll handle your work at a sacrifice—or I'll do it for nothing! I'd rather be busy."

"I'm sorry," she stammered. "But—oh, Horace, can't you understand why I want to do this all by myself?"

"To the extent of not letting your own husband interest himself in it?"

"But, Horace, would you have let me come into your business? It's the same thing ——"

"No, not quite. You're not an expert in efficiency yet ——"

"But I know what I'm doing now!"

"In other words," he said thickly, "you want to keep me out of this. You want to be successful yourself. Let me tell you, Edna, it's getting serious! If the depression doesn't stop we'll have to change our manner of living mighty soon. I'm not making anything—I haven't for months."

"But my little shop," she said quickly, "is doing better and better. I've never drawn any salary, of course, but very soon we'll have a meeting and declare a dividend. There'll be plenty for both of us, dear!"

There was a strained silence.

"How much are you making?" asked Remington.

"I—I think for the six months we'll show a profit of about six thousand dollars."

Remington laughed mirthlessly.

"It's a merry jest," he said. "It's a fine joke, isn't it? I'm an expert in business—and I can't get a job! You're inexperienced—and a woman—and you can make money at the rate of twelve thousand a year on absolutely unsound, antiquated, ridiculous principles! It's not a nice feeling!"

"Everything I have is yours, Horace, of course ——"

"You don't think I'd take your money, do you?" he said, horrified.

"Why—why not? If it should be—I mean, if I should want you to."

"I'm not as far down as that!" he snapped. "But it isn't a pretty piece of imagination to look ahead and see the possibilities. I can stand the pace we're living for about three more months. After that ——"

"If it would make you feel better," she said gently, "I'll be entirely businesslike about it—I'll sell you a real interest; I won't suggest giving it to you."

"It's the same idea ——"

"But what else are we going to do?"

"Do?" said Remington. "I wish I knew. Some women would just naturally drop it."

"Drop what? Drop my business?"

"The question is simply if you want to live on what I can earn, or if you want to put both of us in what will be the most embarrassing position that a man and a woman can get into."

"Oh!" said Edna faintly. "I hadn't thought of that!"

Remington lighted his pipe—he wasn't smoking cigars this season.

"Figure it out for yourself. Times are bad, but I can see that I'll never get back to the old income. I've worked this territory all out. Either we can go to New York, which is a gamble, or we can stay here. If we stay here it's a practical certainty that my training and my knowledge will be worth up to seventy-five hundred dollars a year. If you keep on running a restaurant you're likely to make—any amount. And look at it honestly! Do you feel the same way toward me as you did once? Of course not. I'm discredited. You think my judgment was bad. You think I made a fool of myself. Well, you've succeeded—against every rule of the game. You've done it fairly enough—my mistake wasn't in theory, it was in you. And the more you make, the worse we'll feel. It's a rotten situation—what are we going to do about it?"

"You wouldn't have me give up the business?"

"That's for you to decide," said Remington. "But in a couple of months we'll either have to move to a cheaper neighborhood or you'll have to begin paying the bills. Think it over."

"You say—why, Horace! You'd do anything to support me, wouldn't you?"

"I might have to."

"Don't speak that way. Why shouldn't you let me help you out in turn? You wouldn't mind if anyone had left me an inheritance—you'd have used that. What's the difference?"

"A great deal. Don't try to change my opinion."

"I've offered to let you buy an interest—that would let you feel independent ——"

Remington motioned impatiently.

"The only way I'll ever allow myself to approach your company is professionally, and now I won't even do that, because you've said that you can't afford it. If you reverse that opinion it'll be perfectly evident why you do it, and I wouldn't take a thousand dollars a day on those terms!"

"But if I should keep on, and if your business shouldn't improve ——"

"It would be hard on both of us—at least I can always make enough for my personal expenses, Edna. I shouldn't have to ask you for carfare ——"

"Don't!" she said miserably. "Wait a minute! I want to think."

During the interval, Remington filled his pipe a second and a third time.

"Horace!"

"Yes?"

"Do you mean every word you said? Do you mean that you'd never feel right ——"

"How could I?" he demanded. "Suppose we stay here? I could buy food and clothes, and keep my office running, but I couldn't pay this rent—I couldn't pay for any luxuries. Can't you imagine what that would be like?"

"You'd rather not have the luxuries than to have me pay for them?"

"I'd rather live in a shack down by the railroad and pay for it myself!" he said.

"You really prefer to have me give up an income of at least ten or twelve thousand dollars this year and more in future perhaps two or three times as much—on account of your pride?"

"Pride!" he rasped. "If that's what you call it!"

"You don't realize that it might be some pleasure to me to—to have things for both of us? That's what you were working for!"

"Until recently," he said with great bitterness, "I was the husband in this partnership!"

"You still are ——"

"Not as I understand it."

"But it's just luck that I'm making money, dear! We didn't start the room for that! It just happened!"

"But the fact is there—you can't get away from it."

"Then I suppose you'd be happy if I failed," she said slowly.

Remington made no reply. Presently he rose and left the room; when he returned he found Edna reading an evening newspaper; and neither of them reopened the discussion.

Both were thinking of it, however, and both continued to think of it during the following week. On Saturday Mrs. Remington came to her husband and kissed him as a prelude to her announcement.

"Well, I've decided," she said.

"Finally?"

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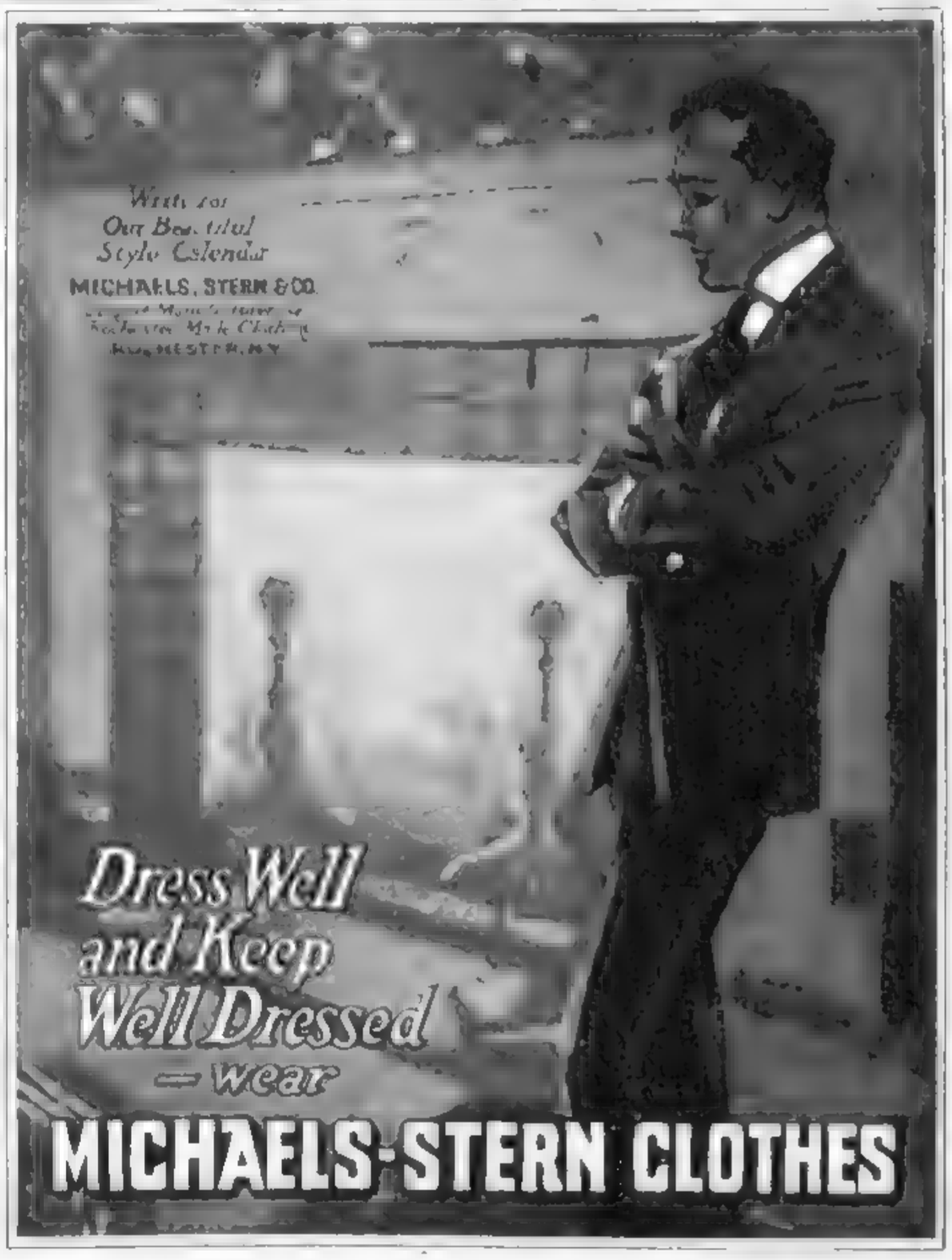

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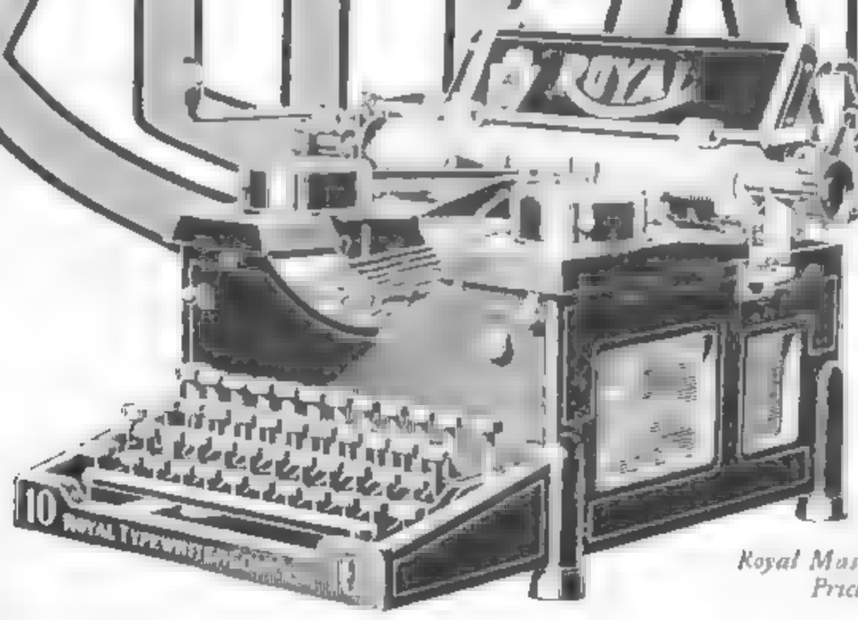

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"Compare the Work"

"Yes, finally. I've thought it out from every angle. You're wrong, Horace ——"

"You're going to keep on!" he interrupted passionately.

"Yes—it's the only thing to do. It may hurt now, but—but please look at it my way. Suppose business never picks up again; suppose you never have the income we're used to. For a little while you'll be very happy and independent, dear, and then sometimes when things are trying you're likely to remember. . . . Now I don't say that money is everything in the world, but it does help—and eventually we're going to be old. I'm going to keep on, Horace, I'm going to keep on until I've saved enough to make sure—for always—and then, if I can, I'll sell the little business. And after that, dear, we'll live on what you make, and what I have will be put away. It won't be touched except for great emergencies. It isn't fair for either of us for me to think of giving up now, when I can insure the future."

"Meaning that next month, Edna, the bills will have to come to you ——"

"Yes," she said steadily; "I think that's only just."

"You understand that I can never take a penny from you, Edna ——"

"Yes."

"Nor any exceptional—gifts."

"Yes."

"And you know what people will say?"

"Y-yes"

"And yet you feel that you're right?"

"Yes, dear."

"Good!" said Remington, bringing his fist down on the living-room table with a thump that startled his wife out of her chair. "If you'd quit that business because your husband is such a fool that he can't earn as much as you do, I'd never have forgiven you! I won't take a *sou* of your confounded money, but you're entitled to all you can get and all the credit for it! Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to beat you out! I don't know how or where, but I'm going to make more money than you do if I have to break my silly neck trying!"

"Oh!" she cried softly, her eyes shining. "Oh, Horace, if you only could!"

The Remingtons live in perhaps the most pretentious house within a radius of twenty miles; and rumor has it that they are the happiest pair within the circle. Mrs. Remington drives to her luxurious office in a six-thousand-dollar limousine, and directs with calm efficiency the workings of the four establishments controlled by the corporation of which she is president. It is commonly supposed that her income is about forty thousand dollars a year.

Remington goes to his own office in a five-thousand-dollar touring car. He is still an efficiency engineer, but his efforts are confined to the manufacture and sale of office appliances and filing systems. His income is supposed to be in the vicinity of thirty-five thousand a year. As soon as it is greater than his wife's he intends to hold her to her promise to retire. This conclusion might have been reached a year ago if it were not for a peculiarity of Mr. Remington's, which some clients can never understand and for which they are never granted an explanation:

His stationery bears the claim that he can better the equipment of any institution on earth—hotels and restaurants excepted.

What the Song Said

A YOUNG newspaper man, who lives at Fulton, on the Kentucky-Tennessee line where the trunk line of the Illinois Central Road crosses the Louisville and Memphis division, was at the station not long ago and overheard a conversation between two Pullman porters who met upon the platform.

One of the pair, a Southern darky, was a depositor of a savings bank which had just gone into the hands of a receiver. He told his friend, who was an educated negro from Chicago, of his misfortune.

"It sho' is hard luck," he bemoaned. "I'd done put two hundred and seventy-five dollars in dat bank, and now she's busted up on me and I reckin Ise lost all mah money."

"Oh, I don't know," said the Chicago porter reassuringly; "maybe the suspension is only just temporary."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so," was the melancholy answer. "But you knows what dat song dey's all singin' says: 'It's a long, long way to Temporary.'"

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A NICE LITTLE MORSEL O' DOG MEAT

(Continued from Page 9)

passages, heroic as they are, and stimulating as they may be to the ambition of the little fellows who listen o' winter nights, are drear and terrifying when first encountered.

Billy Brisk was doubtless wanting his mother. Perhaps he sobbed. Yet he had concealed his fear and homesickness from Luff; and that was stoicism enough for any lad of his years—even a lad of the Labrador. Luff offered him no comfort. It would have shamed the boy to comfort him openly. Once ashore again Billy Brisk would want to boast, like his elders, and to spin his yarn:

"Well now, lads, there we was, ecod! 'way out there on the ice, me 'n' Jock Luff; an' the wind was blowin' a gale from the sou'-west, an' the snow was flyin' as thick as ever you seed the snow fly, an' the ice was goin' out t' sea on the jump. An' I says t' Jock: 'I'm goin' t' sleep, Jock—an' be blowed t' what comes of it!' An' so I falled asleep as snug an' warm; an' then ——"

Luff ignored the sob and whimper from the depths of the dogskin robes.

"The lad haves t' be hardened," he reflected.

Dawn was windy. It was still snowing—a frosty mist of snow. Luff put the dogs in the traces and stowed Billy Brisk away in the komatik. The dogs were uneasy. Something out of the way? What the devil was the matter? They came unwillingly. It seemed they must be sensing a predicament. Luff whipped them to their work and presently they bent well enough to the task.

Snow fell all that day. There were glimpses of Ginger Head. In a rift of the gale Billy Brisk caught sight of the knob of the Scotchman's Breakfast.

Always, however, the way ashore was barred by open water. When Luff caught sight of the Scotchman's Breakfast for the last time it was in the southwest. This implied that the floe had got beyond the heads of the bay and was moving into the waste reaches of the open sea. At dusk Luff had circled the pan twice—hoping for chance contact with another pan, to the east, and another, and still another; and thus a path to shore. It was a big pan—a square mile or more as yet. When the pinch came, if the pinch should come, Luff thought, the dogs would not be hampered for room.

Why not kill the dogs? No; not yet. They were another man's dogs. In the morning, if the wind held offshore ——

Wind and snow would fail. There would be no harsher weather. Luff made a little fire with his last billets of birchwood. He boiled the kettle and spread a thick slice of bread with a meager discoloration of molasses for Billy Brisk. What chiefly interested Billy Brisk was the attitude of the dogs. It was not obedient. There was swagger in it. A crack of the whip sent them leaping away, to be sure; but they intruded again at once—and mutinously persisted in the intrusion.

Billy Brisk put out a diffident hand toward Smoke. Smoke was an obsequious brute. Ashore he would have been disgustingly grateful for the caress. Now he would not accept it at all. He snarled and sprang away. It was a defiant breach of discipline. What was the matter with the dogs? They had gone saucy all at once. The devil was in the dogs. Nor would they lie down; they withdrew, at last, in a pack, their hunger discouraged, and wandered restlessly in the failing light near by. Billy Brisk could not account for this singular behavior. It alarmed him.

"Ah, well," said Luff, "they're all savage with hunger."

"Could you manage with nine, Jock?"

Luff laughed.

"With ease, my son," said he. "an' glad of it!"

"Is you strong enough t' kill a dog?"

"I'll find that out, Billy, when the time comes."

"I was 'lowin' that one dog would feed the others an' keep un mild till we gets ashore."

"I've that selfsame thing in mind."

Billy said eagerly:

"Kill Cracker, Jock!"

"Cracker! Already? 'Twould be sheer murder."

"Aye, kill un now, Jock—ah, kill un right away now, won't you, b'y? That dog haves a grudge on me. He've been watchin' me all day long."

"Ah, no! Hush now, Billy!"

"I knows that dog, Jock!"

"Ah, now! The wind'll change afore long. We'll drift ashore—maybe in the mornin'. An' then ——"

"He've his eye on me, Jock!"

Luff rose.

"You see my whip anywhere?"

"She's lyin' for'ard o' the komatik."

"She's not."

"She was."

"She've gone, b'y!"

"Ecod! Jock, Cracker haves her!"

It was not yet dark. Cracker was sitting close. It was an attitude of jovial expectation. He was on his haunches—head on one side and tail flapping the snow; and he had the walrus whip in his mouth. Apparently he was in the mood to pursue a playful exploit. When Luff approached he retreated—a little; and when Luff rushed he dodged, with ease and increasing delight. When Luff whistled him up and patted to him, and called "Hyuh! Hyuh!" and flattered him with "Good ol' dog!" he yielded nothing more than a deepened attention to the mischievous pleasure in hand. Always he was beyond reach—just beyond reach. It was tantalizing.

Luff lost his temper. This was a blunder. It encouraged the dog. To recover the whip was an imperative precaution; but Luff could not accomplish it in a temper. Cracker was willful and agile and determined; and when he had tired—it seemed—of his taunting game he whisked away, with the pack in chase and was lost to sight in the gale.

It fell dark then; and presently, far away a dog howled, and there was an answering howl, and a chorus of howls. They were gone for good. It was a mutiny. Luff knew that his authority had departed with the symbol of it. He did not see the whip again.

Next night—a starlit time then, and the wind gone flat—Luff was burning the fragments of the komatik. All day the dogs had roamed the pan. They had not ventured near Luff's authority—not within reach of Luff's treacherously minded flattery and coaxing. In the exercise of this new freedom they had run wild and fought among themselves like a mutinous pirate crew. Now, however, with night down, they had crept out of its seclusion and were sitting on the edge of the firelight, staring, silent, pondering.

Billy Brisk was tied up in the wolfskin bag. It was the best refuge for the lad. In the event of a rush he would not be torn in the scuffle; and should the dogs overcome Luff—which was not yet probable—the little boy would be none the worse off in the bag.

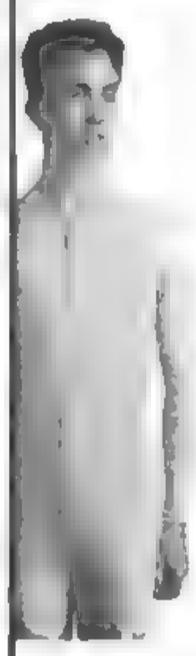
Had the dogs been a pack of wolves Luff would have been in livid fear of them; but these beasts were dogs of his own harbor, which he had commanded at will and beaten at will, and he was awaiting the onset with grim satisfaction. In the end, as he knew, the dogs would have an advantage that could not be resisted; but now—Luff would "l'arn 'em! Let 'em come!"

Luff's club, torn from the komatik, was lying one end in his little fire. He nursed it with care.

Cracker fawned up. In the shadows, behind, the pack stared attentive. It was a pretense at playfulness—Cracker's advance. Cracker pawed the ice and wagged his tail, and laughed. This amused Luff. It was transparent cunning. Luff gripped his club and let the fire freely ignite the end of it. He was as keen as the dog—as sly and as alert. He said: "Good ol' dog!"

Obviously the man was not suspicious. Cracker's confidence increased. He moved quickly then, within leaping distance. For a flash he paused, king-hairs rising. When he rushed the pack failed him. It started, quivered, stopped, and cautiously stood still. Luff was up. The lift of Cracker's crest and the dog's taut pause had amply warned him.

A moment later Cracker was in scared, yelping flight from the pain and horror of Luff's blazing club, and the pack was in



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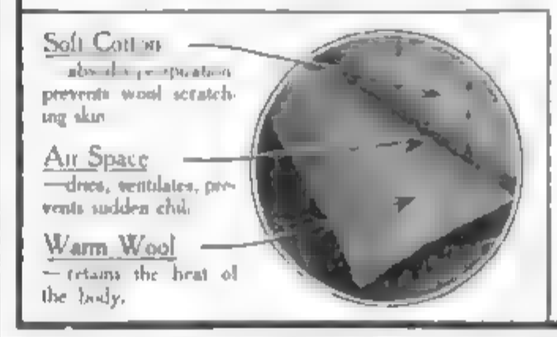

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ravenous chase of him. Luff listened for the issue of the chase. It came presently the confusion of a dog fight; and it was soon over. Cracker was either dead or master again. Luff hoped the pack had made an end of him and would be content. He could not be sure of the outcome. Cracker was a difficult beast.

Released from the wolfskin bag and heartened by Luff's laughter, Billy Brisk demanded:

"Was it Cracker?"

"It was."

Billy grinned.

"Did you fetch un a fatal wallop?"

"I left the dogs t' finish the job. Hark! They're not feastin', is they? Mm-m? I don't know."

They snuggled up to the little fire. Billy Brisk was wistful. He talked now—as often before—of the coming of a skiff from Ginger Tickle. He had a child's intimate knowledge of his own mother—and a child's wise and abounding faith.

"I knows my mother's ways," he declared. "Mark me, Jock, my mother's an anxious woman an' wonderful fond o' me. When my mother heard that sou'west wind blow up, 'Skipper Thomas,' says she t' my grandfather, 'them b'ys is goin' out with the ice; an' you get right straight up out o' bed an' tend t' things.' An' my grandfather's a man; an' he says: 'Go to, woman! They're ashore on Ginger Head long ago!' An' my mother says: 'Ah, well, they mightn't be, you dunderhead!'—for she've a wonderful temper when she's afeared for my safety. An' my grandfather says: 'They is, though.' An' my mother says: 'You'll be off in the bait skiff t'morrow, sir, with a flea in your ear, t' find out at Ginger Tickle.' An' she'd give that man his tea in a mug—scolding—until he got a Tight Cove crew t'gether an' put out across the bay. Ecod! but they'd fly across the bay in a gale o' wind like that! Eh, Jock?"

"All in a smother—eh, Billy?"

"Yep—all in a smother. My grandfather's fit an' able for anything in a boat. An' they'd send the news up an' down the coast from Ginger Tickle—wouldn't they, Jock?"

"'Way up an' down the coast, Billy."

"Yep—'way up an' down. They must be skiffs from Walk Harbor an' Skeleton Cove, an' Come-Again Bight, searchin' this floe for we—eh, Jock?"

"An' Ginger Tickle too."

"Yep—an' Ginger Tickle too. Jus' the way they done when ol' Bad-Weather Bull was cast away—eh, Jock? Don't you 'low so?"

"Jus' that clever way, Billy."

"I reckon my mother'll tend t' that." Billy's heart failed him then. "Anyhow, Jock," said he weakly, "you'll take care o' me—won't you—if the worst comes t' the worst?" The boy was not too young for a vision of the worst coming to the worst.

"None better!" Luff replied.

"I been thinkin' I isn't very much of a man, Jock. I've not much courage left."

"Huh!" Luff scoffed. "When we gets ashore, an' I tells my tale o' these days——"

Billy started.

"Jock," said he, "you'll not tell what I said?"

"What was that now?"

"Jus' now, Jock—about——"

"I heard no boast. An I was you, Billy, I wouldn't boast too much. I'd cling t' modesty."

"I takes it back," said Billy. He sighed. "An' I'll stand by."

It did not appear to Luff how this guardianship of the boy was to be accomplished. Being prolonged, it was a battle, of course, no man could win. The dogs were beaten off for the time. They would return—not that night, perhaps, or in the broad light of the next day; but in the dark of the night to come they would return, and, failing success then, in the dark of the night after. That was the way of it.

Next day the dogs hung close. They were now almost desperately ravenous. It was agony for them to be so near the satisfaction of their hunger and in inhibitive terror of seizing it. Their mouths dripped. They were in torture—they whimpered and ran restless circles; but they did not dare. They would attack when the quarry was weak or unaware.

Occasionally Luff sallied on them with his club and a loud, intimidating tongue, to disclose his strength and teach them

(Continued on Page 57)

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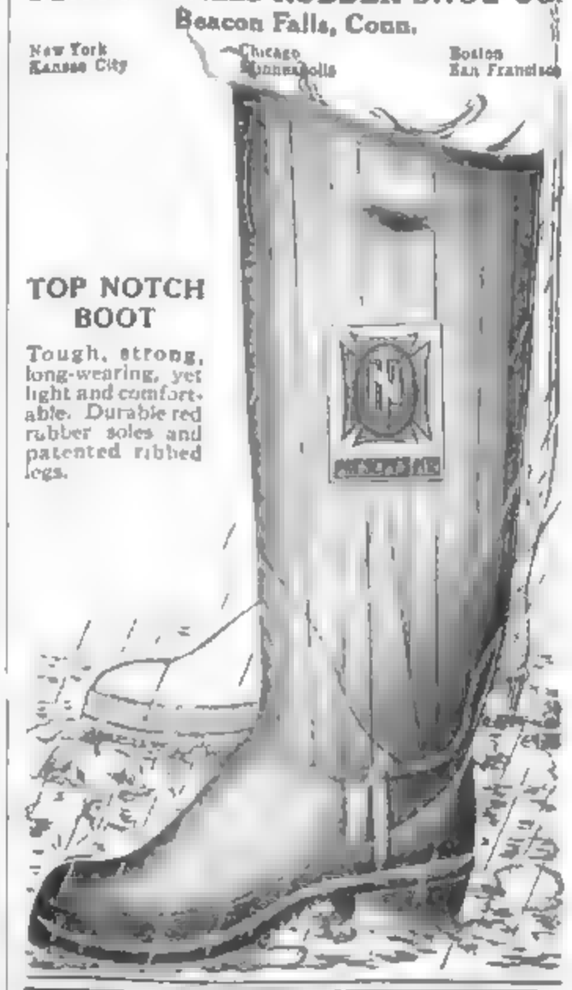

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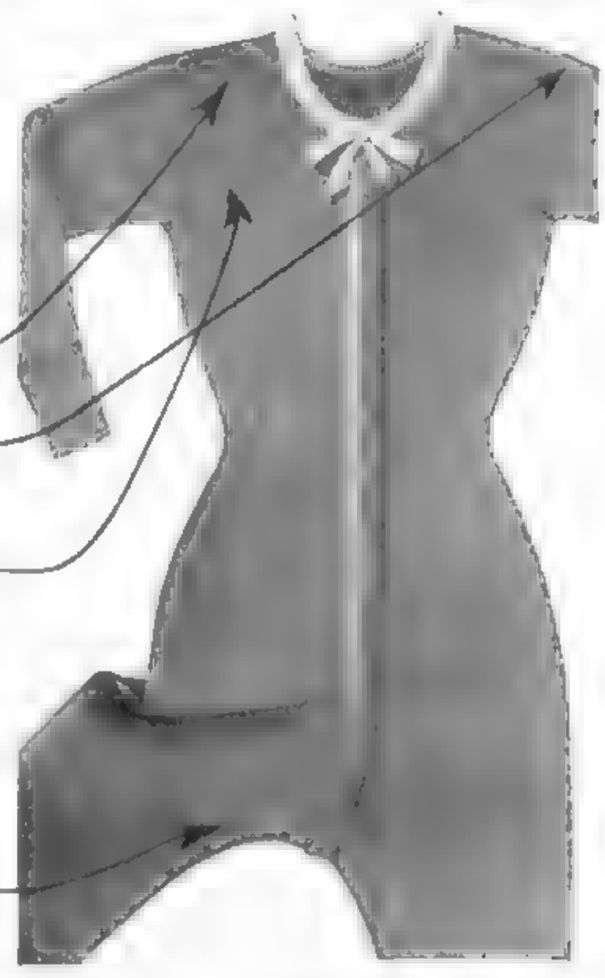

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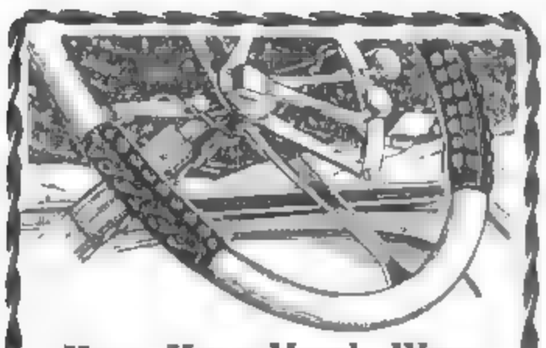

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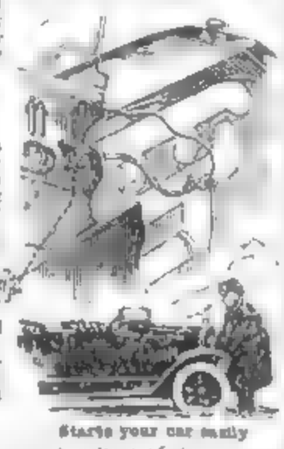

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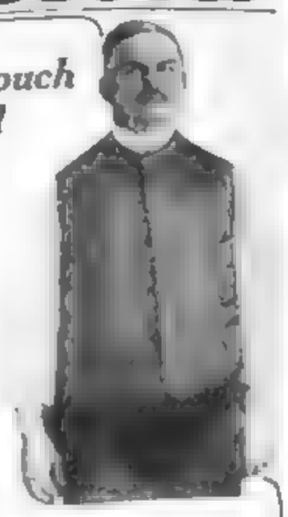

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THE COLORADO TIRE & LEATHER CO.
1045S Transit Bldg., Denver, Colo. Dept. 345S, Box 229, Chicago. 45108 Woolworth Bldg., New York

(Continued from Page 54)

discretion; and the dogs were impressed and restrained by this show. If Luff could catch and kill a dog he would throw the carcass to the pack and thus stave off attack. Having been fed, the dogs would be in a mild humor. Luff might then entice and kill another—for himself and Billy Brisk.

Cracker was alive and still masterful. Luff went out in chase of Smoke. It was futile. Luff cut a ridiculous figure in the pursuit. He could neither catch the dog nor overreach him with blandishments; and a cry of alarm from the boy brought him back to his base in haste to drive off Cracker and Tucker and Sling, who were up to the wolf's trick of flanking. The dogs had reverted. They were wolves again—as nearly as harbor dogs may be. Luff perceived that they could no longer be dealt with as the bond dogs of Tight Cove.

In the afternoon Luff slept. He would need to keep watch through the night.

Luff had husbanded the fragments of the komatik. A fire burned all that night—a mere glow and flicker of light. It was the last of the wood. All that remained was the man's club and the boy's crutch. Now, too, the last of the food went. There was nothing to eat. What Luff had brought, the abundant provision of a picnic, with something for emergencies—the bread and tea and molasses—had been conserved, to be sure, and even attenuated. There was neither a crumb nor a drop of it left.

What confronted Luff now, however, and alarmed his hope and courage, was neither wind nor frost, nor so much the inevitable pangs of starvation, which were not immediate, as a swift abatement of his strength. A starved man cannot long continue at bay with a club. Luff could beat off the dogs that night perhaps—after all, they were the dogs of Tight Cove, Cracker and Smoke and Tucker and Sling; but to-morrow night—he would not be so strong to-morrow night.

The dogs did not attack that night. Luff heard them close—the sniffing and whining and restless movement in the dark that lay beyond the light of his feeble fire and was accentuated by it. But that was all.

It was now clear weather and the dark of the moon. The day was bright and warm. When night fell again it was starlight—every star of them all twinkling its measure of pale light to the floe. The dogs were plain as shifting, shadowy creatures against the white field of ice. Luff fought twice that night. This was between midnight and dawn. There was no maneuvering. The dogs gathered openly, viciously, and delivered a direct attack. Luff beat them off. He was gasping and discouraged, though, at the end of the encounter. They would surely come again—and they did. They waited—an hour, it may have been; and then they came.

There was a division of the pack. Six dogs—Spunk and Biscuit and Hero in advance—rushed Luff. It was a reluctant assault. Luff disposed of the six—after all, they were dogs of Tight Cove, not wolves from the rigors of the timber; and Luff was then attracted to the rescue of Billy Brisk, who was tied up in the wolfskin bag, by the boy's muffled screams. Cracker and Smoke and Tucker and Sling were worrying the wolfskin bag and dragging it off. They dropped it and took flight when Luff came roaring at them with the club.

When Luff released him from the wolfskin bag the boy was still screaming. He was not quieted—his cries and sobbing—until the day was broad.

"Gimme my crutch," said he. "I'll never go in that bag no more."

"Might as well wield your crutch," Luff agreed.

To survive another night was out of the question. Another night came in due course, however, and was to be faced.

It was a gray day. Sky and ice and fields of ruffled water had no warmth of color. All the world was both cold and drear. A breeze was stirring down from the north and would be bitter in the dusk. It cut and disheartened the castaways. It portended, moreover, a black night.

The boy cried a good deal that day—a little whimper, with tears. He was cold and hungry—the first agony of starvation—and frightened and homesick. Luff fancied that his spirit was broken. As for Luff himself, he watched the dogs, which watched him patiently near by—a hopeless vigil for the man, for the dogs were fast approaching a pass of need in which hunger

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would dominate the fear of a man with a club. And Luff was acutely aware of this much—that nothing but the habitual fear of a man with a club had hitherto restrained the full fury and strength of the pack.

That fury, breaking with determination, would be irresistible. No man could beat off the attack of ten dogs that were not, in the beginning, already defeated and overcome by awe of him. In the dark—in the dark of that night Luff could easily be dragged down; and the dogs were manifestly waiting for the dark to fall. It was to be the end

"It looks bad—it do so, indeed!" Luff thought. That was the full extent of his admission.

Billy Brisk kept watch for a skiff from Ginger Tickle or Come-Again Bight. He depended for the inspiration of this rescue on his mother's anxious love and sagacity. She would leave nothing to the indifferent dealings and cold issue of chance; it was never "more by good luck than good conduct" with her, ecod!

"I knows my mother's ways!" he sobbed, and he repeated this many times as the gray day drew on and began to fail. "I tells you, Jock, I knows my mother's ways!"

And they were not yet beyond sight of the coast. Scotchman's Breakfast of Ginger Head was a wee white peak against the drab of the sky in the southwest; and the ragged line of cliffs running south and east was a long, thin ridge on the horizon where the cottages of Walk Harbor and Ginger Tickle were.

No sail fluttered between—a sail might be confused with the color of the ice, however, or not yet risen into view; but by and by, when the misty white circle of the sun was dropping low, the boy gave up hope, without yielding altogether to despair. There would be no skiff along that day, said he; but there would surely be a sail to-morrow, never fear—Skipper Thomas and a Tight Cove crew.

In the light airs the floe had spread. There was more open water than there had been. Fragments of ice had broken from the first vast pans into which Schooner Bay ice had been split in the break-up. These lesser, lighter pans moved faster than the greater ones; and the wind from the north—blown up to a steady breeze by this time—was driving them slowly south against the windward edge of the more sluggish fields in that direction.

At sunset—the west was white and frosty—a small pan caught Luff's eye and instantly absorbed his attention. It had broken from the field on which they were marooned and was under way on a diagonal across a quiet lane of black water, toward a second great field lying fifty fathoms or somewhat less to the south.

Were Luff and the boy aboard that pan the wind would ferry them away from the horrible menace of the dogs. It was a small pan—an area of about four hundred square feet; yet it would serve. It was not more than fifteen fathoms distant. Luff could swim that far—he was pretty sure he could swim that far, the endeavor being unencumbered; but the boy—a little fellow and a cripple—could not swim at all.

Luff jumped up.

"We've got t' leave this pan," said he, "an' forthwith too."

"Have you a notion, b'y?"

Luff laid off his seal-hide overjacket. He gathered up the dogs' traces—long strips of seal leather by means of which the dogs had drawn the komatik, a strip to a dog; and he began to knot them together—talking fast the while to distract the boy from the incident of peculiar peril in the plan.

The little pan in the lane—said he—would be a clever ferry. He would swim out and crawl aboard. It would be no trick at all. He would carry one end of the seal-leather line. Billy Brisk would retain the other. Luff pointed out a ridge of ice against which Billy Brisk could brace his sound leg. They would pull, then—each against the other; and presently the little pan would approach and lie alongside the big pan—there was none too much wind for that—and they would board the little pan and push off, and drift away with the wind, and leave the dogs to make the best of a bad job.

It would be a slow affair, though—hauling in a pan like that; the light was failing too—flickering out like a candle end—and there must be courage and haste—or failure.

Billy Brisk at once discovered the interval of danger to himself.

(Continued on Page 61)

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Child's Sleeper

(See first small illustration)

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Woman's Middy Nightie

(See second small illustration)

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Men's Union Sleepers

(See third small illustration)

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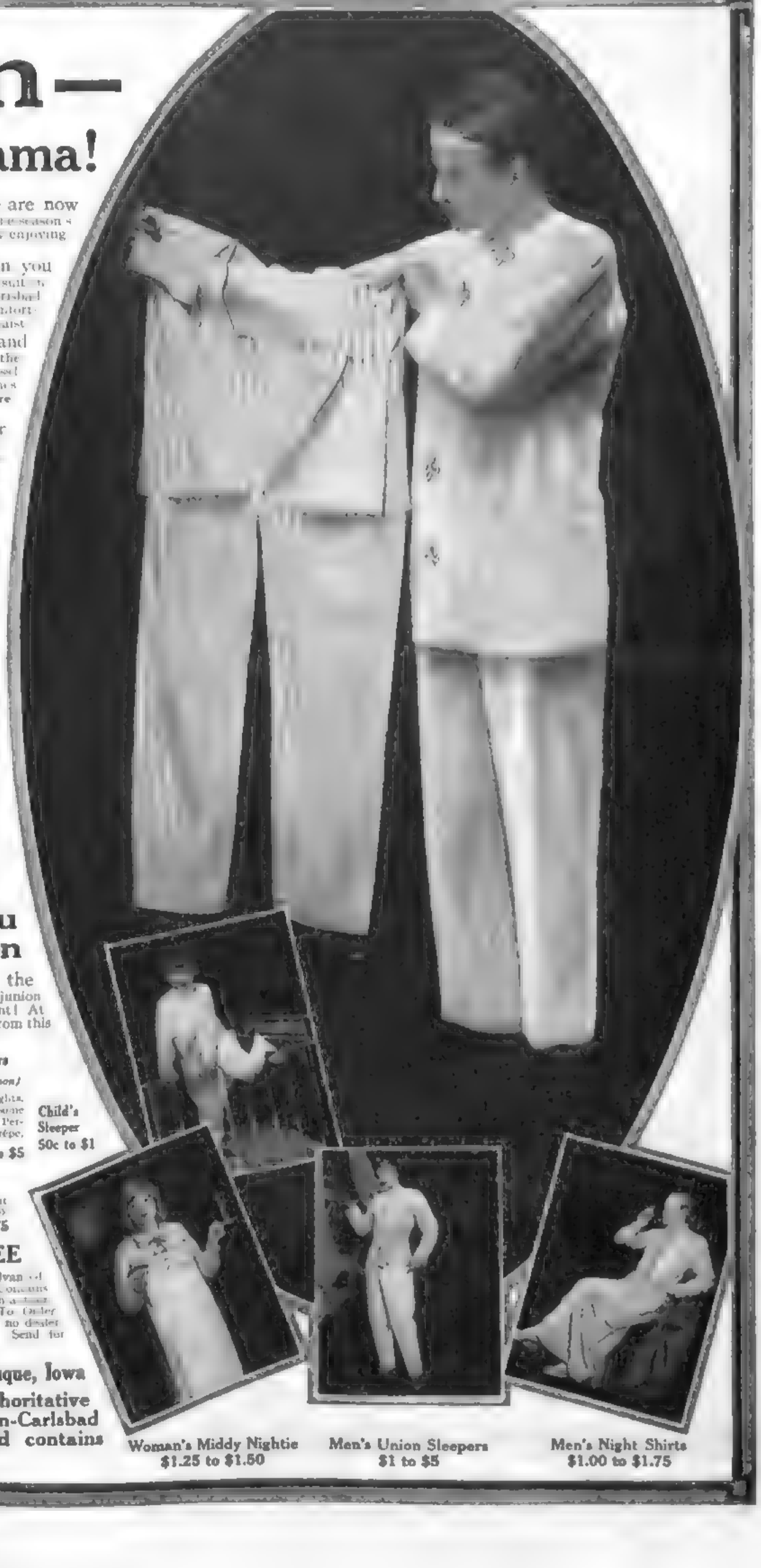
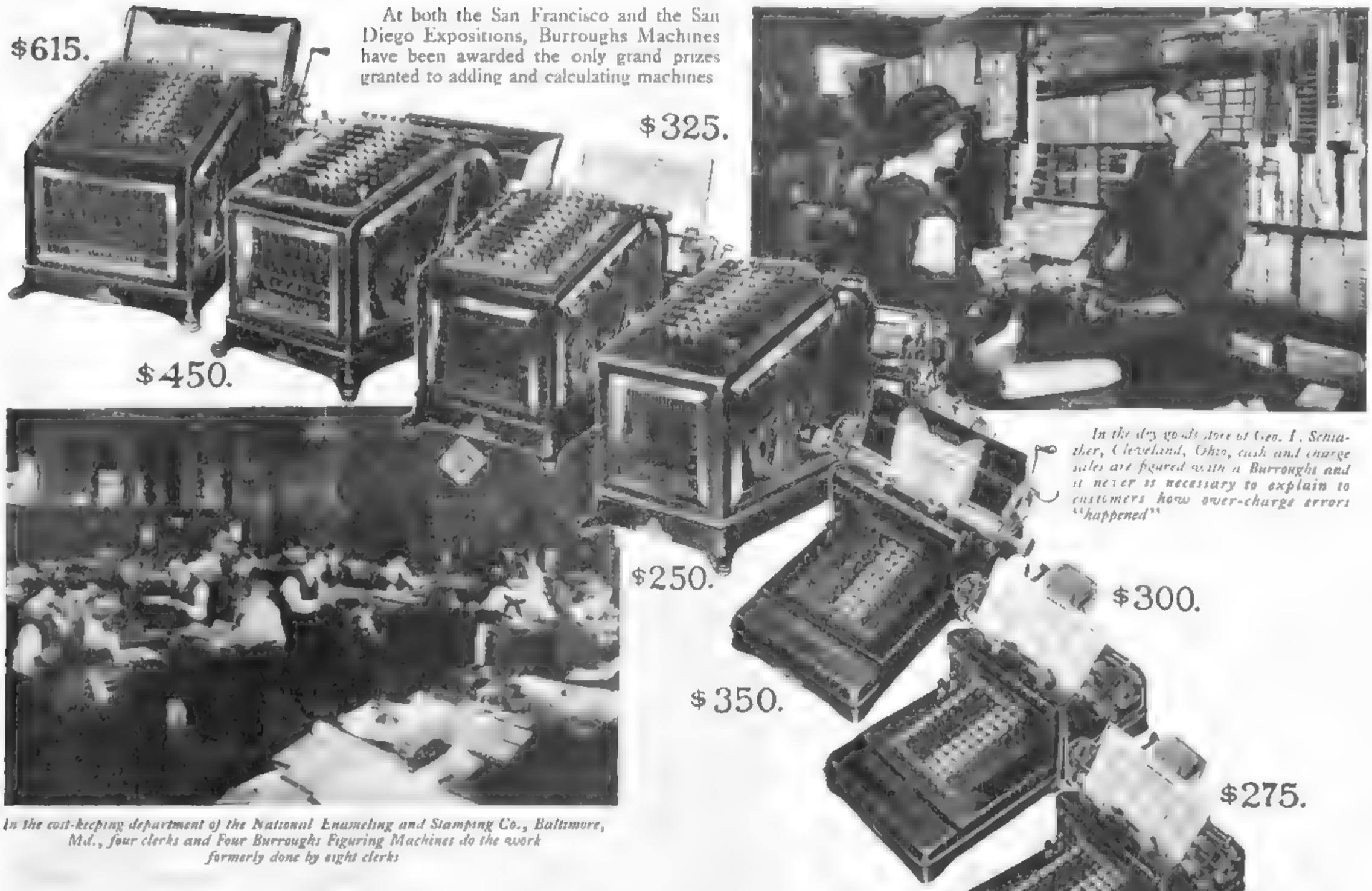


Child's Sleeper 50c to $1

Woman's Middy Nightie $1.25 to $1.50

Men's Union Sleepers $1 to $5

Men's Night Shirts $1.00 to $1.75



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(Continued from Page 58)

"I'll be left alone with the dogs!" he objected.

"Sure, b'y," Luff coaxed; "but then you see ——"

"I won't stay alone!" the boy sobbed. He shrank from the direction of the dogs toward Luff. At once the dogs attended. "I'm afeared t' stay alone!" he screamed. "No, no!"

"An we don't leave this pan," Luff scolded, "we'll be gobbled up in the night."

That was not the immediate danger. What confronted the boy was an immediate attack, which he must deal with alone.

"No! No! No!" the boy persisted.

"Ah, come now ——"

"That Cracker knows I'm a cripple, Jock. He'll turn at me. I can't keep un off."

Luff changed front.

"Who's skipper here?" he demanded.

"You is, sir."

"Is you takin' orders or isn't you?"

The effect of this was immediate. The boy stopped his clamor.

"I is, sir," said he.

"Then stand by!"

"Aye, sir!"—a sob and a sigh.

It was to be bitter cold work in the wind and water. Luff completed his preparations before he began to strip. He lashed the end of the seal-leather line round the boy's waist and put the club in his hand.

All this while he gave directions: The boy was to face the dogs; he was not to turn round for hints of Luff's progress or to be concerned at all with that; he was not to lose courage; he was to feint and scold; he was to let no shadow of fear cross his face—no tremor of fear must touch his voice; he was not to yield an inch; he was not to sob and cover his eyes with his hands—in short, he was to mind his own task of keeping the dogs away and leave Luff to accomplish his. And the boy answered: "Yes, sir!" and "Aye, sir!" and "Very well, sir!"—like an old hand of the coast.

It was stimulating. Luff was heartened. He determined privately that he would not turn to look back—that if the worst came to the worst, and he could manage to do so, he would jerk the lad into the water and let him drown. The snarling tumult of the onset would warn him when the worst had come to the worst.

And then he stripped stark naked, quickly stowed away his clothes in the midst of the boy's dogskin robes, tied the end of the seal-leather line round his waist, and ran to the edge of the pan.

"If you drowns ——" the boy began.

"Keep them dogs off!" Luff roared. "I'll not drown!"

He slipped into the water and struck out.

By this time the sun was touching the cliffs of shore. It was a patch of struggling white light in the drear gray color of the west. It would drop fast. In his punt, in summer weather, wondering all the while at the acceleration of this last descent, the boy had often paused to watch the sun fall and flicker out of sight. It had seemed to fall beyond the rim of the world, like a ball. "She tumbles through the last foot or two!" he had determined.

In a little while the sun would be gone. Now the sky was overcast and scowling. In the east it was already dusk. The cloudy black sky in the east caught no light from the feeble sun. Presently everywhere it would be dark. It had turned colder too. The wind from the north was still blowing up—a nipping gray wind which would sweep the floe and hamper the manipulation of the little pan toward which the naked Luff was striving.

And the wind lifted the dry snow and drove it past the boy's feet in swirling wreaths. The floe was smoking, the boy thought. Before long the snow would rise higher and envelop him. And he thought that when Luff reached the little pan, and stood exposed and dripping in the blast, he would be very cold. It would take a long time, too, to haul the little pan across the lane of water.

It will be recalled that the boy was ten years old. He stood alone. He knew the temper of the dogs. Luff was out of reach. The burden of fear had fallen on the boy—not on Luff. The boy had been in a panic; yet he was not now even afraid. Duty occupied him. He had no time for reflection. The hazard of the quarter of an hour to come, however, was clear to him. Should he fail to keep off the dogs through every moment of that time, he would be torn to death before Luff could return to his rescue; and should Luff fail to reach the pan should Luff go down midway he would surely be devoured.

And Luff was no swimmer to boast of. The boy knew that. Luff could keep afloat—could achieve a slow, splashing progress. The boy had watched him flounder in the August water of Tight Cove Harbor—the cove in the seclusion of Indian Cliff; and the boy had laughed—had squirmed with glee, rolling over and over on the warm, sunlit moss, and kicking his heels in the air—to see the stout young fellow's mighty efforts and to hear him blow like a finback whale.

That was true. Luff's chance of winning the pan was small. But the boy was Labrador born and bred. What now commanded his fear was Luff's orders to duty. Obedience to a skipper was laid on all men. It must be instant and unfailing in an emergency. Luff was in command. He was responsible. It was for the boy to obey. That was the teaching of his habitat. Consequently the boy's terror yielded and he stood fast.

When Luff began to strip, the dogs were disturbed. What was the man up to? What was this? Damned queer proceeding this! It was a trick. When he stood naked in the wind the dogs were uneasy. When he went into the water they were alarmed. They withdrew. Cracker and Smoke ran to the water's edge and stared at Luff—keeping half an eye on the boy meantime. It troubles a dog to see a man in the water. Smoke whined. Cracker growled and crouched to leap after Luff. He could easily overtake and drown Luff.

The boy went at Cracker and Smoke with his club. He screamed at them: "Back, you, Cracker! Back, you, Smoke!" The dogs responded to this furious authority. They scurried away and rejoined the others. The boy taunted them. He laughed at the pack, challenged it—crutch under his left arm and club swinging in his right hand.

He taunted the dogs by name—Cracker and Smoke and Tucker. This bewildered the dogs. They were infinitely suspicious. The boy hobbled at them in a rage, a few feet forth—the seal-leather line round his waist limited him—and defied them. They retreated.

When the boy returned to the edge of the field they sat regarding him in amazement and renewed suspicion. In this way for a time the boy kept the dogs at a distance by exciting their surprise and suspicion.

It sufficed for a space. The dogs were curious. They were entertained. What was strange in the behavior of the quarry, moreover, was fearsome to the dogs. It indicated unknown resources. The dogs waited.

Presently the boy could devise no new startling gestures. He was never silent—he was never still; but his fantastic antics, growing familiar and proving innocuous, began to fail of effect. Something else—something out of the way and unexpected—must be done to distract and employ the attention of the dogs. They were aware of Luff's absence—they were cunning cowards and they would take advantage of the opportunity.

The dogs began to move—to whine and circle and toss their heads. The boy could see the concerted purpose take form. It was as though they were conspiring together. He was fully aware of what impended. They were coming! he thought; and they were coming in a moment. It was an attack agreed on. They were to act as a pack.

They advanced. It was tentative and slow. They paused. They came closer. The boy brandished his club and reviled them in shrill screams. He had caught the profanity from a coastal captain; his mother would not have praised the words. The dogs paused again. They crouched then. Cracker was in the lead. The boy hated Cracker. Cracker's white breast was touching the ice. His head was thrust forward. His crest began to rise.

Stripped down, at first, on the field, Luff would not yield to the cold. He did not shrink from the wind. He moved like a man all clothed. Nor would he yield to the shock of the water. He ignored it. It was heroic self-command. But he was the man for that—a Labrador man. He struck out precisely as though he had gone into the summer water of Indian Cove. If he relapsed from this attitude the cold would strike through him. A chill would momentarily paralyze his strength.

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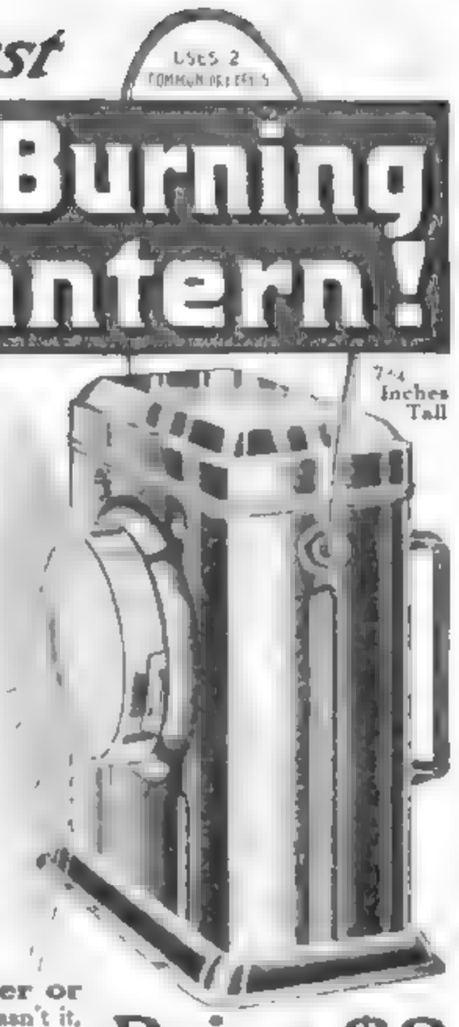

At Last Has Come Electricity for Lanterns, Instead of Oil!

—and a perfect blaze of night light!

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Half a Million Deltas Already in Use!

Indoors, hang on wall—*light whole room.* A thousand uses in night service for watchmen, workmen, deliverymen, etc., and around home and farm. Don't confuse with flashlights—*"burns by the hour."*

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Get free descriptive circular on 1-Cell Lamp ($1.25 without battery) 1916 Auto, Buggy, Bicycle, Boat Head, Tail Lamps.

Price $2

In Canada, $2.65 (Without battery) "The Lamp of 1000 Uses"

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DELTA ELECTRIC CO., Dept. A, Marion, Ind.

Manufacturers of Meritorious Electrical Specialties

DELTA ELECTRIC CO Winnipeg Distributors for Western Canada

DEALERS:
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Solves the Boy Problem

Erector appeals to every boy's idea of fun and also has educational value. It teaches him the principles of construction and engineering.

Erector is the *only* construction toy with girders exactly like real structural steel. Their interlocking edges enable boys to build remarkably *big, strong* models.

ERECTOR

The Toy Like Structural Steel

Free—I want to give every boy a free three months' subscription to my boys' magazine, *Erector Tips*, which contains the big Holiday issue and a great deal of interesting stories and photographs, full details of $3000 prize offer to boys.

Write for the three months' subscription, also my new 24-page Book telling all about construction toys they're absolutely free. Please give dealer's name.

Dealers everywhere sell Erector $1 to $25. Ask to see [illegible] and $5 [illegible] and packed in hardwood oak cabinet.

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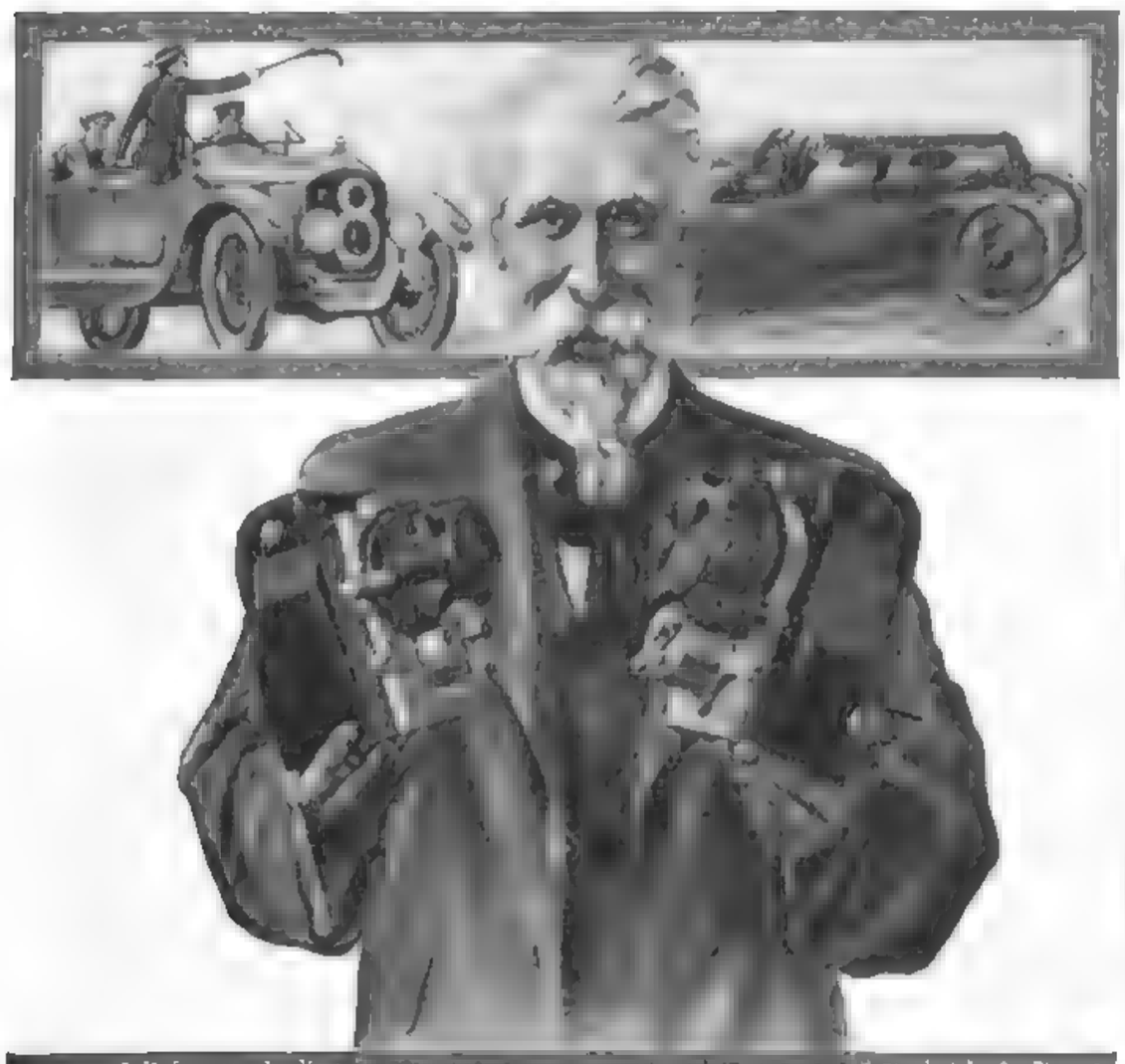

Col. Dixie's Reasons for Magneto Ignition

"There must be a reason

why all the highest priced automobiles in America depend upon magneto ignition—why all Europe unqualifiedly demands magneto ignition—why all the high speed motors and speediest motors in automobiles, motorcycles, motor boats or aeroplanes use magneto ignition exclusively.

"The reason is not hard to seek. Where stamina, speed and lasting performance of the motor counts, there you'll find magneto ignition, and, going even further, where its new principles, its simplicity and great effectiveness are known, there you'll find

DIXIE Magneto

20th Century Ignition

"The DIXIE is economical—it'll pay for itself in less gasoline consumption and wear and tear on the motor."

Splitdorf Electrical Co.

NEWARK, N. J.

He was neither a strong nor a cunning swimmer. In this lapse he would go down and be choked beyond further effort before he could recover the use of his arms and legs. It was icy cold. He would not think of the cold. His best protection against it was the sufficient will to ignore it. The power would not long endure. It must endure until he had clambered out of the water to the little pan toward which he floundered. He was slow in the water. It seemed to him that his progress was mysteriously prolonged—that the wind was driving the pan away.

The wind could not rise to this pitch in a minute; but when he was midway of the lane he thought half an hour had elapsed an hour—that he must have left the field and the boy far behind.

The boy was not much more than fifteen yards away.

A word of advice occurred to Luff. He did not turn. He was then within a dozen strokes of the little pan. He shouted:

"Give un a tune!"

Billy Brisk dropped his crutch, fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, whipped out his mouth organ, clapped it to his lips, and blew a lively air:

Lukie's boat was painted green,
The finest boat that ever was seen;
Lukie's boat had cotton sails,
A juniper rudder and galvanized nails.

And he so profoundly astonished the dogs with these sudden, harmonious sounds, accompanied by the jerky movement of a crippled leg, designed to resemble a dance, and in itself shockingly suspicious—so profoundly astonished the dogs that they paused to reconsider the matter in hand. It was startling. They sat up. Aha! What was this? What did it portend? And the little boy wheezed away:

Lukie sailed her out one day,
A fine spell o' weather in the month o' May;
She leaked so bad when he put about,
He drove her ashore on the Tailor's Snout

And he kept on blowing that famous jig-time ballad of Tight Cove for dear life until a tug at the line round his waist warned him to brace himself against the steady pull to follow.

Billy was still giving the strains of Lukie's adventure to the north wind when the little pan came alongside.

"Carry on!" Luff chattered behind him.

Billy interrupted himself to answer:

"Aye, sir!"

"I'll get my clothes an' the skins aboard. Eeod! It's awful cold!"

Presently they pushed out from the field. It had not taken long. The patch of white light that was the sun had not yet dropped out of sight behind the cliffs of the shore.

It was a bad night on the field to the south. They were hungry. It was cold. Luff suffered from the cold. In the morning the northerly wind had turned the heap of dogskin robes into a snowdrift. The sun shone.

Luff was still cold. He shivered and chattered. He despaired. Rescue came, however, in the afternoon. It was the Tight Cove skiff, hailing now from Ginger Tickle, with the mission doctor aboard.

The skiff from Come-Again Bight found the dogs. The dogs were wild—the men said—and would not come aboard, but ran off in a pack to the farthest limits of the field and were not seen again—save only Cracker, who fawned and jumped into the skiff without so much as a by-your-leave. And Cracker, in due course and according to custom, they hanged by the neck at Tight Cove until he was dead.

Billy Brisk's bad leg was scraped clean and restored—no serious undertaking for the hospital at Ginger Tickle; and young Jock Luff survived an attack of what had hitherto been known to the coast, in loose popular terminology, as the "infl'mation of the chest," but was thereafter to be known by its scientific appellation—as the "amonia."

That day, however—the afternoon of the rescue—when the Tight Cove skiff came near, Billy Brisk put his hands to his mouth and shouted—none too lustily:

"Ahoy!"

"Aye?" Skipper Thomas answered.

"Did my mother send you?"

"She did."

Billy Brisk turned to Jock Luff.

"Didn't I tell you," he sobbed, his eyes blazing, "that I knowed my mother's ways?"

Get This Poultry Book

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on monthly savings in 24 years. The best business

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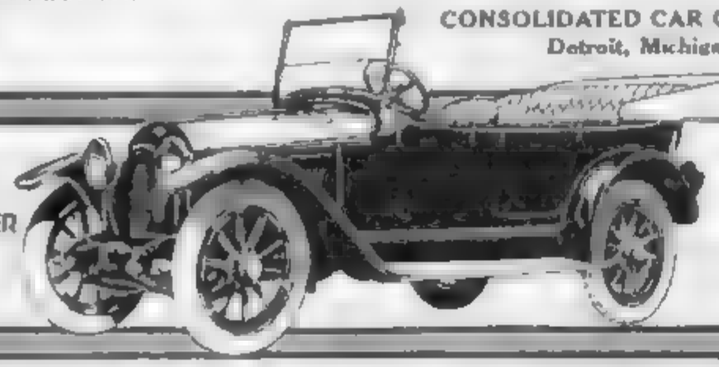

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The doctors of America have brought millions to bran food. Well-advised people, at least once daily, now serve bran in some form.

The best form is a morning dainty — Pettijohn's. It is soft wheat flaked, with 25% bran hidden in the flakes.

The bran is unground, which makes it efficient. It is tender. In this combination it is very inviting. This is a luxury made to foster bran habits. See how well it does that.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat with Bran Flakes

Most grocers have it. Any grocer will get it. Per package, 15c.

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Now a Brunswick HOME BILLIARD TABLE at —

$27 Upward

"Quick Demountable"

With the New, Genuine Astralite Billiard Bed

Light Weight—Ever-Level

The Brunswick "Grand," "Baby Grand" and "Convertible," made of rare and beautiful woods, have long been conceded the finest and fastest home tables in the world. We have sold thousands to churches, Y. M. C. A.'s, boys' clubs and large and small homes everywhere.

And now we announce the Brunswick "Quick Demountable," made by the same skilled men and methods. There never before was a billiard table like it.

No Toy—A Scientific Table

The "Quick Demountable" is not a toy. It's an expert carom or pocket billiard table that you can set up anywhere and take down in a jiffy. A real man's table, with life! speed! and accuracy of angle!—worthy of sharing the Brunswick name and glory.

Yet our price is the lowest in all our history, because we are making this "Quick Demountable" for thousands. Hundreds were reserved on order before we built one for market.

No Home Too Small

Now the cottage, like larger homes, can have its billiard table. For we furnish a range of sizes. And this "Quick Demountable" comes without stand, for use on top of any table you may have; or with folding stand or demountable legs if you wish.

The cabinet work is superb. The sights are genuine ivory, not painted to look like it.

Famous Monarch Cushions

The cushions and bed are the most vital parts of a perfect carom or pocket billiard table.

And Brunswicks alone have Monarch rubber cushions, famed in all lands for their life and lightning-action

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We use fine Vermont slate beds in all other Brunswick tables. But slate is too heavy for a "Quick Demountable" table, made to take down with ease.

So our experts, with the aid of science, developed this new bed—called Astralite. It is built like a bowling alley—many seasoned strips compressed into an inseparable unit.

After that we give it the Astralite process that makes it impervious to water. So this bed can't warp or "buckle" like ordinary wood. It can't dent or rust like metal. Yet it has the ever-level playing qualities of slate, without its weight.

We control the Astralite construction. And the Brunswick "Quick Demountable" is the only table that has it.

10c a Day—Outfit Free

Despite our new low price, we've decided to include a high class Playing Outfit Free with all our tables—Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, Spirit Level, Chalk, Cue Clamps, Brush, expert book of 49 games, "How to Play," etc., etc.

Our plan lets you try any Brunswick *30 days right in your own home free!* Then pay a small amount monthly—*terms as low as 10 cents a day!*

Get full details and see these handsome tables in our de luxe book—"Billiards - The Home Magnet." The coupon or a postal brings it by return mail free, postpaid. *Send today without fail.*

To Dealers

Under our new selling policy we now have an opening for the "Quick Demountable" Agency in many cities and towns. If you believe that you are in a position to help us supply the demand for these tables in your community, write us fully regarding the nature of your business, its size and scope. The exclusive agency is a valuable acquisition to any aggressive store. So we suggest the advisability of applying for our proposition before we award the agency in your town. An inquiry involves no obligation, but please write us in detail regarding your business.

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Rainy days, winter days, evenings after work is done—let all the gay family gather 'round this scientific Carom or Pocket Billiard Table that you can set up quickly everywhere.

No other game on earth unlocks such merriment—*here jest is often victor over skill!*

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Style plus through-and-through quality (all-wool fabrics)
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Style plus economy (you save $3 to $8 on each suit)
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To stop in front of a Styleplus Window is to learn a lesson. To step inside the store is to turn the lesson into dollars in your pocket! One leading clothier in virtually every town and city sells Styleplus. Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. If there should not be a Styleplus store in your town, write us and we will refer you to one nearby.

Write for free copy of "The Styleplus Book."

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This is the portrait of Mr. Henry Sonneborn the founder of the organization

Look for this Trade Mark on the coat sleeve. It protects you against substitutes

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THE GRAY DAWN

Continued from Page 23

multitude, only a few squares away, stood hour after hour patiently waiting in the bright sun.

At quarter before one the upper windows of the building were thrown open and small platforms, extending out about three feet, were thrust from two of them. An instant later two heavy beams were shoved from the flat roof directly over the platforms. From the ends of the beams dangled nooses of rope. A dead wait ensued. Across the silence could be heard faintly from the open windows of the distant church the chords of an organ, the rise and fall of a hymn, then the measured cadence of oration. The funeral services had begun.

As though this were a signal, the blinds that had partly closed the window openings were swung back and Charles Cora was conducted to the end of one of the little platforms. His face was covered with a white handkerchief and his arms and legs were bound with cords. The attendant adjusted the noose, then left him. An instant later Casey appeared. He had petitioned not to be blindfolded, so his face was bare. Cora stood bolt upright, motionless as a stone. Casey's nerve had left him. His face was pale and his eyes bloodshot. As the attendant placed the noose, the murderer's eyes darted here and there over the square. Did he still expect that the boastful promises of his friends would be fulfilled? Did he still hope for rescue? If so, that hope must have died as he looked down on those set, grim faces staring straight ahead, on that sinister ring of steel. He began to babble.

"Gentlemen," he cried at them, "I am not a murderer! I do not feel afraid to meet my God on a charge of murder! I have done nothing but what I thought was right! To-morrow let no editor dare call me a murderer! Whenever I was injured I have resented it—it has been part of my education during twenty-nine years! Gentlemen, I forgive you this persecution! O God, my poor mother! O God!"

Not one word of contrition; not one word for the man who lay yonder in the church; not one syllable for the heart-broken wife kneeling at the coffin! He ceased. And his words went out into the void and found no echo against that grim wall of steel.

They waited. For what? Across the intervening housetops the sound of speaking ceased to carry. The last orator had given place. At the door of the sanctuary was a slight commotion—the coffin was being carried out. It was placed in the hearse. Every head was bared. There ensued a slight pause; then from overhead the great bell boomed once. Another bell in the next block answered. A third, more distant, chimed in. From all parts of the rity tolled the solemn requiem.

At the first stroke the long cortège moved forward toward Lone Mountain. At the first stroke the Vigilantes, as one man, presented arms. At the first stroke the platforms dropped, and Casey and Cora fell into the abyss of eternity.

LXVI

THIS execution occasioned a great storm of indignation among the adherents of Law and Order. Serious-minded men, like Judge Shattuck, admitted the essential justice rendered, but condemned strongly the method.

"Of course they were murderers," cried the judge; "and of course they should have been hung; and of course the city is better off without either of them. I'm not afraid of their friends, and I don't care who knows what I think! And some very worthy citizens wrongly are involved in this, citizens whom otherwise I greatly respect. It were better that a hundred criminals should escape than that the whole law of California should be outraged by an act that denies at once the value and the authority of our government. The energy, the talent for organization that this Committee has displayed in the exercise of usurped authority might have been directed in aid of the courts, consistently with the constitution and the laws, with equal if not greater efficiency."

But very few were able to see it in this calm spirit. The ruling class, the "chivalry," the best element of the city had been slapped in the face. And by whom? By a lot of "Yankee shopkeepers," assisted by renegades like Keith, Talbot Ward, and others. The Committee were a lot of stranglers; they ought to be punished as murderers; they ought to be shot down, egad, as revolutionaries! It was realized that street shooting had temporarily become unsafe; otherwise there is no doubt that the hotheads would have gone forth deliberately a-brawling. There were many threats made against individuals, many condign—and lawless—punishments promised them.

As an undercurrent, nowhere expressed or even acknowledged, was a strong feeling of relief. Any Law-and-Order man would have fought at the mere suggestion; but every one of them felt it. After all, the law had been surprised and overpowered. It had yielded only to overwhelming odds. With the execution of Cora and Casey accomplished the Committee might be expected to disband. And, of course, when it did disband then the law would have its innings. Its forces would be better organized and consolidated, its power assured. It could then apprehend and bring to justice the ringleaders of this unwarranted undertaking. Like dogs at the heels of a retreating foe, the hotheads became bolder as this secret conviction gained strength. They were in favor of using an armed force to take Coleman and his fellow-conspirators into the custody of the law. Calmer spirits held this scheme in check.

"Let them have rope," advised Blatchford. "I know mobs. Now that they've hung somebody their spirit will die down. Give them a few days."

But to the surprise and indignation of these people the Vigilantes showed no signs of any intention to disband. On the contrary their activities extended and their organization tightened. The various companies drilled daily until they went through evolutions and the manual of arms with all the perfection of regular troops. The Committee's books remained open; by the last of the week over seven thousand men had signed the rolls. Vanloads of furniture and various supplies were backed up before the doors of headquarters, and were carried within by members of the organization—no nonmember ever saw the inside of the building while it was occupied by the Vigilantes. The character of these furnishings and supplies would seem to argue an intention of permanence. Stoves, cooking utensils, cot beds, provisions, blankets, bulletin boards, arms, chairs, tables, field guns, ammunition, were only some items. Doorkeepers were always in attendance. Sentinels patrolled the streets and the roof. The great warehouse took on an exceedingly animated appearance.

The Executive Committee was in session all of each day. It became known that a "black list" of some sort was in preparation. On the heels of this orders came for the Vigilante police, instructing them to arrest certain men and to warn certain others to leave town immediately. It was evident that a clean sweep was contemplated.

Among the first of those arrested was the notorious Yankee Sullivan, an ex-prize-fighter, ward-heeler, ballot-box stuffer and shoulder-striker. He had always been a pillar of strength to those engaged in corrupt practices. This man went to pieces completely. He confessed the details of many of his own crimes; but, what was more important, implicated many others as well. His testimony was invaluable, not necessarily as final proof against those whom he accused, but as indications for thorough investigations. Finally, unexpectedly he committed suicide in his cell. It seems he had been accustomed to from sixty to eighty drinks of whisky a day, and the sudden complete deprivation had destroyed him. Warned by this, the Committee henceforward issued regular rations of whisky to its prisoners!

Trials in due order, with counsel for defense and ample opportunity to call witnesses, went on briskly. Those who anticipated more hangings were disappointed. It became known that the Committee had set for itself the rule that capital punishment would be inflicted only for crimes so punishable by the regular law. But each outgoing ship carried crowds of those on whom had been passed the sentence of banishment. The majority of these were, of course, low thugs, "Sydney ducks," hangers on; but a very large proportion were taken from what had been

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Springtex gives luxurious warmth—yet is as agreeable to the skin as the softest, silkiest gauze And it is good for two seasons' wear The Springtex fabric has tremendous tensile strength, and each Springtex garment is reinforced where the strain comes. There are no weak spots in Springtex—it can't rip, tear, bag, bind, shrink, or irritate the skin.
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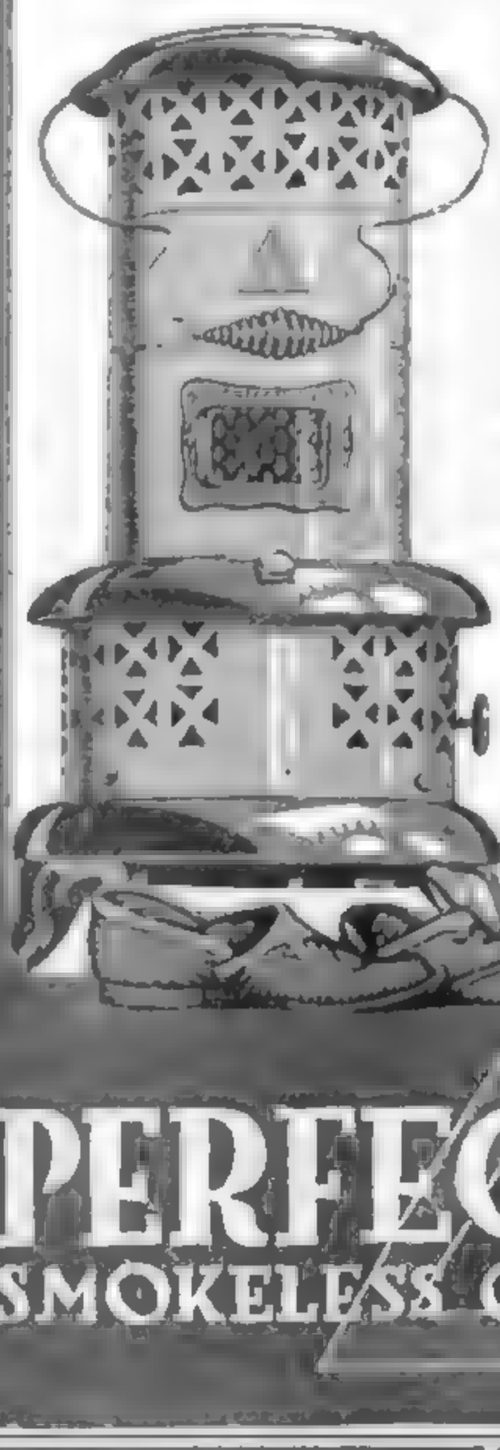

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Says Old 7 the Baffler
"Hard to find that 7th Point of Sterling excellence? Wrong! Just enough difficulty to make things interesting Perhaps you'll find it in the gum."

The 7-point gum

PEPPERMINT - RED WRAPPER CINNAMON - BLUE WRAPPER

known as the city's best. In the law courts these men would have in many cases been declared as white as the driven snow. But they were undesirable citizens, the Committee decided, and bade them begone. Charles Duane, Wooley Kearney, William Carr, Edward Bulger, Philander Brace, William McLean, J. D. Musgrave, and Peter Wrightman were well-known and influential names found on the black list; Peter Wightman, James White and our old friend Ned McGowan ran away. Hundreds of others left the city. A terror spread among the ignorant and vicious of the underworld. Some of the minor offenders brought in by the Vigilante police were turned over to the regular law courts by the Executive Committee. Every one of such offenders was promptly convicted by those courts!

This did not look much like disbanding, nor did an opportunity for wholesale arrest of the anarchists seem imminent. The leaders of the Law-and-Order faction were at last aroused.

"This is more than anarchy, it is revolution," said Judge Caldwell. "It is a successful revolution because it is organized. The people of this city are scattered and powerless. They in turn should be organized to combat the forces of disorder."

In pursuance of this belief—that the public at large needed only to be called together in order to defend its institutions—handbills were printed and newspaper notices published calling a meeting for June second in Portsmouth Square. Elaborate secret preparations, involving certain distributions of armed men, were made to prevent what was considered certain interference. This was useless. Immediately after the appearance of the notice the Committee of Vigilance issued orders that the meeting was in no manner to be disturbed, and hung out placards reading:

"Members of the Vigilance Committee—Order Must be Maintained." "Friends of the Vigilance Committee—Keep Out of the Square."

The meeting was well attended. Enormous crowds gathered, not only in and round the square itself, but in balconies and windows and on housetops. It was a ribald, disrespectful crowd evidently out for a good time, calling back and forth, shouting question or comment at the men gathered about the speakers' platform.

"What kind of a circus do you call this show, anyway," roared a huge, bare-armed miner in a red shirt.

"This is the law and murder meeting," instantly answered someone from a balcony.

This phrase tickled the crowd hugely. The words were passed from man to man. Eventually they became the stereotyped retort.

"Stranglers!" sneered one faction. "Law and murder!" flung back the other.

On the platform stood or sat the owners of many of the city's proud names—judges, jurists, merchants, holders of high political office, men whose influence a month ago had been paramount and irresistible. Among them were famed orators, men who had never failed to hold and influence a crowd. But two hundred feet away little could be heard. It early became evident that, though there would be no interference, the sentiment of the crowd was against them. And, what was particularly maddening, the sentiment was good-humored. Even the compliment of being taken seriously was denied them.

Colonel Ed Baker came forward to speak. The Colonel's gift of eloquence was such that in spite of his known principles, his lack of scruple, his insincerity, he won his way to a picturesque popularity and fame. Later he delivered a funeral oration over the remains of David Broderick that has gone far to invest the memory of that hard-headed, venal, unscrupulous politician with an aura of romance. But the crowd would have little of him this day. An almost continuous uproar drowned his efforts. Catch-words, such as liberty, constitution, *habeas corpus*, trial by jury, freedom, and so on, occasionally became audible. They were not interested.

"See Cora's defender!" cried someone, voicing the general suspicion that Baker had been one of the little gambler's hidden counsel. "Cora!" "Ed Baker!" "Ten thousand dollars!" "Out of that, you old reprobate!" jeered the audience. He spoke ten minutes against the storm, then yielded, red-faced and angry. Others tried in vain. A Southerner named Benham, while deploring passionately the condition of the city, which had been seized by a mob, robbed of its sacred rights, and so on, happened inadvertently to throw back his coat, thus revealing the butt of a revolver. The bystanders caught the point at once.

"There's a pretty Law-and-Order man!" they shrieked. "Hey, Benham, don't you know it's against the law to go armed?"

"I carry this weapon," shrieked back Benham, passionately shaking his fist, "not as an instrument to overthrow the law, but as a means of upholding it!"

A clear, steady voice from a near-by balcony made itself distinctly heard.

"In other words, sir, you break the law in order to uphold the law," it said. "What more are the Vigilantes doing?"

The crowd went wild over this repartee. The confusion became worse. Old Judge Campbell was thrust forward, in the hope that his age and his senior judgeship would command respect. He was unable to utter consecutive sentences.

"I once thought," he interrupted himself piteously, "that I was the free citizen of a free country, but recent occurrences have convinced me that I am a slave—a slave, gentlemen, more a slave than any on a Southern plantation, for they know their masters, but I know not mine!"

But his auditors refused to be affected.

"Oh, yes, you do!" they informed him. "You know your masters as well as anybody—two of them were hung the other day!"

After this the meeting broke up. The most ardent Law-and-Order man could not deny that as a popular demonstration it had been a fizzle.

But if this attempt at home to gain coherence failed, up-river the partisans had better luck. A hasty messenger with tidings for the ear of the Executive Committee only was followed by rapidly spreading rumors. Five hundred men, with two pieces of artillery, were coming down from Sacramento to liberate the prisoners, especially Billy Mulligan, or die in the attempt. They were reported to be men from the Southeast, Texans, Carolinians, crackers from Pike County, all fire eaters, reckless, sure to make trouble. Their numbers were not in themselves formidable, but every man knew the city still to be full of scattered warriors needing only leaders and a rallying point. The materials for a very pretty civil war were laid for the match. An uneasiness pervaded headquarters, not for the outcome, but for the unavoidable fighting and bloodshed.

Therefore, when Olney hastily entered the main hall early in the evening, and in a loud voice called for "two hundred men with side arms for special duty," there was a veritable scramble to enlist. Olney picked out the required number, selecting, it was afterward noticed, only the men big physically. They fell in and were marched quickly out Market Street. It was dark. Expectations were high. Just beyond Second Street, dimly visible against the sky or in the faint starlight, they saw a mysterious force opposing them, men on foot, horses, the wheels of guns. Each man gripped his revolver and set his teeth. Here evidently, from this ordinarily deserted and distant part of town, a flanking attack was to have been delivered. As they drew nearer they made out wagons; and nearer still, bale upon bale of gunny sacks and shovels!

The truth dawned on them, and a great laugh went up.

"Sold! Sold! Sold!" they cried.

But they set to work with a will, filled the gunny sacks with sand, piled them on wagons; and so by morning Fort Gunnybags, as headquarters was thenceforth called, came into existence. Cannon were mounted, breastworks piled, embrasures planned.

The five hundred fire eaters were no myth. They disembarked, greeted the horde of friends who had come to meet them, marched to Fort Gunnybags, looked it over, thrust their hands in their pockets, and walked peacefully away to the nearest barrooms.

Wise men! By now the Vigilante dispositions were so complete that in the mere interest of examining so sudden yet so thorough an organization a paragraph or so may profitably be spent. Behind headquarters was a long shed-stable, in which were to be found at all hours saddle horses and artillery horses, all saddled and bridled ready for instant use. Twenty-six pieces of artillery, mostly sent in by captains of merchant vessels in the harbor, were here parked. Other cannon were mounted for

(Continued on Page 69)

Edison Triumphant!

A Country Wide Appreciation

Again the genius and determination of the master inventor have triumphed.

Triumphed in only ten months over a task as Herculean as ever was set for any man before. On Dec. 9, 1914, the Edison plant was burned. One of the greatest factory fires that ever occurred. Twenty-three days later Mr. Edison was again making Phonographs and records.

Today, only 10 months after the fire, he actually is producing 100% more disc records and 50% more phonographs than before the fire.

The new Diamond Disc Phonograph, now perfected. Absolute fidelity in music reproduction in this, his favorite invention, and the one to which his constant attention has been given.

Edison Week, October 18-23, Everywhere

Every day from October 18 to October 23, inclusive, will be "Edison Day" everywhere in the United States. Edison dealers have made special arrangements fittingly to present this *perfected musical instrument* to the music lovers of their community. Special complimentary concerts of choice programs from the complete library of Edison records will be given each day. These concerts will reveal Mr. Edison's great strides in the art of record reproduction. Having perfected the phonograph, Mr. Edison will, from now on, devote his entire attention to the collection of a great library of vastly superior records.

NEW EDISON

Diamond Disc Phonograph

No Needles to Change — *Unbreakable Records*

Mr. Edison worked continuously for four years, from eighteen to twenty hours a day, perfecting this phonograph and these wonderful records. Perfection came only after infinite experiment. The Diamond Disc Stylus, which *floats over the record without wear*, is a distinguishing feature of the New Edison. It is the secret by which it has been made possible at last to reproduce, *perfectly*, every detail of music—to preserve the distinctive character of every voice or instrument. Mr. Edison's genius has turned his record manufacturing plant into one big laboratory. He has perfected laboratory processes to a point where a scientific laboratory product is being turned out in unlimited quantities. The *laboratory re-creation* of music as opposed to mere mechanical reproduction.

Concerts During Edison Week

Call on Any Edison Dealer

Wherever there is an Edison dealer special preparations have been made for you to hear the Edison in splendid concerts each day from October 18 to October 23 (and of course thereafter). Any record you may wish to hear will be played for you without obligation merely to spread the news of the great musical triumph. Do not fail to attend at least one of these complimentary Edison Concerts during Edison Week.

Or write us direct for new catalog of Edison instruments and records.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Dept. 2357, Orange, N. J.

If there is no dealer near you, we shall also endeavor to arrange for an Edison Diamond Disc Musical in your home. Look for the name Edison—it appears on every Diamond Disc Instrument

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The $250 Diamond Disc Phonograph in the Model [illegible]

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Chalmers Underwear yields to every movement—with a constant springing-back into shape. FIT is thus *retained*—COMFORT assured.

This underwear is knit on Cooper *Spring* Needle Machines. They cost *twice* as much as the ordinary kind. Their process is *four times* as expensive. They can knit only *half* the quantity per day.

But—for QUALITY, Cooper Spring Needle Machines are worth the extra cost. They knit a firmer fabric. At the same time it is more elastic. Chalmers Underwear does not lose its shape or fit. It gives the utmost in wear. The soft, fine yarn is kind to the skin.

Chalmers Union Suits cannot "cut in the crotch." With their Closed Crotch no flaps can bulge nor gape open. The cut is *right*.

Chalmers Spring Needle Knit Underwear compares to the ordinary knit as "Sterling" does to plated silver. The whole underwear trade recognizes this fact. *Ask your dealer.*

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Chalmers Underwear
MADE ON COOPER SPRING NEEDLE MACHINE

Look for This Label

(Continued from Page 66)

the defense of Fort Gunnybags. Muskets, rifles and sabers enough to arm six thousand men had been accumulated—and there were six thousand men to use them!

A French portable barricade had been constructed in the event of possible street fighting, a sort of wheeled framework that could be transformed into litters or scaling ladders. Sutlers' offices and kitchens could feed a small army. Flags and painted signs carrying the emblematic open eye of vigilance decorated the rooms. A huge alarm bell had been mounted on the roof. The mattresses, beds, cots, blankets, and other furniture necessary to put up four companies on the premises, had been provided. A completely equipped armorer's shop and a hospital with all supplies occupied the third story.

The forces were divided into four companies of artillery, one squadron and two troops of cavalry, four regiments and thirty-two companies of infantry, besides the small but efficient police organization. A tap on the bell gathered these men in an incredibly short space of time. "As a rule," says Bancroft, "within fifteen minutes from the time the bell was tapped, on any occasion, seven-tenths of the entire Vigilante forces would be in their places, armed and ready for battle."

Another corps, not as heroic but more necessary, it was found advisable to appoint. The sacking of which Fort Gunnybags was made was of very coarse texture. When dry the sand filling tended to run out! Therefore, those bags had to be kept constantly wet, and somebody had to do it. Enemies sneeringly remarked that Fort Gunnybags consumed much more water without than within; but this joke lost its point when it became known that the Committee, decades in advance of its period, had prohibited alcohol absolutely!

Realizing from the two lamentable fiascoes just recounted that little could be accomplished by private initiative, the upholders of the law turned their attention to Sacramento. Here they had every reason to hope for success. No matter how well organized the Vigilantes might be, or how thoroughly they carried the sympathies of the local public, there could be no doubt that they were acting in defiance of the law, were, in fact, no better than rebels. It was not only within the power, it was the duty, of the governor of the state to declare the city in a condition of insurrection. This being accomplished, it followed logically that the state troops must put down the insurrection; and if they failed there was still the immense power of the Republic to call upon. After all, when you looked at it that way this handful of disturbers amounted to very little.

The first step was to win over the governor. Without him the first step could not be taken. Accordingly all the big guns of San Francisco boarded the Senato for Sacramento. There they met Terry, Volney Howard, and others of the same ilk. No governor of Johnson's sort could long withstand such pressure. He promised to issue the proclamation of insurrection as soon as it was "legally proved" that the Committee had acted outside the law. The mere fact that it had already hanged two men and deported a great number of others meant nothing. That, apparently, was not legal proof.

In order that all things should be legal, then, Terry issued a writ of *habeas corpus* for the body of one William Mulligan, and gave it into the hands of Deputy-sheriff Harrison for service on the Committee. Nobody expected the latter to deliver over Mulligan.

"But they'll deny the writ," said Terry, "and that will constitute a legal defiance of the state. The governor will then be legally justified in issuing his proclamation and ordering out the state troops to enforce the writ."

If the state troops proved inadequate, the plan was then to call on the United States—as locally represented by General Wool and Captain David Farragut—for assistance. With this armed backing three times the Vigilante force could be quickly subdued. As it was all legal it could not fail.

Harrison took the writ of *habeas corpus* and proceeded to San Francisco. He presented himself at headquarters, produced his writ, and had himself announced to the Executive Committee, then in session.

"Tell him to go to hell!" growled some one.

But half a dozen members saw through the ruse and interposed vigorous objections.

"I move," said Dempster solemnly, "that our police be permitted to remove all prisoners for a few hours."

This was carried and put into immediate effect. Deputy Harrison was then politely received, his writ fully acknowledged, and he was allowed to search the premises. Of course he found nothing, and departed much crestfallen. The scheme had failed. The Committee had in no way denied his authority or his writ.

Harrison was no fool. He saw clearly what he had been expected to do. On his way back to Sacramento he did some thinking. To Terry he unblushingly returned the writ indorsed: "Prevented from service by armed men." For the sake of the cause Harrison had lied.

Johnson immediately issued his proclamation. The leaders turned with confidence to the Federal authorities for assistance. To their blank dismay General Wool refused to furnish arms. His position was that he had no authority to do so without orders from Washington. The sympathies of this doughty old soldier were not with this attempt. Colonel Baker and Volney Howard waited on him, and after considerable conversation made the mistake of threatening to report him to Washington for refusing to uphold the law.

"I think, gentlemen," flashed back the veteran, "I know my duty, and in its performance dread no responsibility."

So saying, he bowed them from the room. Farragut equally could not clearly see why he should train the guns of his ship on the city. With this third fiasco the opposition for the moment died. The Executive Committee went on patiently working down through its black list. It announced that after June twenty-fourth no new cases would be taken. A few days later it proclaimed an "adjournment parade" on July fifth. It considered its work done. The city had become safe.

LXVII

BUT this peaceful outcome did not suit the aristocratic wing of the Law and Order Party in the least. The haughty, supremely individualistic, bold, forceful, often charming coterie of fire eaters had, in their opinion, been insulted, and they wanted reprisal, punishment, blood. Terry, Baker, Bennett, Miles, Webb, Nugent, Blatchford, Rowlee, Caldwell, Broderick, Ware, Volney Howard, Black—to mention only a few—chafed intolerably. Such men were accustomed to have their own way, to cherish an ultrasensitive honor, to be looked up to. They had come to consider themselves as especially privileged, to look upon themselves as direct representatives of the only proper government and administration of law. This revolt of the "lower classes," the "smug, psalm-singing Yankees," the "shopkeepers," was intolerable impudence. Because of a series of accidents proper resentment of such impudence, due punishment of such denial of the law, had been postponed. It was not, for that reason, abrogated.

When, therefore, the Committee announced July fifth as a definite date for disbanding, the lawful authorities and their upholders, blinded by their passions, were distinctly disappointed. Where the common citizen perceived only the welcome end of a necessary job well done, these men saw slipping away the last chance for a clash of arms that should teach these rebels their place. It was all very well to talk of arresting the ringleaders and bringing them to justice. In the present lamentable demoralization of the courts it might not work; and even if it did work, the punishment of ringleaders was small satisfaction as compared to triumphant vindication in pitched battle.

Sherman had resigned command of the military in disgust when he found that General Wool and Captain Farragut had no intention of supplying him Federal arms, thus closing an unfortunate phase of his career. In his stead had been chosen General Volney Howard. Howard was a rather fat, very pompous, wholly conceited Bombastes Furioso, with apparently remarkable lack of judgment or grasp of a situation. In the Committee's action looking toward adjournment he actually thought he saw a sign of weakening.

"Now is the moment for us to show our power!" he said.

In this he gained the zealous support of Judge Terry and Major Montgomery Miles, two others with more zeal than discretion. These three managed to persuade Governor Johnson to order a parade of state troops

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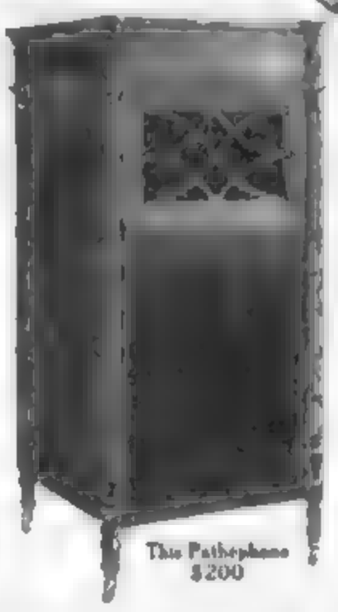
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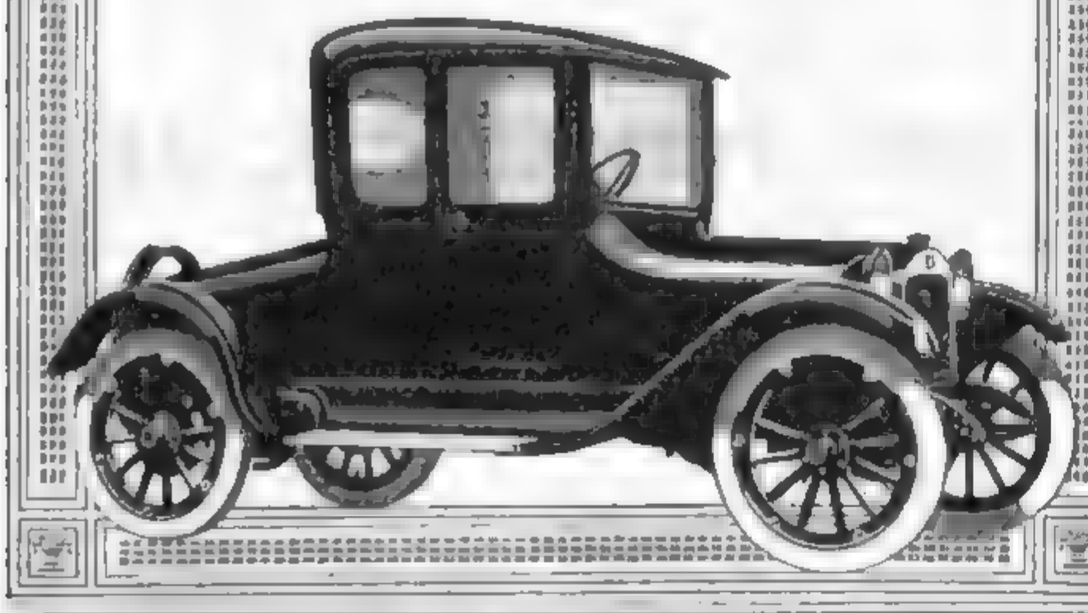

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Packages for Men and Women containing
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in the streets of San Francisco. Their argument was that such a parade of legally organized forces would overawe the citizens. Their secret hope, however, was that such a show would provoke the desired conflict. This hope they shared with Howard, after the governor's order had been obtained. Howard's vanity and inclinations jumped together.

He consented. Altogether it was a very pretty little plot.

By now the Law-and-Order forces had become numerically formidable. The bobtail and ragtag, ejected either by force or by fright, flocked to the colors. A certain proportion of the militia remained in the ranks, though a majority had resigned. A large contingent of wild, reckless young men without a care or a tie in the world, with no interest in the rights of the case—or, indeed, in themselves—avid only for adventure, offered themselves as soon as the prospects for a real fight became good. And there were always the five hundred discomfited Texans.

Nor were arms now lacking. Contrary to all expectation, the Committee had scrupulously refrained from meddling with the state armories.

All militia muskets were available. In addition, the state had now the right to a certain quota of Federal arms, stored in the arsenal at Benicia. These could be requisitioned.

At this point in the planning weasely little Jimmy Ware had a bright idea.

"Look here!" he cried. "How many of those Benicia muskets are there?"

"About a hundred and fifty stand, sir," Howard told him.

"Now, they can't help us a whole lot," propounded Ware. "They are too few. But why can't we use them for bait—to get those people on the wrong side of the fence?"

"What do you mean?" asked Terry, who knew Ware intimately.

"Suppose they are shipped from Benicia to the armories in the city. They are legally Federal property until they are delivered, aren't they?"

"Certainly."

"Well, if the Stranglers should happen to seize them while they're still Federal property they've committed a definite offense against the United States, haven't they?"

"What do we care about that now?" asked Major Montgomery Miles, to whom this seemed irrelevant.

But Judge Terry's legal mind was struck with the beauty and simplicity of this ruse.

"Hold on!" he cried. "If we ship them in a boat the seizure will be piracy. If they intercept those arms they're pirates, and we can legally call on the Federal forces—and they'll be compelled to respond, egad!"

"They're pretty smart—suppose they smell a rat?" asked Miles doubtfully.

"Then we'll have the muskets where we want them, anyway. It's worth trying," replied Ware.

"I know just the man," put in Terry. "I'll send for him."

Shortly appeared a saturnine, lank, bibulous individual known as Rube Maloney. To him Terry explained that he was to charter a sloop, take the muskets aboard—and get caught.

"No resistance, mind you!" warned Terry.

"Trust me for that," grinned Rube. "I ain't anxious for no punctured skin, nor yit a stretched neck."

"Pick your men carefully."

"I'll take Jack Phillips and Jim McNab," said Rube after a moment's thought—"and possibly a few refreshments?" he suggested.

Terry reached into his pocket.

"Certainly, certainly," said he. "Treat yourselves well."

There remained only to see that the accurate details should get to the Committee of Vigilance, but in such a manner as to avoid suspicion that the information had been "planted."

"Is there anybody on their rolls we can trust?" asked Terry.

But it was reluctantly conceded that the Vigilantes had pretty well cleaned out the doubtful ones.

Here again the resourceful Jimmy Ware came to the rescue.

"I know your man—Morrell. He'll get it to them. So far as anybody knows he hasn't taken sides at all."

"Will you see him?" asked Terry.

"I'll see him," promised Jimmy Ware.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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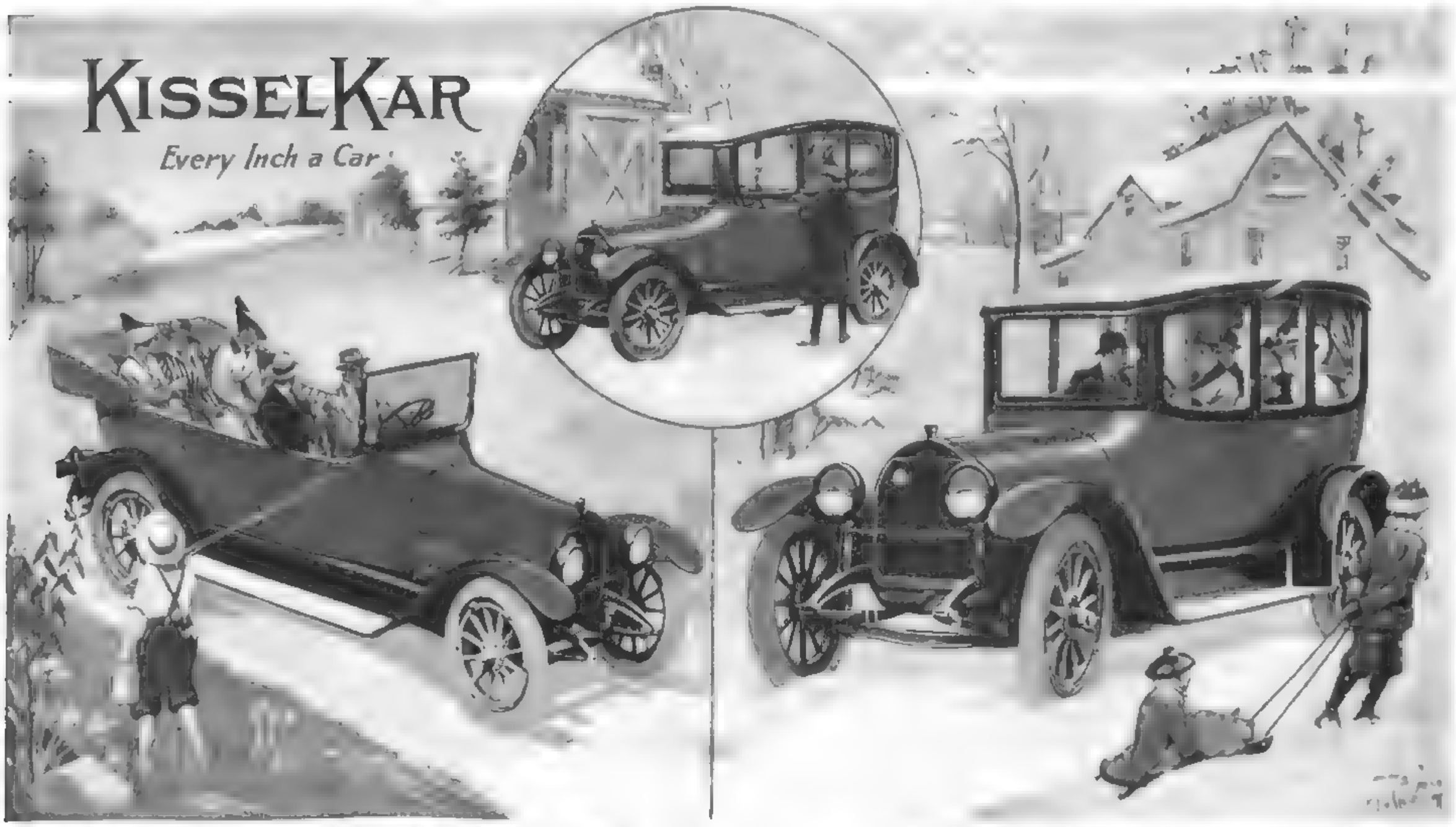

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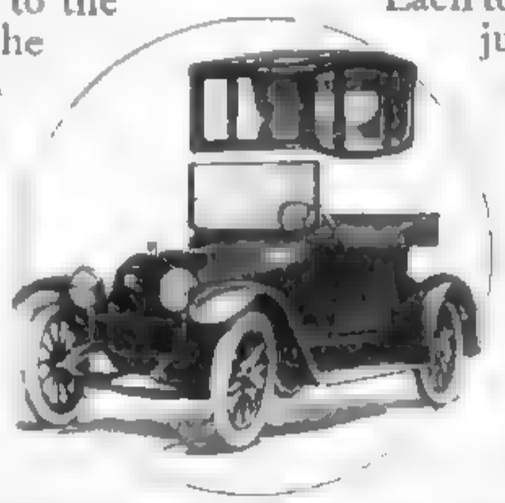

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If your Chest measures	Trunk	Ankle Inseam	Full Sleeve	You need regular size
27 to 29	52 to 54	26	17	28
29 to 31	54 to 56	27	18	30
31 to 33	56 to 58	28	19	32
33 to 35	58 to 60	29	20	34
35 to 37	60 to 62	30	21	36
37 to 39	62 to 64	31	22	38
39 to 41	63 to 65	32	22½	40
41 to 43	64 to 66	32	22½	42
43 to 45	66 to 68	32	22½	44
45 to 47	68 to 70	32	22½	46
47 to 49	70 to 72	32	22½	48
49 to 51	72 to 74	32	22½	50

STOUTS—Same in trunk and chest as regulars, but three inches shorter in inseam and sleeve.

LONGS—Two inches longer in trunk, inseam and sleeve than regulars.

Clip and keep this chart, and show it to your dealer.

Look for the Superior Window Display shown in the upper right-hand corner

BEATING THE BARRIER

(Continued from Page 13)

attend to over to Omaha which will help to make me fill out th' week."

"You ain't looked th' show over yet, Colonel. We have a real nice attraction an' a few acts that would go with th' Big Thing," exclaimed Mademoiselle Mazurka with an untoward, sudden and unusual manifestation of hospitality. "You surely ain't goin' to walk away without lookin' at the inside of th' top—unless, perhaps, you was opposed to circuses?"

Mademoiselle Mazurka conjured up her sweetest smile, one that she intended should pierce the bulwarks of the visitor's reticence.

"Go on inside," she gurgled. "I want you to see me in my new act with th' big cats. I have 'em broke to a knockout. The finish comes when Barney, th' biggest lion, does a jump-up on a horse from th' ground, an' th' rest of 'em reverse in a hurdle act. Visit a while, Colonel, an' come over to th' tent an' eat a snack with us when th' matinée is out."

"Well, if you put it that way," rejoined the stranger, "I guess I'll have to accept your kindness. I were always a bug on circuses since I was a kid."

"Walk right in an' make yourself at home, Colonel," responded the lady. "I'd personally conduct you, but I have to make up for th' grand entry. But step inside—th' show is yours from th' candy stand to th' cook tent."

As the visitor passed into the menagerie Mademoiselle Mazurka wheeled swiftly about and, subordinating all else to the matter in hand, sought out Pittsburg Slim, the most expert of the light-fingered gentry trailing the show.

"Slim," she warned impressively, "now get me an' get me good: Did you make that stout slob I was talkin' to? Well, he's gone into th' menagerie, an' you frame him. He has a bunch of papers in th' inside pocket of his coat, an' I must have 'em inside of half an hour. I needn't tell you th' rest. Get 'em if you have to stampede th' elephants or start a riot. Do you foller me?"

Slim nodded.

"I'll land him," he declared. "Where'll you be at?"

"In th' pad room, an' don't stop fur nothin'," rejoined the circus woman. "Now on your way, Slim, an' I'll red-light you if you make a flivver. Get action if you have to cut th' guy ropes."

Ten minutes thereafter Pittsburg Slim slid swiftly through the connection and laid a large, important-looking envelope in the hands of the waiting Mademoiselle Mazurka.

"It was as easy as fallin' out of bed," he chortled. "Th' gink was leanin' over lookin' at th' sacred calf, an' he dropped 'em. I never had to lay a finger on him. He's still at th' monkey cage out there fannin' with Shorty."

The woman grasped the papers eagerly.

"Wait here a minute, Slim," she commanded. "I'm just goin' to lamp 'em over an' then you kin hand 'em back to him. You know how to square that end of it all right."

Holding the precious documents as if she feared they were equipped with wings Mademoiselle Mazurka disappeared behind the canvas curtain which separated the ladies' dressing section from the rest of the pad room. The envelope was unsealed. It was filled with impressive-looking legal documents, some of which bore great red official insignia and were replete with subtle legal phraseology. Most of those, of course, were as Greek to the woman, who was feverishly turning page after page seeking the real kernel, but eventually she mastered enough of the contents to gather that Charles C. Carson, alias the Singin' Kid, the man whom she had married and so ruthlessly despoiled of all he had on earth, had fallen heir to a fabulously rich landed estate in England. Attached to this inheritance was a title. All that remained for him to do was to take possession.

As the real import dawned upon her, the Junoesque Female Samson and strongest woman in the world almost collapsed. Him, the Singin' Kid, Sir Charles Carson, Baronet, of Hatterly Hall! To think of it! And how she had been hoist by her own petard!

Mademoiselle Mazurka sat down on her trunk, dazed. It was too big a contract. She could hardly grasp the situation, inured even as she was to the vicissitudes of they of the wandering foot. The papers rolled off her lap and onto the sand at her feet. She gazed at them as one in a trance, and roused herself with effort only when the equestrian director blew his whistle for the grand entry. But it was a different woman who passed out to lead that impressive spectacle. With head tilted high and the air of a duchess she rode forth to a fanfare of trumpets. Was she not Lady Maud Carson, of Hatterly Castle?

As she passed the waiting Slim she shoved the envelope into his outstretched hands.

"Get 'em back to where you got 'em, *pronto*, Slim," she enjoined, "an' don't never breathe a word to a soul. Just pretend you was walkin' behind him an' they fell out of his pocket, but above all things see that he gets 'em back an' doesn't mistrust that anyone has batted an eye at 'em."

Before the band had ceased playing the opening march the artful Slim was accosting Colonel Paragon.

"I seen you drop these, boss," he exclaimed as he held out the documents. "They fell out of your pocket when you was passin' from th' menagerie to th' big top, an' after I picked 'em up I lost you for a minute or two in th' crowd."

Colonel Paragon received the envelope with many evidences of satisfaction.

"Wouldn't have lost 'em fur ten thousand dollars," he attested as he took a goodly roll from his pocket and handed Slim a twenty-dollar bill. "You sure did me a service, friend. I never missed 'em, an' if I hadda lost 'em I might as well of kept on goin', because I never could of lit in little old New York again."

IV

IT MIGHT be well to state that Mademoiselle Mazurka, strongest woman in the world, did not appear at the regular evening performance of the circus. Her place was taken by an understudy. Instead of filling her usual professional obligations she was comfortably ensconced in the stateroom of a Pullman, rolling eastward as fast as the wheels of the Overland Limited could carry her. Late into the night Mademoiselle Mazurka lay awake, and as the train sped onward she formulated a plan of campaign.

First of all, she must find the Singin' Kid and effect a reconciliation before he discovered he was heir to a fortune. Of course it would never do to let the Kid know that she had become cognizant of that fact. Mademoiselle Mazurka banked on the womanly appeal she was prepared to make, backed up by the salient fact that she intended to return to him the money she had despoiled him of. Then she would persuade him to rejoin the circus at Plattsburg, where he could meet Colonel Paragon in the regular way and be apprised of his good luck. By that time, of course, she intended that she should be thoroughly and firmly reestablished in his good graces. As to finding him, she was satisfied that wherever the horses were running on the big Metropolitan tracks there would be the Singin' Kid.

Mademoiselle Mazurka had no misgivings on the latter point. She leaned back luxuriantly on the pillows and gazed out on the moonlit landscape, dreaming dreams. Lady Maud Carson! Well, well! She and the Kid would forsake the white tops forever. In a new country she could blossom into a grand lady and sink the past beyond possibility of salvage.

Two days thereafter, and arrayed in the most fetching gown that the skill of a Fifth Avenue modiste could create, Mademoiselle Mazurka passed through the portals of the Coney Island Jockey Club at Sheepshead Bay. She took a seat in the grandstand most nearly adjacent to the clubhouse inclosure, and from this coign of vantage reconnoitered. In the crowd below on the lawn she failed to see the object of her search, but this lady was equal to any emergency and called a messenger boy.

"Do you see anythin' you like in th' first race, kid?" she hummed affably, as she scanned her program.

"Blackthorn looks like oil in th' can, ma'am," responded that official.

"Well, bet twenty on his nose fur me," returned the lady, producing the money; "an' here's a dollar to sweeten you up. Don't shade me none on th' odds though."

The messenger turned away to execute the commission, when the woman recalled him.

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Father was away. Mother, Betty and little George and I were asleep. The fire started in the cellar—hot ashes dumped into a wooden barrel. It looked as if we were trapped. The flames were creeping up the stairway.

I groped my way to the hall and located the Pyrene Fire Extinguisher. Then I began playing the Pyrene on the stairs. In a jiffy I had a way opened up for Mother, Betty and little George. I got them out the front door all right, and shortly I had the rest of the fire smothered. But it was a terribly close call for Mother and the little ones.

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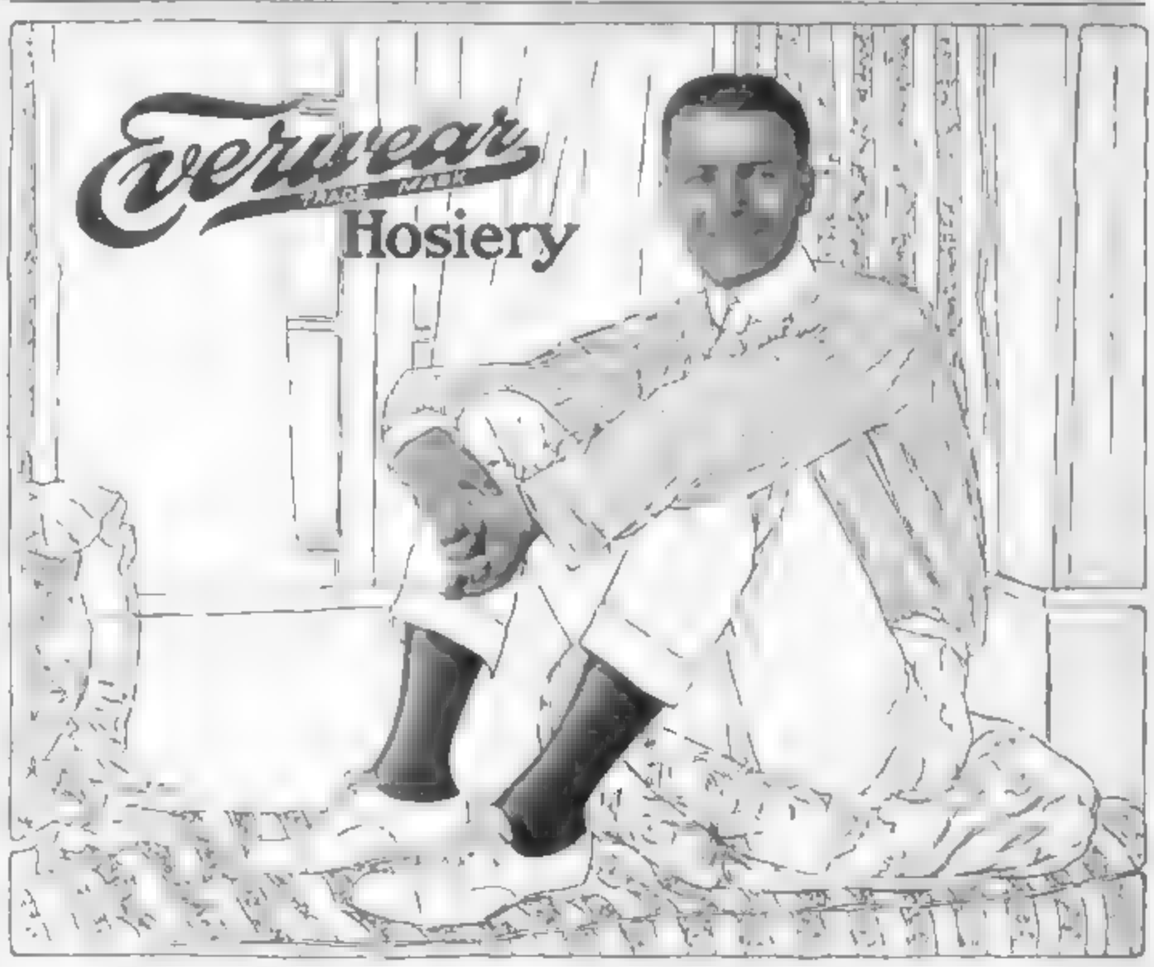

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"You didn't happen to see Charley Carson about today, did you?" she queried nonchalantly.

"You mean th' Singin' Kid, ma'am?" he retorted. "Why, sure I did. He was standin' out on th' lawn behind th' judge's stand as I come upstairs. Look, there he is now—that young man in gray countin' th' money."

Mademoiselle Mazurka looked in the direction indicated. Sure enough, there was the Kid all dressed up. He was standing in plain sight, industriously counting a fat roll of bills. She experienced a distinct shock. Men of the Kid's brand with money were usually hard to handle. But in less time than it takes to tell it she had fluttered down on the greensward and, walking swiftly behind him, laid her hand lovingly on the Kid's shoulder.

The latter wheeled about quickly, looked up with an air of supreme astonishment and drew away. He folded his arms and regarded Mademoiselle Mazurka sternly.

"What is it now, woman, that made you drop from th' clouds?" he sneered. "Did somebody tell you that I had roped another bank roll, or did th' sheriff take th' show away from you? I'm next to what you done to me when you framed that fake match. Every dog shakes his own paw now, Maudie."

"Charley, you're just breakin' my heart," sobbed Mademoiselle Mazurka with every manifestation of contrition. "Just breakin' me heart into little pieces. Anybody tells you I gyped you lied, an' I'll prove it. But you made your getaway so quick, Kid, that I didn't have no time, un' ——"

"If I was to open up and say things I'd be like a real-estate man," interrupted the Kid—"I'd have lots to talk about. I ain't squawkin'; I'm just through, that's all."

"Listen to me, Charley, just listen to me a minute, an' then you can go your own way if you want to," entreated his companion. "You lost that money on th' level all right up in Iowy, but I've been workin' tooth an' nail with th' show ever since, an' got it out of soak with about twelve thousand to th' good. You never seen such business as we've done since you left, Kid—turnaways every day an' sittin' 'em on th' ground."

"Well, what's that to do with me?" queried the Singin' Kid pessimistically. "Did you just come all th' ways here to tell me that?"

"You know why I came, Charley," cooed the strongest woman in the world, intent upon using the most salient feminine weapon in or out of captivity—"you know why I came. I came, Charley, because because—I couldn't stay away. I was that lonesome without you, Charley. We've had our spats, of course, an' I might have been wrong sometimes, but you misjudged me cruelly, Charley. I ain't slept for a week thinkin' about you, an' so th' day before yesterday when we were playin' Lincoln I just walked away an' left Shorty to run th' outfit till I got back."

"That's all right, but you got to show me," interpolated the Kid. "When a woman gets talkin' she don't care what she says, an' I ain't no playground fur everybody to prance around on ——"

"I'll prove it to you! I'll prove it to you, Charley!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Mazurka hastily. "I brung all th' money with me, Charley. Of course I ain't got it here, but it's up in th' Astor House safe. You kin come right up now an' I'll hand you back every cent you ever give me, or you kin wait till th' races is over an' we'll get it then. I'll show you that I'm flat'nin'."

"Mebbe so! Mebbe so!" hazarded the Kid. "You've showed me a good many things before, Maudie."

"Now, now, Charley," resumed his spouse, "can't you be reasonable? Do you suppose we're th' only married folks don't have our little spats? You just simply got off on th' wrong foot. What more can I do than to give you th' money an' show you that me heart's in th' right place? Now you just take your choice, an' say whether you'll go with me now or make a little holiday of it right here.

"Come on over, Kid, to th' restaurant—come on over, be a sport. I'll stand a bottle of wealthy water."

"You don't need to buy me anythin', Maudie," vouchsafed the Singin' Kid; "I ain't holdin' nothin' against you. If you're trottin' square, why, it's all I want; but I can't go with you now, because I have a few subscribers lined up an' I'm liable to grab a bunch before th' last race is run. Go on up in th' grandstan' and wait fur me. I'll come up occasionally an' steer you where you might win a dollar or two."

"You ain't goin' to make no other getaway, are you?" interrogated Mademoiselle Mazurka. "It'll just cost you six thousand bucks if you do, because honest to goodness, Kid, I'll hand you that money just as soon as you get to th' hotel."

"Don't worry, Maud, don't worry," replied the Kid; "I'll take you at your word. I'm just goin' to give you one more trial. If you toss me in th' air I'll land on me feet."

During the progress of the afternoon the Kid seemed to be meeting with unprecedented success. Once or twice Mademoiselle Mazurka got a glimpse of his bank roll. It appeared to be growing by leaps and bounds. This somewhat dampened her spirits, despite the fact that she already felt reasonably certain of the success of her mission. She opined, nevertheless, that she must play her cards boldly.

At the close of the day she was escorted by the Singin' Kid to a high-power automobile which stood waiting; the latter gave the chauffeur instructions to head straight for her hotel, and as they journeyed homeward Mademoiselle Mazurka prattled merrily.

"Pretty easy fur you, Kid," she purred. "You must of fell into a soft spot this last couple of weeks."

"Hittin' th' hilltops," responded that worthy. "I always told you, Maudie, that th' race track was th' onliest place to get acquainted with real money."

"If he had only been flat broke," lamented Mademoiselle Mazurka to herself, "I might have handled him for a thousand or so; but he's just black with coin. I'll have to come through, an' come through quick."

Immediately upon reaching the hotel Mademoiselle Mazurka called for and received a pretentious leather wallet. In the privacy of her room she subsequently counted out therefrom and handed to the Kid six thousand dollars in United States gold certificates.

"You'll come out to Plattsburg with me, Charley?" coaxed the lady. "Th' show will be there next Friday an' we'll have a regular little reunion. Since I come to think of it, there was a gentleman round askin' for you th' other day. He said he might come over to Plattsburg. He didn't tell me what his business was, but he looked like a live one. Have you got anythin' to keep you in this town, Charley?"

"Very little; hardly anythin', Maudie," quoth the Singin' Kid. "There's a guy up in Harlem, though, that owes me five hundred, an' I think I'll slip out this evenin' an' bone him for it. You just brush up a bit, Maudie, an' I'll be back in time to blow you off to a dinner. I'd take you along, but this guy runs a kind of a honk-a-tonk. He ain't in your class."

As further evidence of wifely affection Mademoiselle Mazurka insisted on accompanying the Singin' Kid to the door of the hotel, where the automobile was still waiting. All the way down the elevator the Kid was chatting volubly.

"There was somethin' else I wanted to say to you before I went, Maudie," continued the Singin' Kid as he stepped on the running board and disposed himself luxuriously among the cushions of the back seat. "Somethin' I wanted to say, but it has slipped my mind."

"What was it, Charley? What was it? Can't you think?" wheedled the woman, who was bound to humor every idiosyncrasy.

"Funny how it got away from me," chirped the Singin' Kid airily. "Oh, yes, I have it now." The car was getting into motion and the engine drumming out an impatient rataplan. "Oh, yes, Maudie," reiterated the Kid, raising his voice above the whirr of the grinding wheels. He threw his head back and laughed with a certain boyish appreciation of the best joke of the season, and as he did so he could feel the comforting impact of his salvaged bank roll.

The woman standing in the doorway regarded him askance. Something in his tone and manner carried warning, and a certain nameless and unaccountable fear possessed her that for once in her life she did not hold trumps.

"Oh, yes, Maudie," shrilled the Kid as the big touring car bounded away, "I beat th' barrier, Maudie, an' I just wanted to say *Adiós!* Farewell! *Au revoir*, an' good-by!"

"Leaving It to Henry" an Expensive Policy in Power Transmission

Forty-Eight Million Dollars are Spent for Belting—Loss in Power One Hundred Million Dollars a Year

IT is said the late E. H. Harriman thought most of that associate or employee who could deliver the most *facts*.

He had no use for the man who shuts his door to information or his mind to new methods.

Although he employed a great number of experts, it was *facts*, *information*, he was after, not theories or the traditions of their professions. He was on guard against the "congealed mind" of the expert—the mind open to suggestion in some respects and closed in others.

Take the power department of the average plant for instance—gains are being made all the time in saving and efficiency. Yet in one single respect, old prejudices and traditions are costing American industry One Hundred Million Dollars a Year.

This loss has nothing to do with the power generated, but with the *loss of power in transmission*. It is simply a question of drive—of old ideas and prejudices that surround the question of the type of belting used.

* * * *

There are nineteen classes of industry in which transmission has been made a scientific feature, although in doing this many traditions have been shattered.

Each of these industries has belt problems of its own, and they have been met by various forms of the *first scientifically built belts*—Leviathan-Anaconda.

* * * *

Modern belt-running conditions vary in different plants from zero temperatures to those at which wood will char—from situations where absolute dryness is encountered to those in which both belt and machinery are under water—from installations where the belt runs faster than man has ever traveled to those where the belt moves more slowly than a person walks.

There are Leviathan or Anaconda belts running under each of these conditions that are giving *more power to the shafting and machines* than was ever given by belts before—many of these belts have been giving service for long periods of time, in some cases being in continuous use on main drives for thirty years.

There are individual Leviathan belts used for conveying and elevating—handling tons of heavy material, ore, stone, shale, coal, sand and other abrasives, that are each doing every day the work of five thousand wagons, and a husky team to haul each one!

Here is a Leviathan belt that cost $99.75. It has been running 3200 feet per minute for 20 years, 23½ hours per day. The belt has never been taken up or turned over, has done 20 years' work at a cost of little more than half a cent per 10-hour day and is still giving 100 per cent. service.

* * * *

Here are some typical facts.

Many bleacheries and dye houses have installed Anaconda belts. The conditions are next to impossible for the average type of belt. Air saturated with steam, the continual drip of condensation from ceilings and side walls, humidity and heat almost unbearable. Belts, pulleys and everything else soaking wet all the time.

Wet pulleys tend to make belts slip. High temperatures produce excessive stretch. Conditions of this kind warp the "traditional" belt crooked.

The Anaconda belts installed have not done any of these things. They are rarely touched for any purpose after installation. You cannot find the signs of wear that slip always produces. The belts run absolutely true.

* * * *

One of the greatest tests of a belt's tractiveness occurs in steel mills where many Leviathan belts are installed for various purposes. On a steel roll, for instance, the load fluctuates because of the nature of the work and the belt frequently operates at a 50 per cent. overload. It also comes into contact with a great deal of oil.

In one rolling mill the boss roller says that Leviathan gives nearer 100 per cent. traction through run of work than any other belt he has had experience with.

Another writes certifying that "the Leviathan belt has given me better service by far than any other belt I ever used on rolling mill work."

* * * *

Machine shops used to be considered the stronghold of the traditional belting. Anaconda is now making good on hundreds of these installations. No stretch. No slip. No bother.

* * * *

The foregoing are but a few of the mass of facts regarding the performance of Leviathan-Anaconda, the scientific beltings for transmission, conveying and elevating.

Unfortunately for the theorists, Leviathan-Anaconda belts are making good.

They are totally unlike any other belts in the world—various-ply, of solid fabric, so impregnated with a special composition, treated, stretched and aged as to form a pliable belting well-nigh indestructible. In service they have nothing in common with canvas belts. *They are in no sense a substitute* for any type of belt. They stand upon their own service records in every installation.

There is only one way to think of belting—that is, of *power delivered*—strength—tractive qualities—economy of up-keep—length of life—*and after the others, cost of installation.*

* * * *

It is possible for a belt costing as little as $5.40 either to increase or reduce from 10 to 50 per cent. the efficiency of a machine costing thousands of dollars.

Not only possible, but *it is occurring* in a dozen industries—the textile industry being a notable example.

If Anaconda belts lasted only one-tenth as long as they do, textile mills could afford to buy them because of increased production.

* * * *

Leviathan-Anaconda Belts are sold by us direct to the users.

Leviathan-Anaconda Service is available at first hand to *every* user of our belts, no matter how long they may be in use.

Get the *facts* about power-saving in your own industry.

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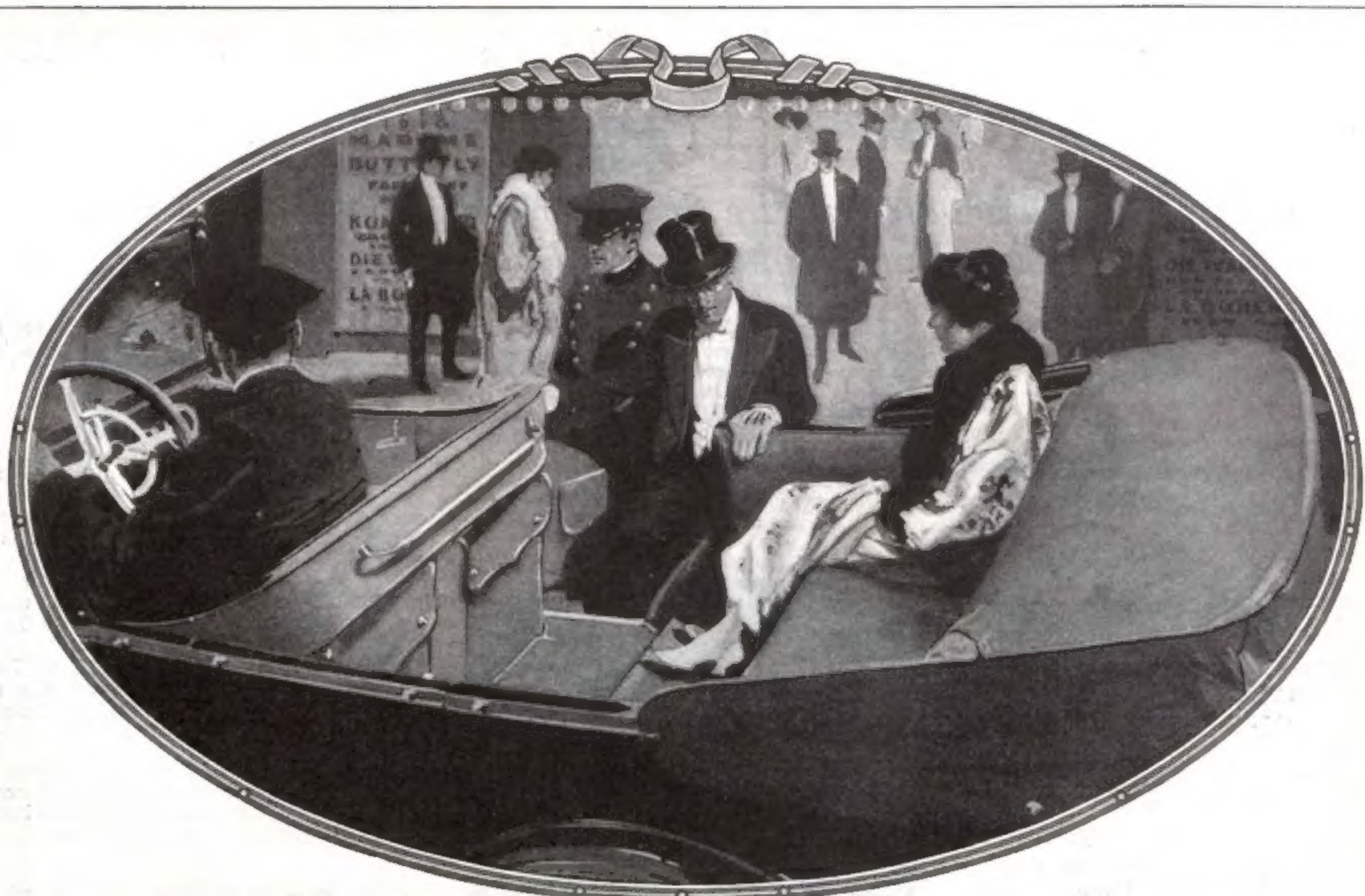

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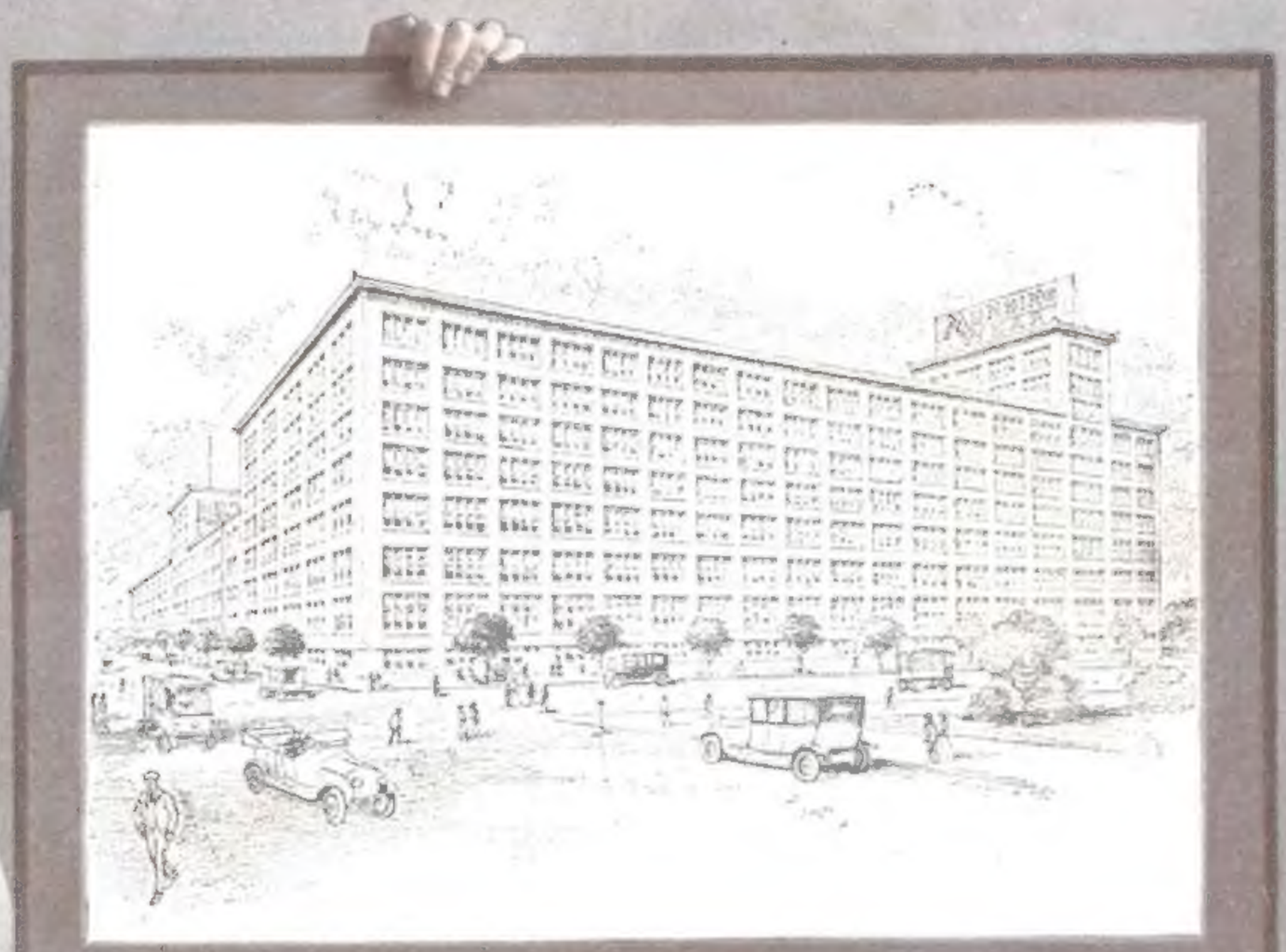

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A right size for everybody.

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For samples of fabrics, style, illustrations and name of Munsingwear dealer in your town, address

THE NORTHWESTERN KNITTING COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

COLGATE'S SHAVING LATHER

TUESDAY
Try the STICK

Rubbed on the face, every motion softens the beard. Save the last bit—wet it and stick it on the new Stick. (Economy as well as comfort with Colgate's.)

WEDNESDAY
the POWDER

Sprinkle it on the wet brush and work up the lather on the face. The last grain of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Powder is as good as the first.

THURSDAY
the CREAM

Press out a little of the Cream on the wet shaving brush, or on the face, then work up lather. Remains soft and creamy until the last bit is squeezed from the tube.

You can't possibly know the full meaning of *shaving comfort* until you've tried Colgate's Shaving Lather—Stick, or Powder, or Cream.

How to find which you prefer

Try Stick, Powder and Cream—all three. To find out which you like best, send 10c in stamps and we will mail you *Trial Sizes of all three*. Use them on alternate days, "turn about." Each will give you the same gratifying result, a really smooth and comfortable shave, no matter how tender the skin.

Colgate's needs no mussy "rubbing in" with the fingers

COLGATE & CO. Dept. P 199 Fulton Street, New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined